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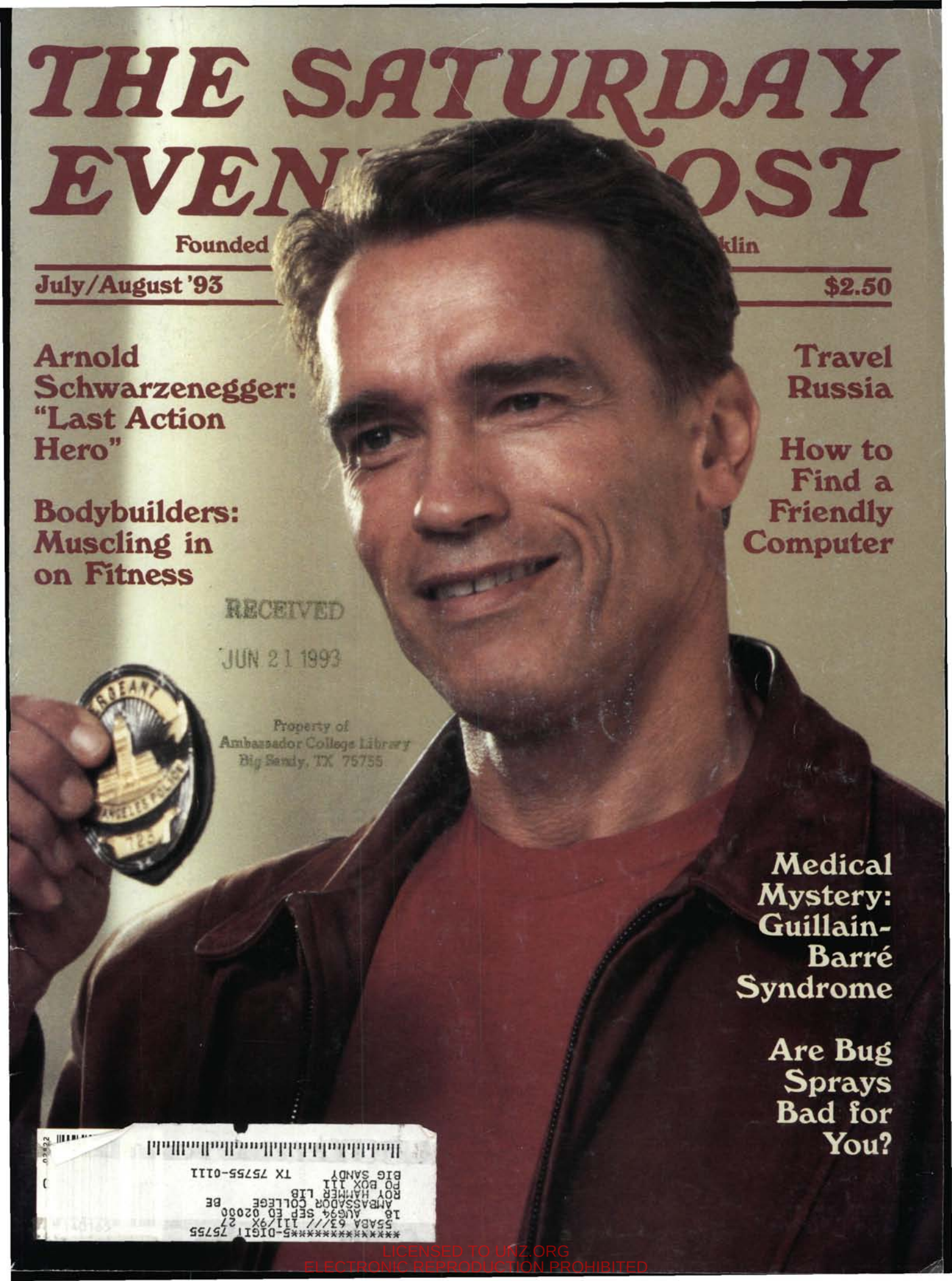

Arnold Schwarzenegger: "Last Action Hero"

Bodybuilders: Muscling in on Fitness

Travel Russia

How to Find a Friendly Computer

Medical Mystery: Guillain-Barré Syndrome

Are Bug Sprays Bad for You?

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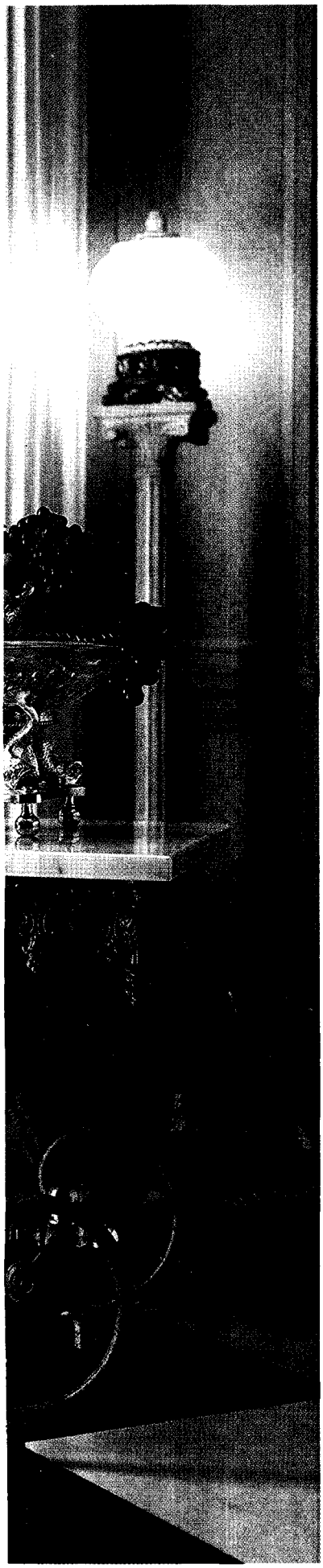
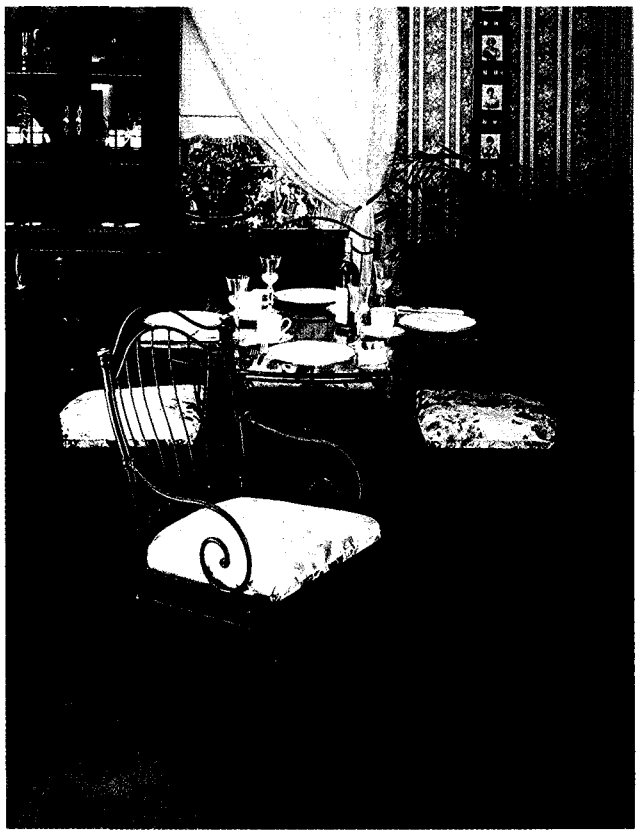


Left: Antique reproduction of a French Bread Patisserie Table

Above: Woodard's popular French Country Rocker.

Right: Traditions Crystal Top Dining Group.



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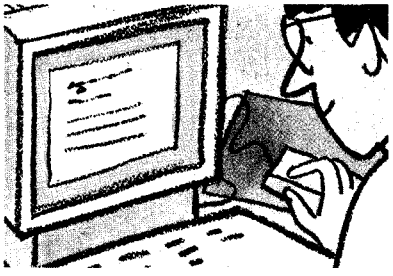
Last Action Hero—Once again, Arnold Schwarzenegger rescues the summer box office with a film suitable for all the family. 34



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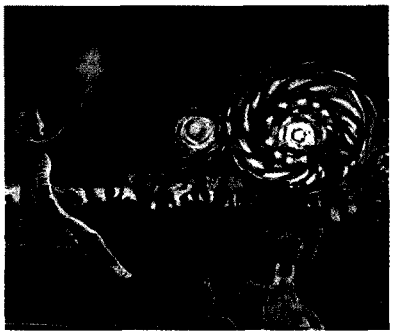

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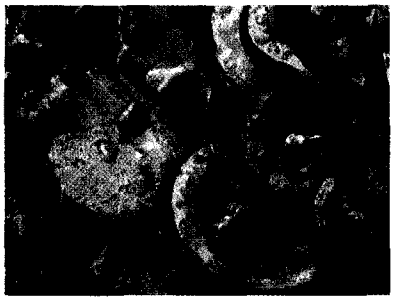

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(Cover photo by Zade Rosenthal)

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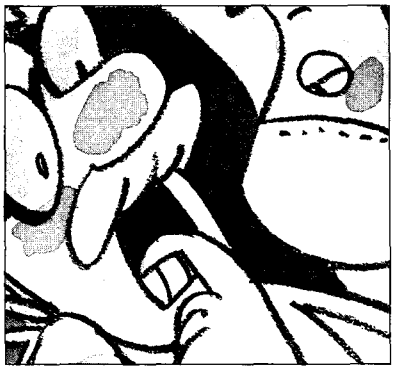

Tooth or Consequences—You know you're in trouble when your own proficient dentist farms out the job to an oral surgeon. 50

Letters

ALS Goes On-Line

Re: Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS), "Lou Gehrig's Disease," I am trying to locate people with Internet-compatible E-mail addresses who have an interest in communicating about ALS.

Subscribers of BITNET, Internet, CompuServe, America Online, Delphi, PeaceNet, MCI Mail, Genie, or any other system that has an "Internet Gateway" can participate easily.

Participants will include ALS patients, patient supporters, physicians, support groups, research centers, etc.

If there is enough support for the idea, I can set up an online discussion group (mailing list) on the subject of ALS, or I can refer all interested people to others that already exist (but that I do not know about yet).

So if you are set up for E-mail, and if you have an interest in exchanging information about ALS, please send me a message.

Bob Brodel, Engineer
Meteorology Department
Florida State University
Tallahassee, Florida

So Funny It Curls Your Hair

Yours is the best magazine I have in my beauty shop. What an uplifting magazine! I'd never be without it. So many I refuse to keep—sex, violence, etc.—are very degrading, even *Good Housekeeping*. People sit under the dryer and read the cartoons to everyone else. It's great! Stories are super!

Ruth Bloss
Sayre, Pennsylvania

Seemingly 'Innocent' Killer

Ralph Baird's "Breathless" was a wonderful, touching article that many who started smoking in the '40s and '50s most certainly can identify with. That innocent little cigarette has, over the years, proven to be an early death sentence for so many that it's statistically staggering.

There is so much to be said and written about this disease from one end of the spectrum to the other that I'd like to see more articles, especially from people suffering from it.

I'd like to know—did Ralph Baird's doctor who initially diagnosed his problem encourage him to quit smoking and engage in physical activity? I am finding the medical community

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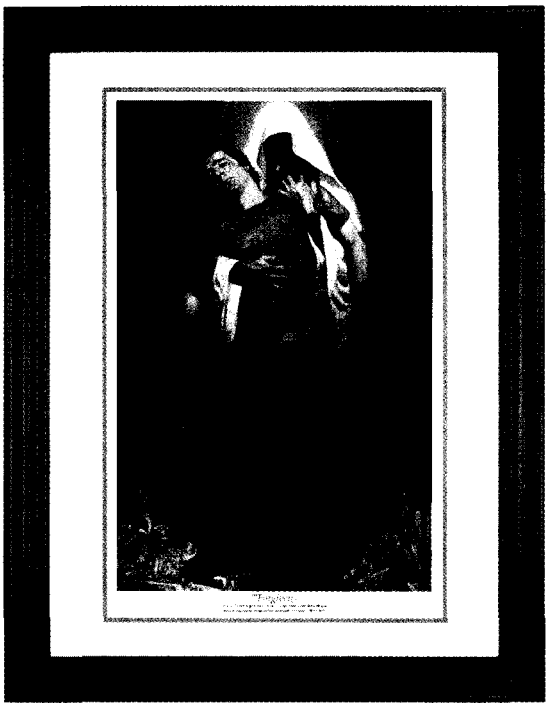


Forgiven
by Thomas Blackshear
23⅝" x 30¼"

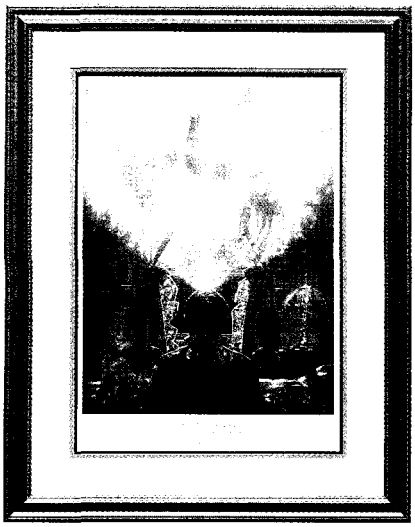
In this presentation of Divine forgiveness, the crucified Lord gently lifts and carries the broken, exhausted man who pounded the nails into His hands—reawakening the memory of that singular crucifixion and resurrection almost two thousand years ago and relating it to human experience today. *Forgiven* relates a remarkable truth that has stood the test of time: God forgives and restores anyone who is willing to accept His pardon.

In the midst of his highly awarded career, Thomas Blackshear was experiencing burnout when he asked God to commission a painting for him to do, "just for the joy of it," one that would encourage and challenge. *Forgiven* was God's answer. All of the artist's style and power are apparent in this dramatic oil painting from his own experience.

Internationally known, he has been commissioned by Disney Pictures, Coca-Cola, *National Geographic* and many others. Nineteen of his paintings are exhibited at the Smithsonian Institute.

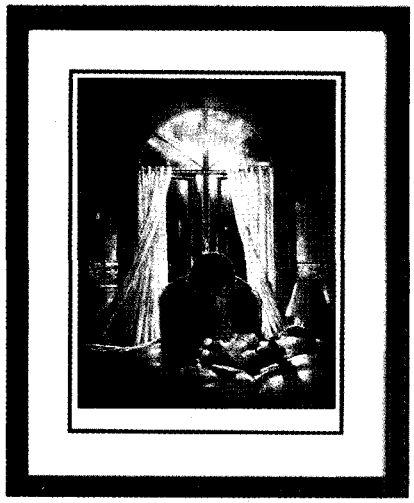
Thomas Blackshear
See the article on page 22.

OTHER NEW PRINT RELEASES FOR 1993



Into His Presence 23⅝" x 30¼"
by Ron DiCianni
Mirroring a child's spiritual journey to the heart of God, *Into His Presence* sensitively assures every seeker of His abiding love and care.

As for Me and My House 23⅝" x 30¼"
by Robert Grace
As for Me and My House serves as a powerful affirmation that there is nothing more precious to God than a family's resolve to serve Him.



Spiritual Warfare
by Ron DiCianni
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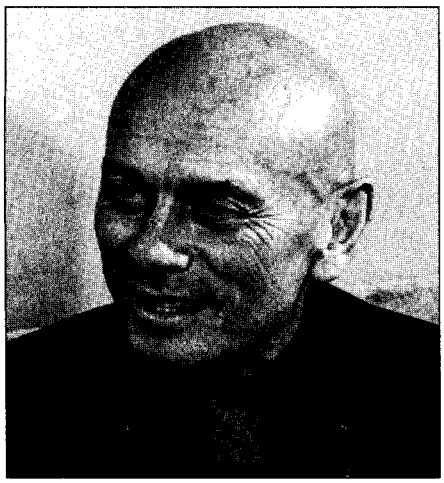
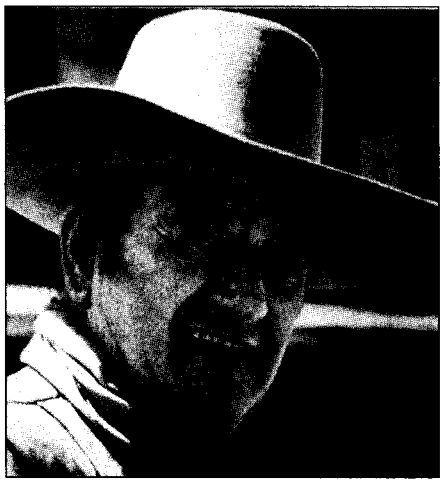


Yul Brenner vowed he'd get revenge if lung cancer took him. He made commercials denouncing cigarettes. But dead men don't tell tales very long.



John Wayne movies conveyed the idea that smokers were "cool" and in charge of their lives. Before he died, Wayne knew smoking brought him to a painful death.

prefers to treat with medicine rather than take the time to work with patients on a dietary and physical fitness regimen. Any pulmonary specialist worth his or her salt should prescribe the latter. But then, if our health were to improve, we wouldn't become the "sure profit centers" Ralph refers to in his article.

More articles, please, on this rapidly growing disease, as there just isn't enough information available. Another area is the nonsmokers with debilitating chronic problems from secondhand smoke. We, the public, need to be educated, and maybe you, *The Saturday Evening Post*, are the one to get the ball rolling!

Thanks again, Ralph, for the wonderful article. My prayers are with you and maybe—just maybe—you could write another article.

Darlene Clements
Raymond, Washington

I'm really enjoying my subscription to the *Post*. I'm another one who peddled *The Saturday Evening Post* and its companion (*Ladies' Home Journal*) in the late 1920s.

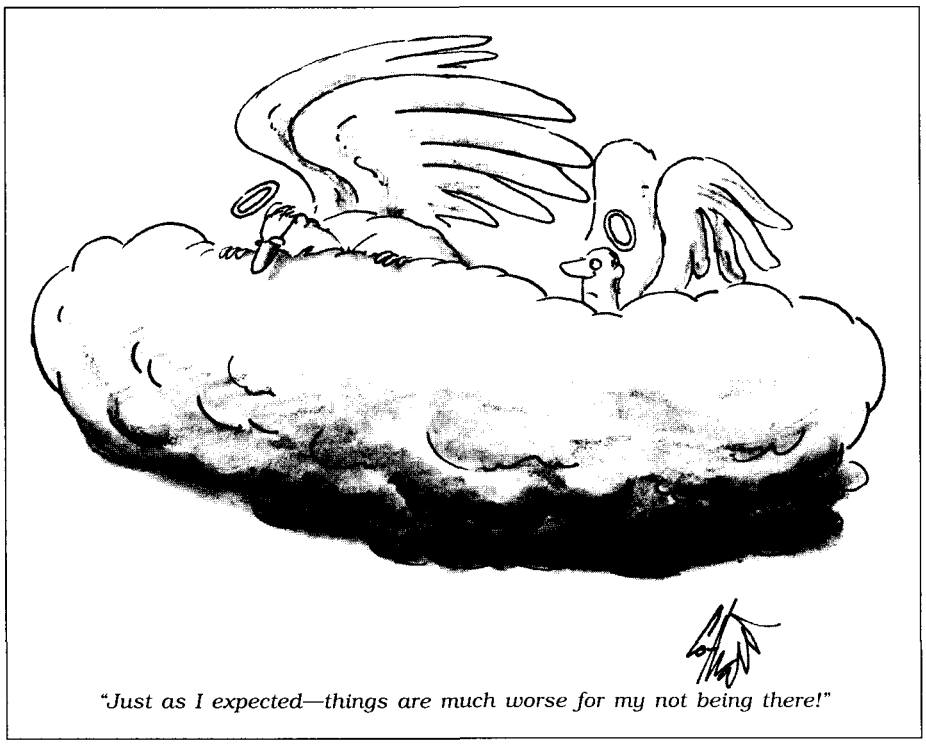
I felt special kinship with the article "Breathless" by Ralph Baird in the May/June issue. I, too, smoked for 45 years, but, fortunately, I was able to stop 10 years ago. Now my doctor tells me it looks like I have a bunch of years left. Speaking of doctors, the first year I was in the Army in World War II, I was in the medics, and at that time when we would go to medical class the doctor actually recommended that the men smoke. The reason they did that was because they had found out that if the men walked hard for 50 minutes and then stopped for a 10-minute break that the smokers would light up and take a puff and then relax and get almost 10 minutes' rest. The nonsmokers wouldn't relax until it was almost time to go walk again.

Even after I got out of the Army, it was common to go see your doctor and have him sit on the other side of the desk and smoke while he talked to you.

Robert E. Whitney
Burlington, Washington

Editor's note: Mrs. Helen Baird, Ralph's wife, sent us this news:

"On Feb. 27, just two weeks after we shared a wonderful 50th wedding anniversary celebration with all of our children and grandchildren, Ralph died in the hospital here in Plant City of emphysema and complications from pneumonia. He was grateful to learn, before his death, that others would have the opportunity to read his article and perhaps benefit from it."



"Just as I expected—things are much worse for my not being there!"

Dutch Ancestry

Your May/June article "Harry Smith: Man With a Mission" prompts me to write, complimenting you and your magazine on the positive and uplifting articles you often feature.

Perhaps the mention of Central College and the Dutch Reformed Church as well as the Dutch names of Smit(h) and SerVaas lured me further into the article. I, too, am of Dutch extraction but attended Central's sister college, Hope—which you, no doubt, know quite well. You may have attended Central when a former Hope College instructor of mine (Dr. Irwin Lubbers) was your college president. And even now a not-too-distant relative by our family name serves as a coach in the Central College Athletic Department.

Julius F. Schipper
Akron, Ohio

You're a Lifesaver

It appears to me that you have been taking a lot of heat because of your

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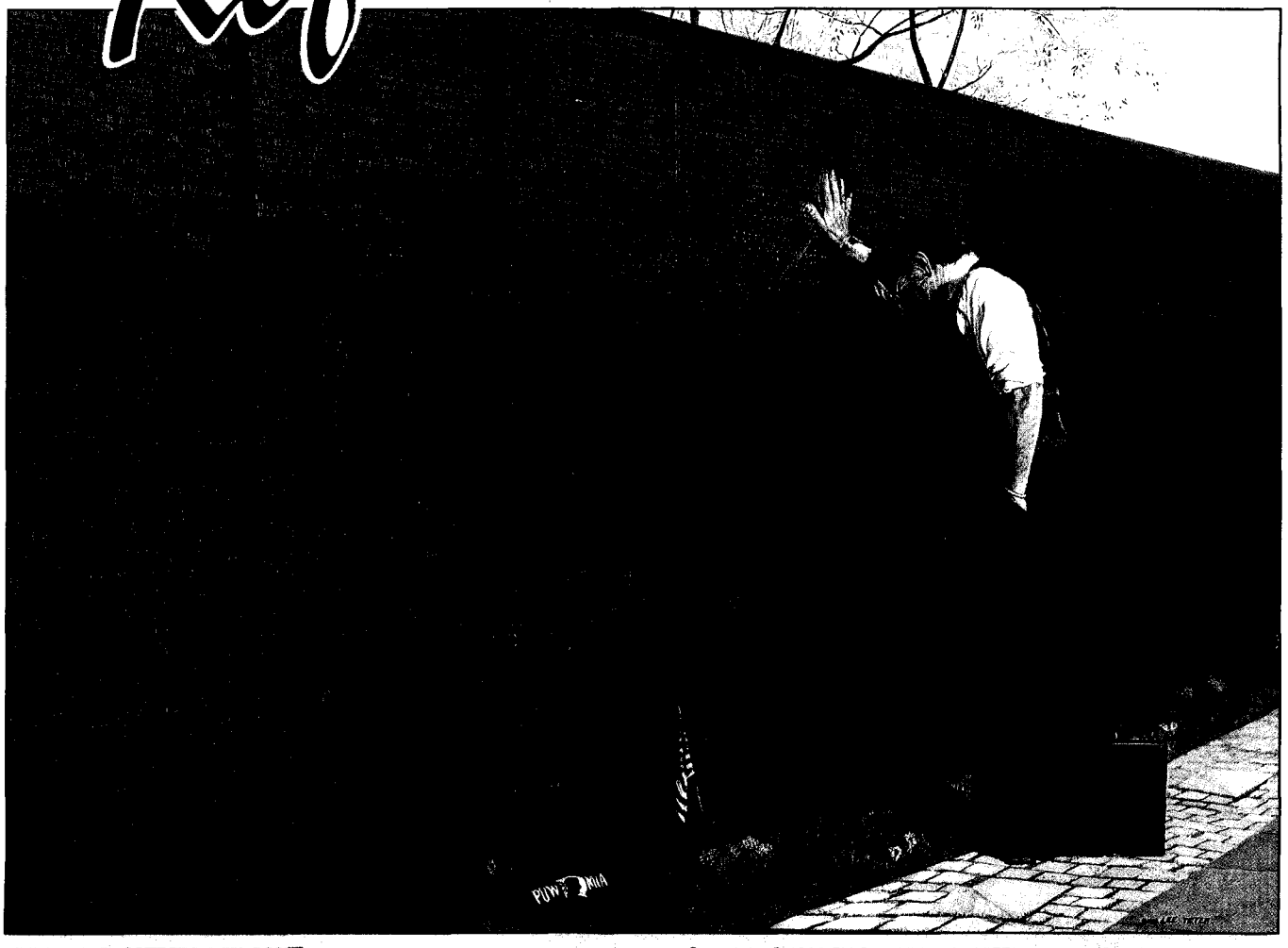
Reflections

by Lee Teter



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The Vietnam Veterans of America present the inspirational art print "Reflections" by Lee Teter which gives visual definition to the purpose and meaning that "The Wall" has for Americans – not just a list of faceless names, but a place to visit and remember people we love, who fought for each other and America.

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advocacy of regular PSA testing as one of the means of early detection of prostate cancer. I am moved to write to you because your articles have been most helpful to me in developing an understanding of the whole issue of prostate cancer and because I believe the PSA test was instrumental in saving me from the consequences of undetected cancer.

In June 1986 my family doctor, an internist, referred me to a urologist for evaluation. At that time, and in the five years thereafter, I had three echographic (ultrasound) examinations and two needle biopsies, annual DREs (digital rectal examinations), and urinalyses. Neither the radiologist, nor the pathologist, nor the urologist was able to detect any evidence of cancer.

In October 1990 I requested a PSA in spite of the urologist's remarks, which were intended to discourage me. ("PSA is not useful as a general screen for prostate cancer" and such.) The test showed a PSA of 5.7. When the level rose to 6.2 six months later and to 6.6 in another four months, my internist family doctor conferred with the urologist, who then performed another, more extensive biopsy.

Even then the pathologist at our local hospital was unable to "make a definite diagnosis," having found only "a single microscopic focus of atypia in one of the seven biopsies." So he sent my case to the Mayo Clinic for review. Mayo's pathologist, an internationally known expert, said that the biopsy "demonstrates a small focus of well to moderately differentiated adenocarcinoma."

Subsequent tests and examinations at home and at Mayo Clinic indicated that the cancer was confined to the prostate, and that in spite of my age of 69 years, 11 months (and because of my good general physical condition), I was an excellent candidate for the only true cure—radical prostatectomy.

The operation was performed in January 1992 at Rochester Methodist Hospital by a team of Mayo specialists. Upon removal of the catheter three weeks later, I was completely continent and have been ever since. In every respect I am in as good or better health than before the operation. Within 30 days I was feeling great. Within 60 days I was back to all normal activity, and at three months and six months the follow-up blood tests showed my PSA at zero.

The post-operative pathology report advised that they found "Grade 3 (Gleason Grade 5) adenocarcinoma with capsular invasion without involvement of pelvic lymph nodes." Obviously my surgery was performed none too soon.

In fairness to our local pathologist, the location of the tumor made it difficult to find and evaluate by DRE. But for this reason I feel very strongly that the PSA test was—literally—a lifesaver for me.

Richard F. George
Muskegon, Michigan

Maynard's Biggest Fan

In these current "days that try men's souls," the one thing that tries my soul more than anything is the lack of good reading material. So I am especially grateful for the *SatEvePost*, particularly the humor expressed by Maynard Good Stoddard and, of course, his "dear wife." She and I have a great deal in common.

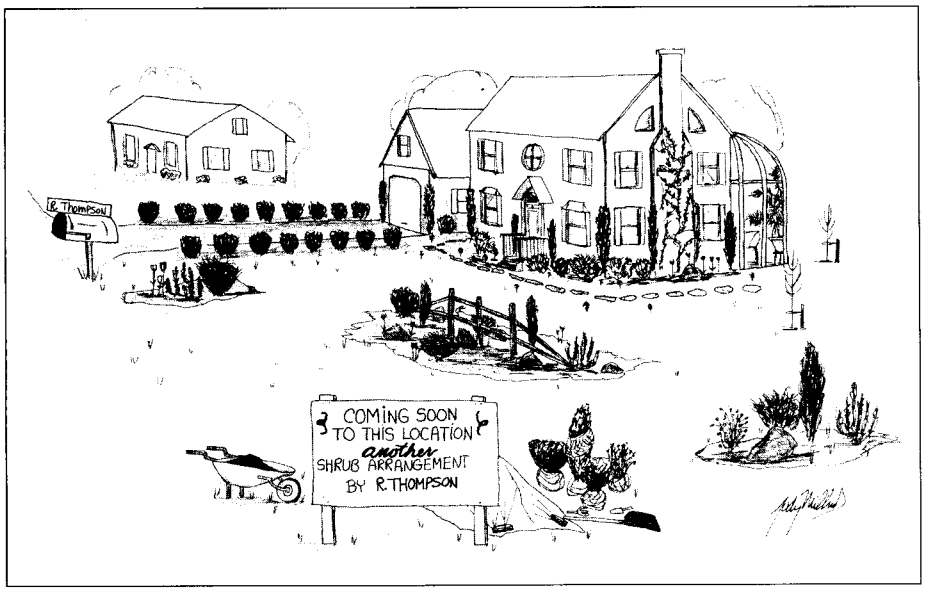
I am so enamored with Mr. Stoddard's brand of humor that I have compiled a couple of scrapbooks of his articles. If he should ever decide to put them into book form, I want to know about it so that I can be first in line to buy a copy. I have only one regret—the *SatEvePost* and Mr. Stoddard's humor don't come often enough. I have learned to compensate, though, by saving my old copies and re-reading them whenever the world gets too close to me.

Congratulations on an exceptional magazine and a very lovable comic.

Margaret L. Smith
Pendleton, Indiana

The Need is Great

The recent discussion of securing donated organs takes me back some years to when I was a third-grade teacher. When my class studied the body systems, they marveled at the intricacy of creation. I suggested that it seemed terrible to throw away some of these remarkable organs just be-



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"Helping Needy Children Is A Boone Family Tradition"

My parents, Pat and Shirley Boone, sponsored a needy child through World Vision while I was growing up. Now my husband and I are carrying on the "Boone family tradition."

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World Vision urgently needs sponsors for children around the world who lack the necessities of life. Through their Childcare Sponsorship program your gift of $20 a month can provide a child with things like food, clothing, medical care, education, and the opportunity to know about God's love.

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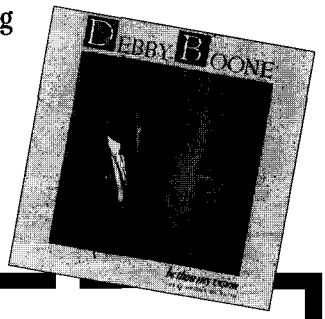
Sponsoring needy children has given us the chance to pass along a most important lesson in Christian compassion to our own children. I believe with all my heart that there is no better time than **right now** to start your own "family tradition" of helping needy children.

To become a World Vision Childcare Sponsor, just use the coupon below to indicate your interest. You will receive information and a photograph of a child who needs help. Then, you will have 10 days to decide before you send in your first payment of $20.

Believe me, your life can be deeply touched by this experience — and the life of a **needy child** can be changed forever!

P.S. As my way of saying "Thank you" for becoming a World Vision Sponsor, I want you to receive my new recording, *Be Thou My Vision*. It features many best loved hymns of the church.



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cause the rest of the body was worn out. The children asked many of the naive, but straightforward questions that adults have, too. They were amazed that my husband and I were committed to donating whatever was usable of our bodies. In answer to a question, I passed around my organ donor card.

Shortly thereafter, I retired, and in a few months my husband died. The children horrified their current teacher by asking whether any of his organs had been used. I was glad to let them know that two other people were seeing as the result of his eye donations.

I like to think that there are now 30 young people who have a positive attitude toward organ donations. Maybe this trend must begin with educating our children.

Rosanna C. McIlwee
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Others Dog Donahue

It was encouraging to read your editorial note revealing the avalanche of mail concerned with the Donahue piece in your "Post People" section.

In response to your suggestion that people direct their outrage to the advertisers on his program, I am enclosing the cover article of the November *Citizen* magazine published by Focus on the Family. It is headed by Dr. James Dobson, a leader way out in front in the battle to preserve the traditional family.

Terry Rabolta, who heads up Americans for Responsible TV, Dr. Don Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, and Clear TV are others reaching sponsors and having results, not only with the Donahue show, but also with all degenerate television.

Please continue your policy of wholesome (with a few exceptions) journalism.

Juanita Showman
Ottawa, Ohio

Oh, come on! What kind of a "cop out" response is this you give as a journalist—"Editor's note: Not having watched Phil Donahue's show for nearly 20 years . . ."

It is your *business* to know what is going on in a subject's public life. I just can't believe you really weren't aware of the trash coming from this show.

However, you did redeem yourself by pointing out to your outraged readers that they are complaining and boycotting the wrong source. It is imperative for these people to know that the advertisers are the ones we need to pressure. Boycott the advertisers—not a decent magazine like *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Kathryn Higgins
Bensalem, Pennsylvania

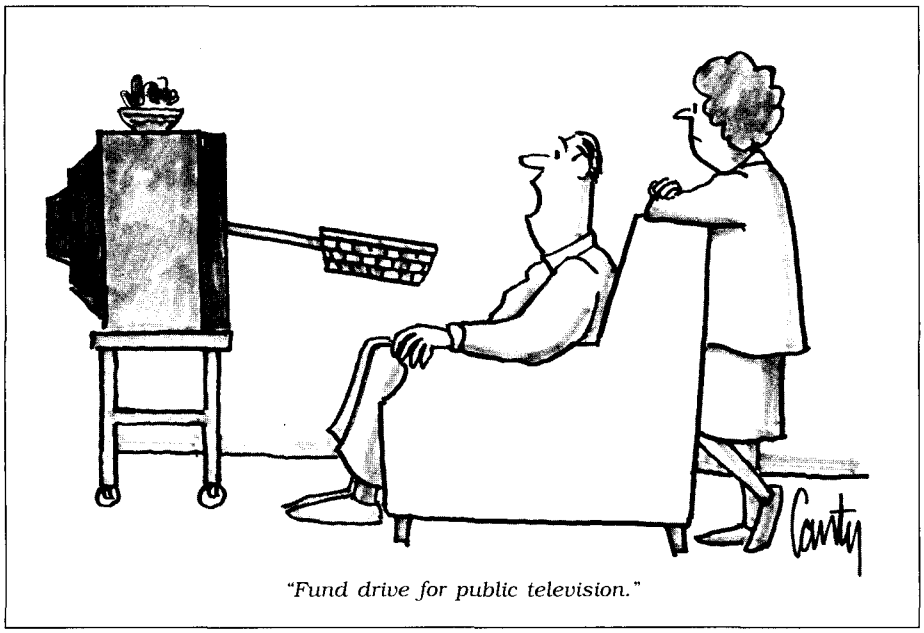
One Tax Hike We Like

The tax levy or users' fees on a pack of cigarettes (cancer sticks) should be raised to $4 per pack. The United States government would give a third of this $4, or $1.33 per pack, to the individual states. The states could give some of this revenue to their local governments. This would raise up to $35 billion, in addition to what is now raised, plus provide billions of dollars for state and local governments. The increased users' fees would reduce consumption, so any reduction in anticipated revenue would be compensated for with fewer medical expenses.

A pack of cigarettes costs $5 in Canada; in Norway it is $8 per pack. If the Canadians and others pay $5 per pack, there is no reason why Americans can't do the same.

If you truly believe that all life is sacred, you will support this proposal. This is the way to save millions of lives and raise billions of dollars for your country in just a few years.

David W. Wurster
Williamsport, Pennsylvania



"Fund drive for public television."

Switcheroo

In your bio of Lionel Hampton ("Post People," May/June issue) you state he showers benefits on the School of Music of U. of Iowa. I think you will find that it is the University of Idaho School of Music that has the special relationship with Lionel Hampton.

Alice M. Vaughan
Spokane, Washington

Editor's note: Why in the world would the Post *move the University of Idaho to Iowa? It was a goof, but we Iowans would like to take credit for having discovered Lionel Hampton. And for Idaho potatoes as well.*

When your editor left Iowa University's School of Journalism to seek fame and fortune in New York City and told the Big Apple natives that she was from Iowa, they would say, "That's where you grow all the potatoes, isn't it?" I knew, of course, they had Idaho in mind, but I kept quiet and took full credit for growing Idaho potatoes, which we didn't.

Now we are claiming credit for Lionel Hampton, who is not in Iowa where the tall corn grows but from where we get those great potatoes—and where the great jazz artist discovered the most ardent jazz lovers in the world, Idaho.

Bravo to Baptists

Thank you for your article (positive) on Southern Baptists in the May/June '93 issue of the *Post.* It was good to read an article that did not portray a group of Christians as "two-headed" monsters all grabbing money and going off the deep end! It was a good overview of the denomination.

Peggy Harper
South Daytona, Florida

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Congratulations to James C. Hefley on his well-written article, "Southern Baptists: Beyond The Stained-Glass Windows." Southern Baptists are composed of a multi-ethnic group and minister to the needs, both physically and spiritually, of the whole, wide world. Hefley did a wonderful job of sharing about the diverse ways these churches operate and minister.

We need more positive articles about the great quality of things happening around us, instead of all the enlarging of the negative events in our land.

Name and hometown withheld

I want to express my appreciation for the story on Southern Baptists by James C. Hefley in the May/June '93 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

I am 77 years old and have been in a Southern Baptist church all my life. Your story describes the people, mission, and purpose of our churches better than any I have seen.

Ruth R. Carpenter
Orlando, Florida

Thank you for the unbiased article on Southern Baptists in the May/June '93 issue of the *Post*. The media has bashed us so much that it was a relief to read a fair assessment of our denomination.

Elisabeth Davis
Waco, Texas

'40-Something Heartthrob'

While every other magazine focuses on Hillary Clinton, thank you for gracing your cover with Tipper Gore, whom I consider to be a 40-something heartthrob! With your wonderful photos and in-depth article, you helped me "meet" Tipper for the first time.

As a fan of the Clinton and Gore administration, I think it's great to have a "mom" figure like her in a place of prominence. Ironically, your beautiful cover photo made her look 10 years younger (with a somewhat "girly" smile). As for her lovely daughters, expect them on the cover of the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit edition!

Tony J. Severino
Haddonfield, New Jersey

Condom Nation

If women are being raped at knifepoint, they should have condoms in their purses to protect themselves from AIDS and pregnancy. Women are being raped at gunpoint every day. Why is it that many don't want the bad publicity about it and don't even report the tragedy? This happened to my best friend.

Most women don't want to carry guns in their purses for protection, but they could carry condoms to protect themselves against a fatal disease—AIDS. Because so many states protect the privacy of the rapist, prevention would be the best precaution.

Kathryn O'Brien
Kansas City, Missouri

Rushed Poetry

I would like to share my thinking on Rush Limbaugh in the May/June '93 issue of the *Post*:

Who thinks he's smart? Rush does.
Who makes me cuss? Rush does.
Who likes to fuss? Rush does.
Who drives me nuts? Rush does.
Who likes to brag? Rush does.
Who turns the dial? I does!

William Marcell
Morganton, Georgia

After reading on the front cover of your June issue that you had an article on Rush Limbaugh, I threw the *Post* in the trash. He is a disgusting person. I may have missed some other good reading, but I wanted the magazine out of my home. Please cancel my subscription. I have no use for the *Post*.

Macie D. Payne
Kernersville, North Carolina

Rush on Cover

I feel like I receive an old friend when I receive the *Post*.

I'm particularly happy with the latest issue and the wonderfully fair, unbiased "Rush" story.

Being 76 years old, I guess I have ingrained conservatism, firmly held beliefs in family values, God, and country. Rush Limbaugh is just about the only person speaking of *my* values in an almost moral-less society. Bless him!

We Limbaugh fans are many. We'd appreciate a picture of him on *The Saturday Evening Post* cover. How much more he deserves to be on your magazine front than Harry Smith or Paula Zahn. Rush is much more popular. I'll bet Rush's picture would sell many more copies.

Mrs. Norman Fossmeyer
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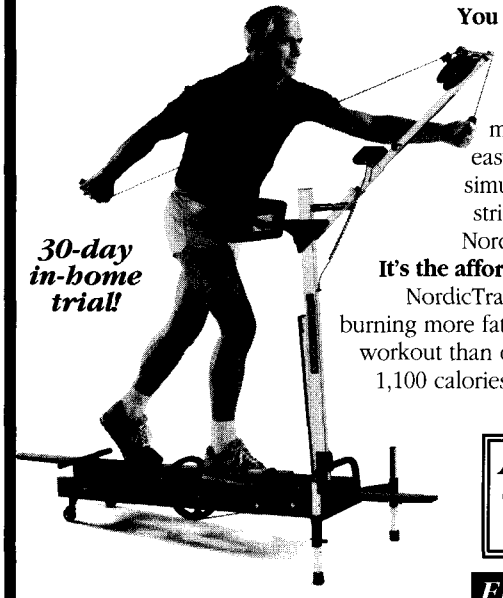

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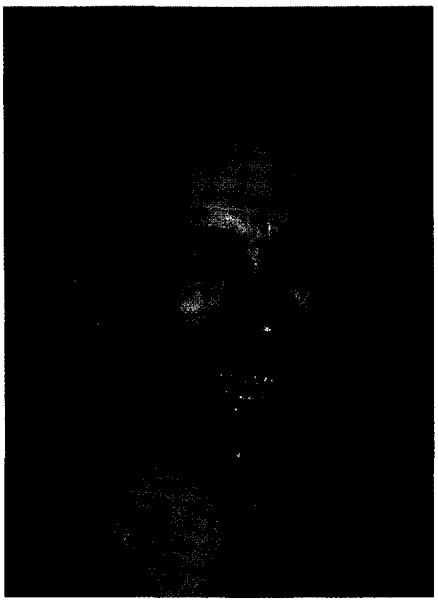
Post People

"Unforgiven" may be in ***Clint Eastwood***'s vocabulary today, but surely not when it comes to being in the acting business for nearly 30 years without an Oscar. Thanks to his directing and his brilliant film *Unforgiven*, which demythologizes the Western hero, his mantel is now inhabited with a pair of Oscars.



Demythologize? In the film he plays a reformed hired gun who's struggling to live down his reputation as a cold-blooded killer. Eastwood's costar, Frances Fisher, pointed out that the film brings together "the baggage of all the characters you've played."

Eastwood himself says of his triumphant, but perhaps last, Western, "What appealed to me was the idea that the good guys weren't all that good, and the bad guys weren't all that bad. And the violence in it was not beautiful at all. It never is."

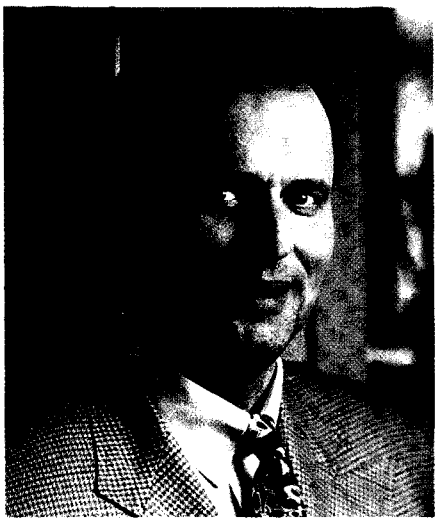
What *is* beautiful is that the Oscars at last validate Clint Eastwood as a serious filmmaker.

After a nine-year absence from the rink, Olympic champion ***Dorothy Hamill*** will skate again—this time on her own ice. She's since become co-owner and president of the financially troubled *Ice Capades*, the very show that launched her professional career with a seven-figure contract in 1976.

"When I heard the show was in Chapter 11 (an early stage of bankruptcy), I thought, 'What a tragedy!' " says Hamill. She thereupon rejoined the company to take a view from the

ice, and "discovered there was something there to save."

With her husband, sports physician Kenneth Forsythe, and an Alaskan businessman, Ben Tisdale, she removed her skates only long enough to sign the contract. Her plans call for improving the quality of the skating and for putting at least one big name on the marquee: her own.



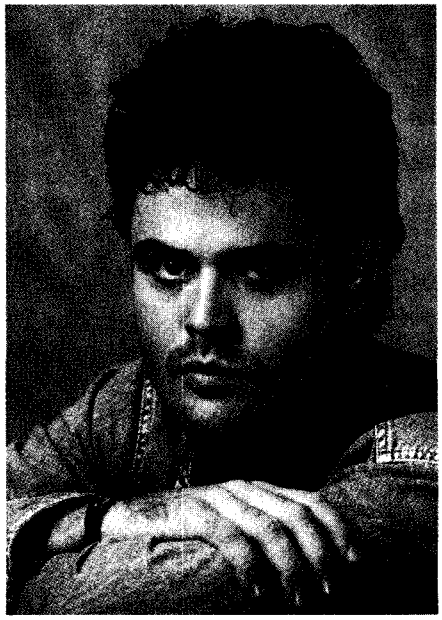
John Grisham says he'd rather "write about courtrooms than work in them."

And why not? His series of courtroom dramas has now elevated the 38-year-old lawyer to the heady realm of such top-flight authors as Stephen King, Tom Clancy, and Danielle Steele. His latest legal action thriller, *The Client*, had a printing of no less than 1.225 million copies.

And why not again? *The Firm* sold 582,635 in hardcover, 6.7 million in paperback. *The Pelican Brief* score was 1,352,211 in hardcover, 5.2 million in paperback. Though first novels traditionally are money losers for the speculative publisher, *A Time to Kill*, his first novel, has sold 5.1 million in paperback. Should you happen to have one of the 5,000 hardcovers, by all means hold out to the highest bidder. It's a collector's item.

Why do Grisham's works bare the bookstore shelves while others hit bargain bins? Because "they often feature an honest citizen against a big corrupt system or institution," points out Doubleday editor David Gernert.

But, of course, reading is believing.



It seems fitting that the singer of many talents should be starring in a hit stage production built around a coat of many colors. The singer is ***Donny Osmond***, and the record-setting production, *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat,* is explained as "a pop vaudeville retelling of the Old Testament story of Joseph and his picaresque rise from slave to soothsayer."

Considering his success as an adult pop star, the switch to *Joseph* came as a shocker to the music world. Opening in Toronto, the Andrew Lloyd Webber production is making the rounds to SRO crowds in Toronto, Minneapolis, and Vancouver, and opens in Chicago in August. Broadway also may beckon to this 34-year-old singer/actor who had nearly given up hope of anyone believing that his teenybopper image could be immersed in a stage production calling for a loincloth wardrobe and a scene behind prison bars.

"I had to audition," he says.

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I GO, AND SHE GOES

And so it goes—using the word 'goes' as an informal substitute for said.

by Wen Smith

Illustrated by Don Trawin

We were watching the final quarter on Monday night football. An official ruled a penalty, and instant replay seemed to show he had blown the call. Frank Gifford took the official to task: "If you're a Raider fan, you're going, 'What's that guy talking about?' "

Going? It was that trendy use of *go* or *goes* for *says* or *said*. These days people don't *say* something; they *go* something.

My wife had heard it, too. "When did people start *going* instead of *saying*?"

I had no idea, but I suggested one anyway, as usual. "Probably it started in the Garden of Eden." I recited the story from bended memory: ". . . And the Lord *goes* unto Cain, 'Where is thy brother Abel?' And Cain *goes*, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' "

But my wife, who knows a lot about the Bible, wouldn't buy that version. We looked into the King James book of Genesis, and she was right. It never uses *goes* for *said*. And it uses *said* a lot.

"Well, the usage isn't new," I said. "Maybe it started at King Arthur's court or on Shakespeare's stage. Caesar takes the unkindest cut of all, and he *goes*, '*Et tu, Brute*?' "

My wife suggested I stop guessing and find out for sure, so I gave up the football game and went to the *wordshop* to check it out.

Now, checking things out is a lot harder than making things up. Anybody in the news media knows that. So I did a couple of minutes of research and an hour or so of brainstorming on *go* for *say*.

Go has about 98 definitions in the Random House Unabridged. Number 23 goes, "to make a certain sound," as in "the gun *goes* bang." The important thing here is that the agent is not a human being, and the noise is not language.

That figures. In today's daily usage on campus and at home, in court and in Congress, on screen and radio, and certainly on the streets, we *go* more than we say. We make noise, but we don't really *say* much.

American kids are at home with *go* for *say*, probably because parents use that word to introduce infants to the world around them. We tell a child, "The cow *goes* moo, the doggie *goes* bow-wow, the pig *goes* oink." Naturally, the kid thinks of mooing, barking, and oinking as the animals' way of talking.

Again, it's noise making, not really saying, that counts. Saying calls for thinking, and thinking is not today's *in* thing.

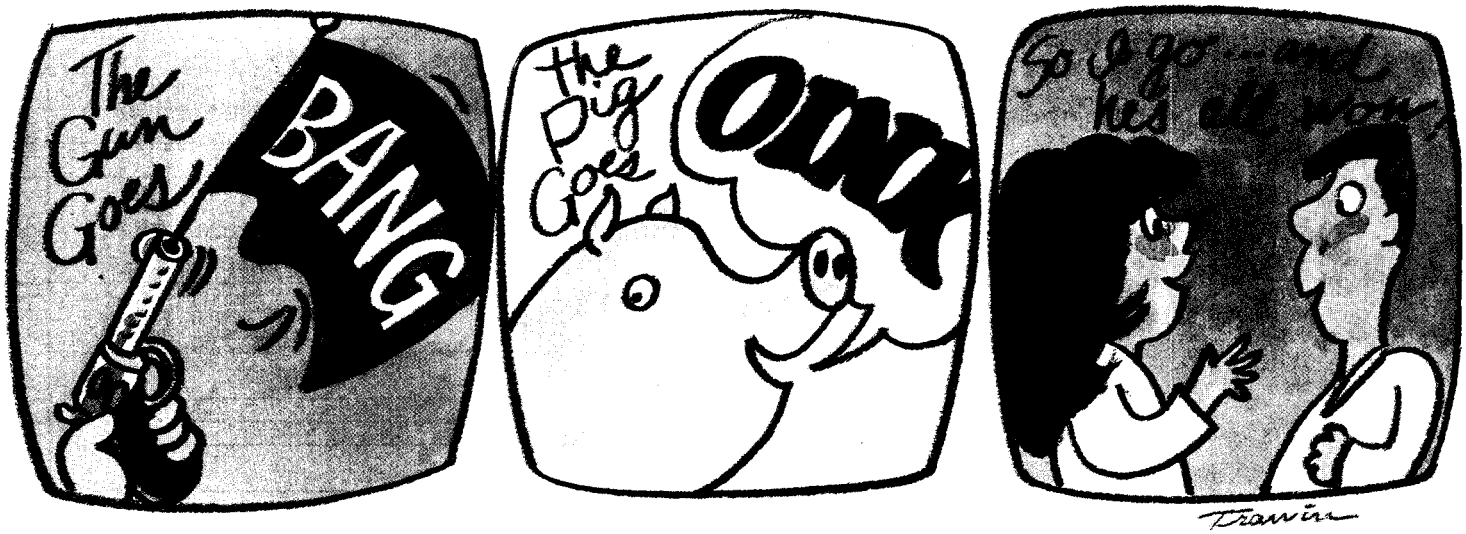
In their day the primitivist hippies, who were always bad-mouthing modern civilization, denounced doing and saying in favor of just being. Today's teens have picked up that idea and are using *be* for *say*. It's *I'm like* for *I said* and *he's all* for *he said*. They go, "We're listening to this new rap tune, and *I'm like* 'Hey, dig that!' and *he's all* 'Wow, man!' "

In the Random House, definition 46 for *go* goes, "to say or declare." That recognizes the usage, labeling it as informal, but it doesn't tell us when it started.

Just as I finished my brainstorming on *goes*, my wife looked into the *wordshop*, and she's like, "Well?" She wanted to know what I'd gleaned from the tree of knowledge.

So I go, "I still think it was in the Garden of Eden. Most likely that serpent."

And she goes, "Well, just don't blame it on Eve."



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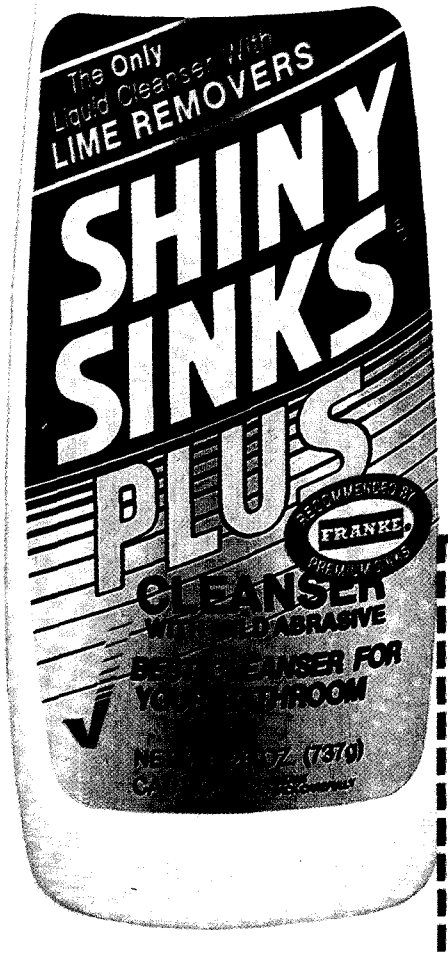

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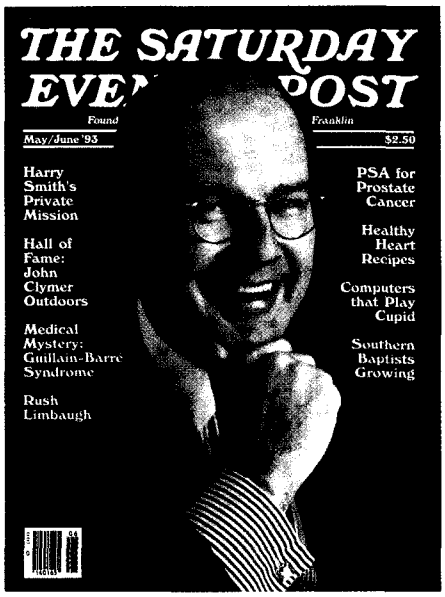

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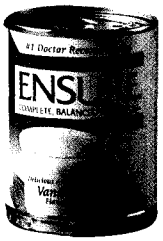

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HEARTBEAT

The Healthy Heart Recipes

LIGHTEN UP MEDITERRANEAN STYLE

After centuries in the kitchens of the Mediterranean, olive oil is emerging as a perfect companion to good health in the United States, too.

by Patrick Perry

For 6,000 years, olive oil has remained a staple of the Mediterranean diet. Recently, however, researchers puzzled over the low rate of heart disease in Mediterranean countries, where people consume a higher percentage of dietary fat than their American counterparts.

Italian pastas, Lebanese tabouleh, French fish soups, and Grecian stuffed grape leaves share one central ingredient—olive oil, the primary fat in the Mediterranean diet. And now, after centuries in the kitchens of the Mediterranean, olive oil is emerging as a perfect companion to good eating and good health in the United States, too.

A recent study of the dietary habits of nearly 5,000 Italians reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* found that people who rely on olive oil as the primary source of dietary fat experienced lower levels of blood cholesterol, lower systolic blood pressure, and lower blood sugar levels than those whose primary source of fat was butter. Red meat and whole-milk dairy products, the major sources of saturated fat in Americans' diets, are seldom stars on Mediterranean dinner tables.

Dr. Scott Grundy, a prominent nutrition researcher at the University of Texas Southwestern Medical Center, has studied monounsaturated dietary fats for many years.

"We were recommending lower and lower fat diets, but it became apparent that there was a world of difference between what we were recommending and what people were willing to do," Dr. Grundy said. "I started to look for approaches that were in line with what people would do, and that led me to monounsaturated fats."

After the study confirmed what scientists suspected, Dr. Grundy noted

◀ *Marinated Vegetable Salad*

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that by replacing saturated fats with monounsaturated olive oil, people could lower total levels of blood cholesterol, especially the low-density lipoprotein (LDL) that's strongly linked to heart disease.

Don't rush out and clear the grocery shelves of olive or canola oil. Monitoring the total intake of dietary fats is still the best decision in any heart-healthy diet.

"People have to recognize they have to substitute foods," Dr. Grundy points out. "They can't just add monounsaturated calories indiscriminately." Common sense is the rule of thumb.

♥ ♥ ♥

Marinated Vegetable Salad
(Makes 10 servings)

2 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup dry white wine (optional)
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon crushed dried basil
½ cup avocado chunks (about 1 medium)
1 cup fresh sliced mushrooms
¾ cup halved cherry tomatoes
½ cup sliced fresh olives
½ cup sliced red onion
3 cups cooked rice, cooled

Make dressing combining oil, wine vinegar, parsley, sugar, and basil. Combine vegetables in medium bowl and pour dressing over. Toss to coat and chill three hours.

After chilling, add cooled rice and toss lightly.

Per Serving (about ¾ cup):
Calories: 38 Carbohydrate: 16.7 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.9 gm
Sodium: 70 mg Fat: 6.5 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 bread +1 fat + ¼ meat

♥ ♥ ♥

Dilled Whole-Wheat Pasta with Broccoli and Peas
(Makes 8 servings)

1 teaspoon olive oil
16 ounces whole-wheat pasta
1 cup broccoli flowerets
1 cup frozen peas, thawed

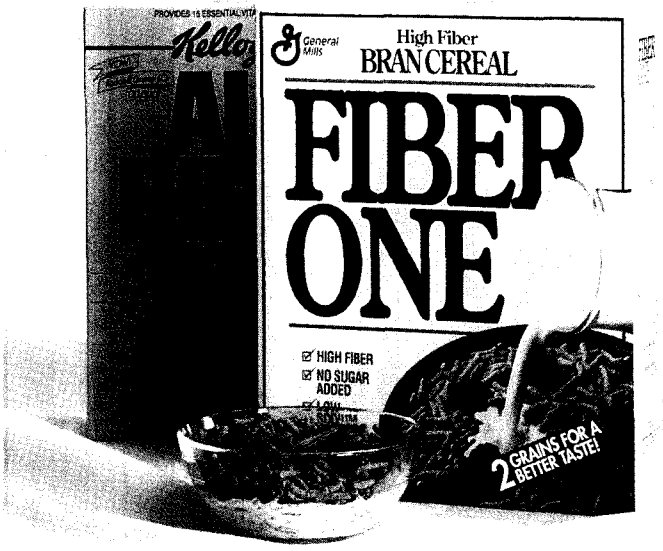
Dressing:
2 tablespoons olive oil
¼ cup red wine vinegar
2 tablespoons fresh dill
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ teaspoon black pepper

Cook pasta in water with one teaspoon oil added. Drain. In medium-sized bowl, combine pasta, broccoli, and peas.

Combine dressing ingredients and whisk together. Pour dressing over pasta combination and whisk thoroughly. Serve warm or chill for later.

Per Serving (¾ cup):
Calories: 175 Carbohydrate: 24.8 gm
Cholesterol: 2 mg Protein: 6.5 gm
Sodium: 54 mg Fat: 5.5 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1½ bread + ½ medium fat meat + ½ fat

TRY THE ONE THAT TASTES BETTER.



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HEARTBEAT

♥ ♥ ♥

Mediterranean Green Salad

(Makes 8 servings)

¼ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons low-salt Garlic & Herb Salad Dressing Mix
1 tablespoon raspberry or red wine vinegar
3 large oranges
8 cups torn assorted greens (such as romaine, Boston, curly endive, oak leaf lettuce, mache, arugula, watercress), washed and crisped
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons chopped walnuts, toasted

In screw-top jar or cruet, mix together orange juice, oil, salad dressing mix or seasoning, and vinegar. Shake vigorously until well blended. With sharp knife, remove peel and white pith from oranges. Slice each orange crosswise into five to six slices. Toss greens with half of dressing; place on large serving platter or divide equally among eight individual salad plates. Arrange orange and onion slices over greens; drizzle with remaining dressing. Sprinkle with walnuts.

Note: To toast walnuts, spread on baking sheet. Bake at 375° for 5 to 8 minutes or until lightly toasted, stirring occasionally.

Per Serving (about 1⅓ cup):
Calories: 115 Carbohydrate: 12.2 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 2.5 gm
Sodium: 85 mg Fat: 6.2 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 vegetable + ½ fruit + 1½ fat

◀ *Mediterranean Green Salad*

♥ ♥ ♥

Cold Tricolored Pasta Salad

(Makes 8 servings)

8 ounces tricolored pasta
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup carrots, cut into thin strips
1 cup onions, cut into small wedges
½ teaspoon coriander seeds
1 cup onions, cut into small wedges
¼ cup water
¼ cup white wine (optional)
¼ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon fennel seeds
½ teaspoon dried thyme

Cook pasta in boiling water until done. Drain and combine with 1 tablespoon olive oil.

Place in medium saucepan carrots, onions, ¼ cup water, wine, and 2 tablespoons olive oil. Cook over medium heat for 5 to 8 minutes. Cool, then add lemon juice and seasonings. When cold, add pasta and chill before serving.

Per Serving (¾ cup):
Calories: 191 Carbohydrate: 29.4 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 5.0 gm
Sodium: 14 mg Fat: 5.9 gm
Diabetic exchange: 2 bread + 1 fat

♥ ♥ ♥

Turkish Beet Salad

(Makes 4 servings)

2 cups beet slices
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 tablespoon mild herb vinegar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 clove garlic, chopped
2 green onions, finely chopped

continued on page 85

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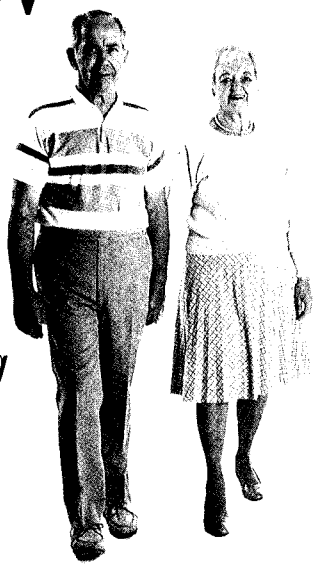

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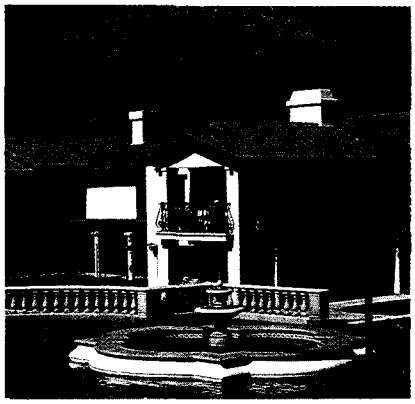

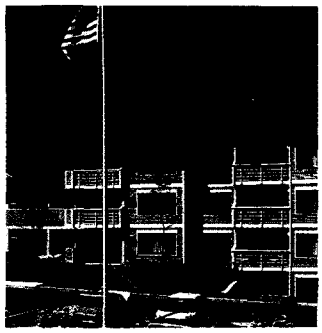

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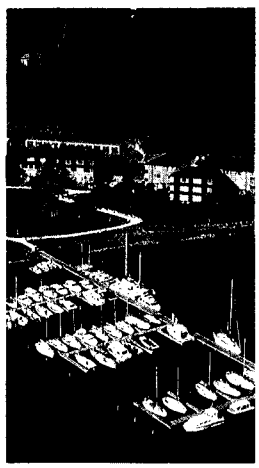

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STROKES OF GENIUS

Thomas Blackshear—one of America's most versatile and successful commercial illustrators—has extended his master's touch to the world of fine art.

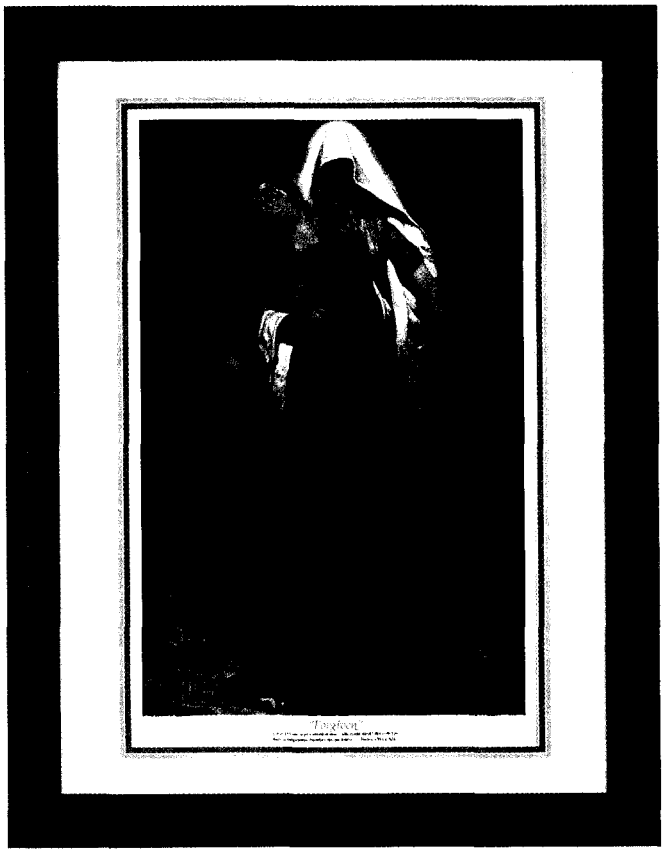
by Joy P. Gage

The townhouse of Thomas and Ami Blackshear, located on a shady cul-de-sac in picturesque Novato, Calif., resembles a mini gallery with two artists in residence. Signed works by Thomas and Ami line the walls; glass cabinets display Thomas' award-winning collector plates; a spot of honor is given to Wiffle Poo, the tiny clown that Thomas sculpted for Ami and later used to launch his *Innocent Wonders* figurines for Hallmark; and a brass easel holds *Forgiven*, the painting that has been reproduced as part of the best-selling DaySpring fine art series, The Master's Collection.

Appropriately, the Blackshears' round, glass coffee table contains the face of a working clock. It is a constant reminder of time, a commodity in short supply for the in-demand couple.

"Somebody called me the other day and asked, 'How can I become a professional illustrator and do the kind of work you do?" recalls Thomas. To convince the aspiring artist that success has its dark side, Blackshear ticked off a list of current projects, complete with pressing deadlines. He laughs at the caller's response: "He kept saying, 'Wow! Wow! I guess I *don't* want a life like that!' "

Since his graduation from the American Academy of Art in Chicago, Blackshear has built an enviable client list that includes Disney Pictures, Coca-Cola, Jim Henson Studios, *National Geographic*, George Lucas Studios, and Milton Bradley. To accommodate their needs, Blackshear puts in long days, or, in his case, long nights. "I picked up the habit of working nights from Mark English," he explains of his 6 p.m. to post-midnight hours. "He's one of the top illustrators in the country, and I had the good fortune to be his apprentice for a couple of years. He worked at night, so I worked at night."



The dramatic use of light, evident in the best-selling limited edition print, *Forgiven*, is a Thomas Blackshear trademark. A versatile artist, Blackshear enjoys creating adventure and fantasy illustrations inspired by Hollywood monster movies. He jokes: "I go ape over King Kong."

As demanding as his schedule is, only once has Blackshear worried that he might not deliver a project on time. Two major assignments—the clown series for Hallmark and a commemorative book for the U.S. Postal Service—had him juggling simultaneous deadlines. The Post Office project required him to create 28 portraits of famous black Americans in 12 months.

"I'll never put myself through that again," he says emphatically. "I wanted my portraits to be different from the average paintings done of these individuals. I wanted something new and exciting, and that took a lot of time. It was the first job I thought for sure I would fail at." Instead, it became one of his greatest successes and led to a Blackshear exhibit at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. It also may have contributed to his need to pause, catch his breath, and rethink his career goals.

Although he still considers himself an illustrator, he currently is on hiatus and is exploring the world of fine art. He enjoyed the open-ended assignment that led to his limited edition print, *Forgiven*, and wants to do more. Officials at DaySpring Greeting Cards simply invited him to "get before the Lord and paint what God is telling you to paint." He thought about the possibilities for three weeks, then, during a Wednesday evening church service, saw an image flash across his mind. "That was it," he says. "That was the painting I was hoping for."

He claims he's been seeking his artistic niche for the past four years. Success has been ample, but satisfaction has been elusive. Still in his 30s, he says it's too early to decide how he wants to be remembered as an artist; he only knows, "I want to do beautiful paintings." He points to the enduring

continued on page 83

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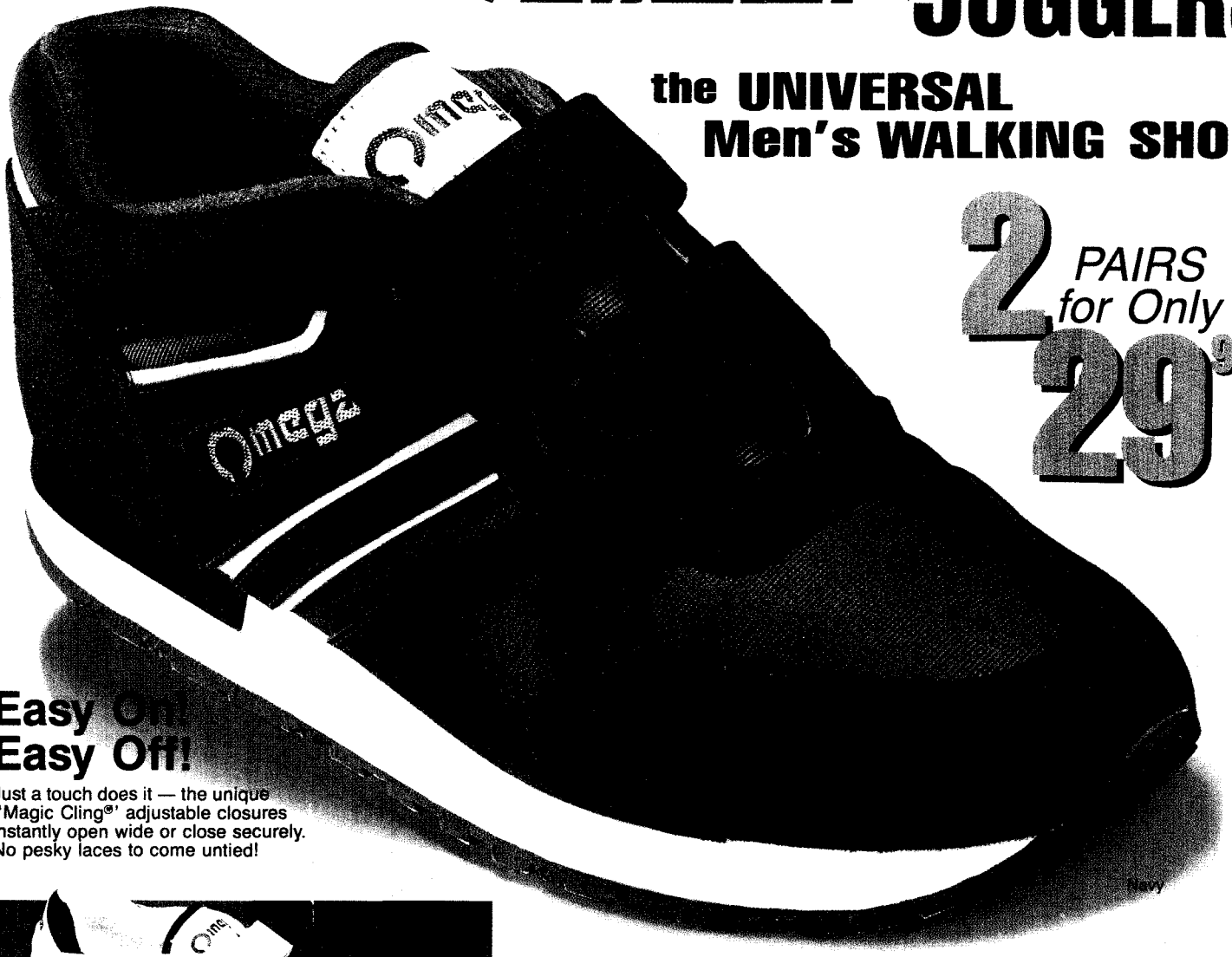

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BUG OFF, BUT BEWARE

Some widely used insect repellents may be hazardous to your health—but there are natural alternatives.

by Cameron Stauth

Illustration by Robert Robinson

"Something's wrong with the baby!" my wife cried.

Our son's eyes were puffy, his skin was crimson, and he was wheezing. I dialed our doctor's emergency line.

"Was he stung by a bee?" the doctor asked.

"No. We just put some insect repellent on him."

"That could be the problem. Rinse it off and call me back."

Even as we washed him, the baby's symptoms subsided. Thus began my investigation into insect repellents. The investigation yielded good—and horrific—news.

First, the bad news: The most common insect repellents can be disastrous to your health. They can, it appears, even be deadly.

According to Washington's National Capital Poison Center (NCPC), every year nearly 5,000 people report being poisoned by the active ingredient in popular repellents like Off and Cutter's. In all likelihood, thousands more also suffer reactions to the chemical but do not report them to their doctors.

The offending chemical, called "DEET" (diethyltoluamide), is unquestionably effective at repelling insects. Unfortunately, DEET also can poison some people.

The NCPC reports that nearly three-fourths of all DEET victims are children under age six. Children might be more vulnerable because of their lower body weights, experts say. Six cases of encephalopathy, or brain damage, have been reported in children ages one to six who used DEET. Three of those children died.

DEET poisons people because it's absorbed through the skin. *The Journal of Toxicology and Environmental Health* estimates that up to 56 percent of all DEET applied to the skin is absorbed rapidly and enters the bloodstream. However, the kidneys and liver only partially eliminate it, and it can stay in the system for as long as two months. That's why repeated ap-

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plications can be dangerous. "One three-year-old child who was sprayed with repellent every day for two weeks eventually suffered brain damage," says Environmental Protection Agency toxicologist Dr. Michael Watson. "And this child was using a relatively mild product that was only 15 percent DEET."

The most common reactions to DEET poisoning are nausea, brain swelling, cardiorespiratory arrest, scarring skin rashes, muscle cramps, seizures, irritability, and lethargy. Although children are most vulnerable, adults also face significant risks when they use large amounts of repellents regularly.

Some people appear to be particularly sensitive to DEET. *The New England Journal of Medicine* chronicles the case of one woman who reacted to DEET within 15 seconds of application. On one occasion, this woman was rushed unconscious to a hospital emergency room after merely touching a man who had sprayed himself with DEET.

The American Academy of Pediatrics recommends that children never be exposed to any product with more than 10 percent DEET. However, most brands contain more than 10 percent. Of the many DEET products available, 60 contain more than 90 percent DEET.

continued on page 82

More Information

There are about a half-dozen natural insect repellents now on the market, though only a few are widely available. A random survey of retailers indicated the two that seem to be the most popular and widely respected are ZZZ-Away, and Safe-N-Free.

■ **ZZZ-AWAY**: Quantum Inc. made a big splash in the natural repellent industry last year by marketing ZZZ-Away aggressively in health food stores. ZZZ-Away offers a broad-spectrum formulation of oils. Consumers reportedly like its odor and its "backwoods-strength" power.

■ **SAFE-N-FREE**: Oriented toward the kiddy niche, this formulation is mild but carries a wide variety of oils. It comes in a cream form and is somewhat more expensive than other formulations.

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POST SCRIPTS

Lights On, Nobody Home

The coach asked the not-too-bright athlete to get on the scales for his weekly weigh-in. "What was the most you ever weighed?" the coach asked.

"About 185 pounds."

"And the least?"

The athlete replied, "Eight pounds and nine ounces."

—Mary Umberson

No Small Feat

When I was small
You seemed so tall
Now I am bigger
It's hard to figure
I still look up to you
Looking down as I do.

—Terry W. Brown

Any More Questions?

Private: "How many successful jumps must a paratrooper make before he graduates?"

Sergeant: "All of 'em—or else he's in big trouble."

—JoAnn Ridings

Egg-xactly Right

A music critic was asked how he possibly could write decent concert reviews when he did not, himself, play a musical instrument.

He said, "I have never laid an egg either, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any chicken on earth."

—Laurie Baker

Good Memory

Nostalgia is when you find the present tense and the past perfect.

—Dorothy Stauffer

Supermarket Checkout

Think how dull and dreary
How barren and how bare
We'd find the time in cashiers' lines
Without the tabloids there.

—Mary Mullen

Retirement Requirement

Rocking chair, thinning hair;
Pension, wrinkles, Medicare.

Forgetting how to tie a tie;
"Mr. Fix-it" (at least I'll try).

Tires and savings getting thinner;
Sometimes grandkids come for dinner.

Found out there's no light traffic time;
Reactions no longer stop-on-a-dime.

Teeth getting loose,
More prune juice.

Eyeglasses 'n' waistline growing thicker,
Pay more attention to th' ol' ticker.

See the doctor more and more—
Says I'm starting to snort and snore.

Prescriptions get much more numerous,
Senior jokes seem much more humorous.

Trying to answer grandkids' "why?",
Remembering words to an old lullaby.

—Roy J. Colegrove

Educational Value

School days are among the happiest days of your life, provided, of course, that your children are old enough to attend.

—Sam Ewing

When Cash Registers

Federal deficit: Dipping into the "un"til.

—Lois Muehl

The Golden Age

I cherish your visits, granddaughter dear,
If I seem bemused it's because
You speak the language of IS, my love,
I come from the land of WAS!!

—Marj Lefler

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Food for Thought

Husband: "What's for dinner?"
Wife: "You have two choices—take it or leave it."

—Laurie Baker

A Fan's Prayer

I hope they have baseball in Heaven.
If I find that they don't, I will say
As soon as I come
To that heavenly home,
"Lord, let us have baseball, I pray!

"We can match up the Saints and the Angels.
They can pick up their skirts as they run.
We can bring up some umpires
From down where there's Hellfires.
Home run can be over the sun.

"They say every day here is Sunday.
All morn let us kneel and adore.
But, O, just as soon
As the clock passes noon,
Let us go to the bleachers and roar!

"And the people in Earth's pleasant places,
As they sit in the stands, will declare
That they hear us. "Dear Brother,"
They'll say to each other,
"Do you think they have baseball
Up There?"

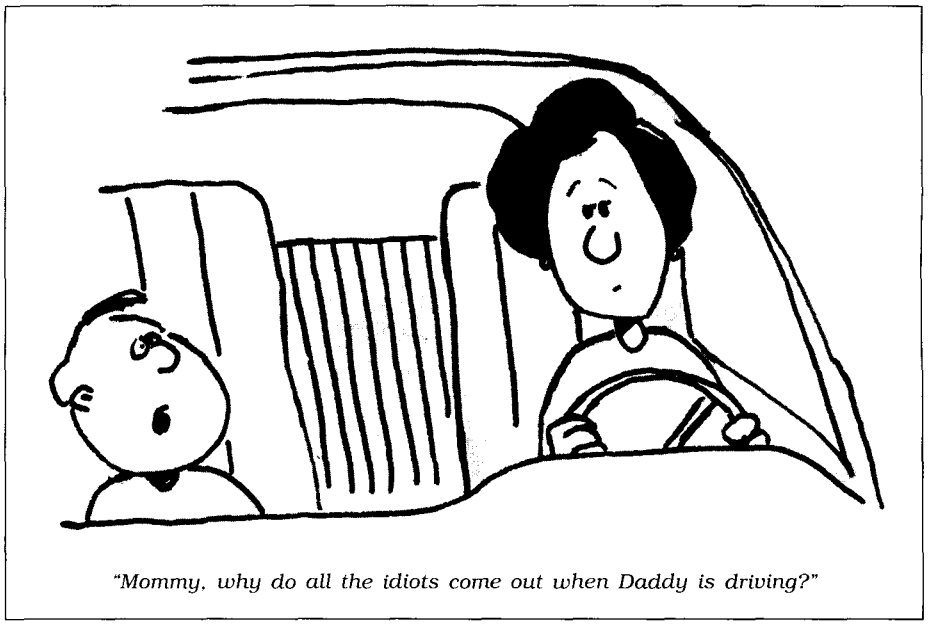
—Lyon F. Lingar

Blackout Blessing

Mom: "There were two pieces of cake on the kitchen table last night at bedtime. Now, there's only one this morning. Can you explain that?"

Johnny: "I don't know, unless it was so dark I didn't see the other piece."

—Laurie Baker



"Mommy, why do all the idiots come out when Daddy is driving?"

Perhaps She Knew

"Take off your clothes," she said briskly.
"The doctor will shortly be in."
"Madam, you don't get the picture—
I'm here for a wart on my chin."
"Take them off in the room over yonder and let me get on with my work."
Subdued, the poor fellow weakened but felt very much like a jerk.
"She's tough!" he complained to another sad soul who sat naked and shivering.
"You think so?" replied his companion,
"I'm here from UPS on delivery."

—Hazel Campbell Tomlinson

Potluck

I rush to brush my graying curls,
and pat some powder on my nose;
I cover wrinkled throat with pearls
and pray that only heaven knows
The things I think but won't confess
about the casual dropper-inner. . .
That tiring, self-invited guest who
always comes in time for dinner.

—Beatrice Brissman

Read It Again

The most welcome people on the road are the wreckless drivers.

—Debra Zervic

Speculation

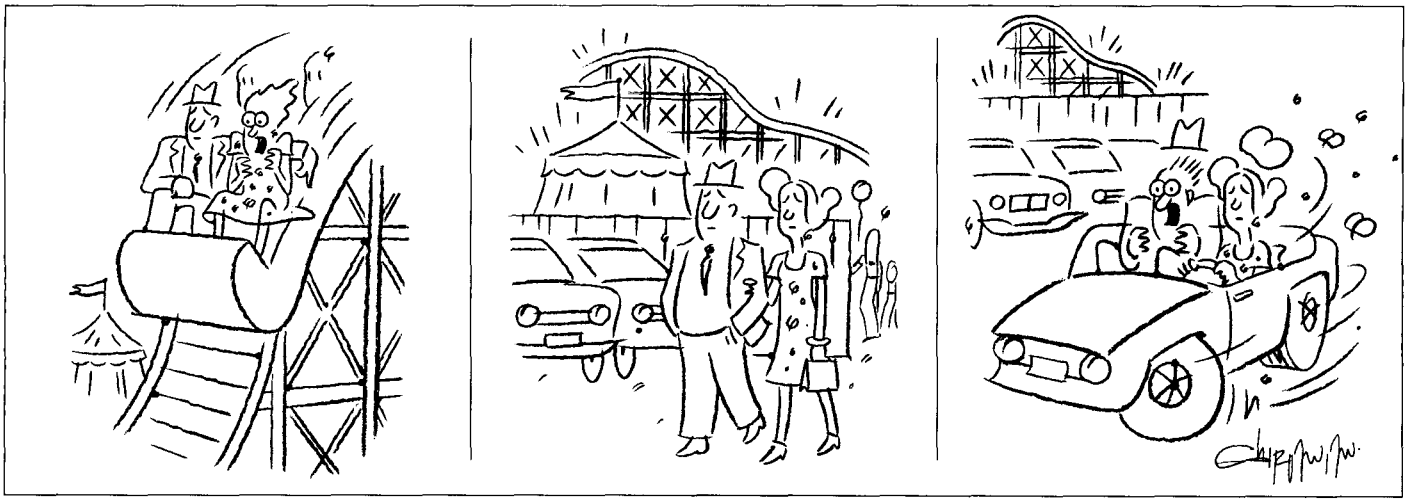
You're a wonderful girl,
A princess among lasses,
But you'd be spectacular
If you wore glasses.

—Richard Marsh

Nico-Teen Fits?

Remember when the greatest hazard
With which smoking was fraught
Was the dreaded possibility
Of getting caught?

—Ruth M. Walsh



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OPEN FORUM

I AM YOUR SON

We told my father that he had an illness that made him confused, but that there was nothing to worry about—he would always be cared for.

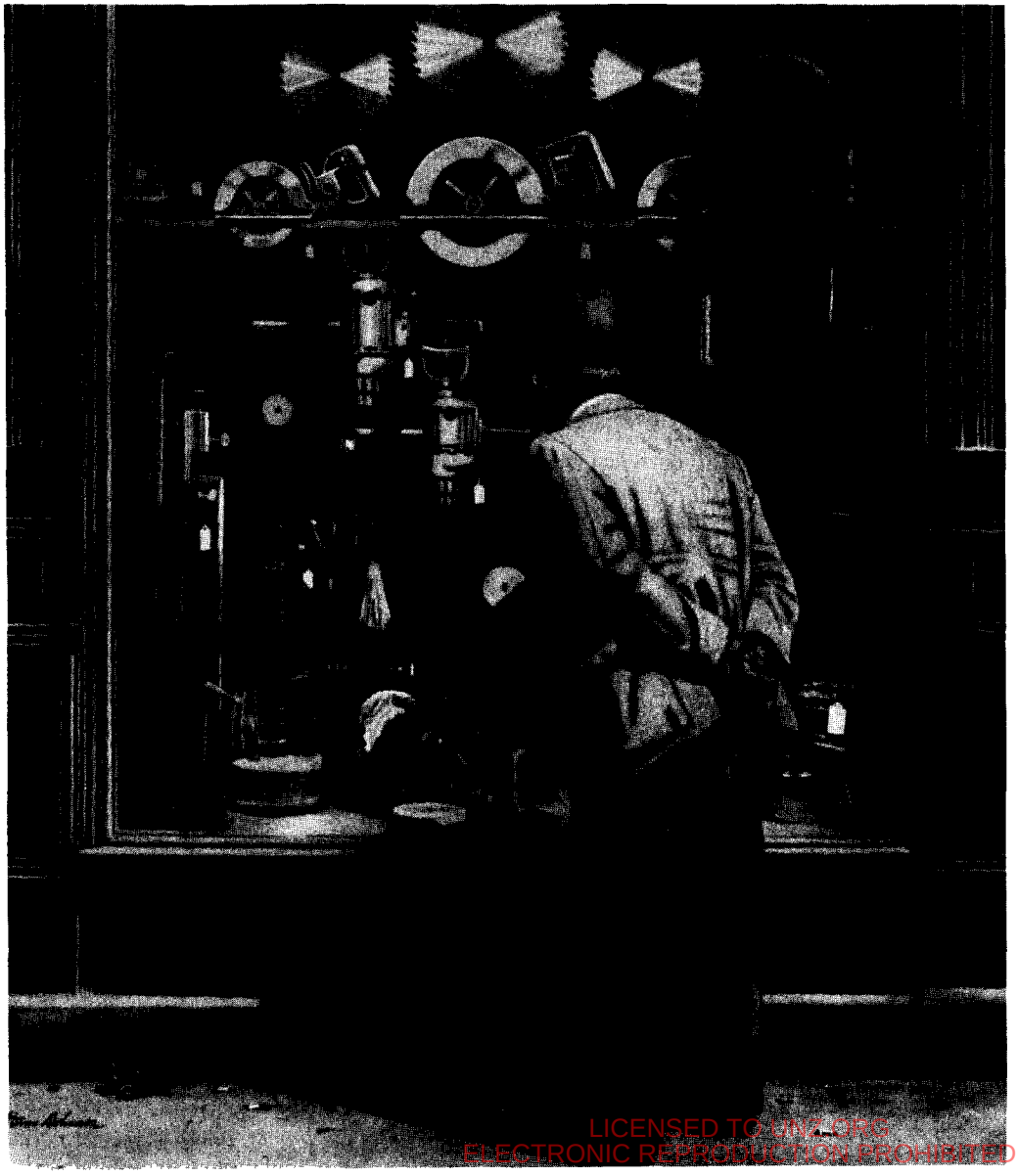
by W. Thomas Faucher

Stevan Dohanos's cover illustration first appeared on the November 10, 1951, issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

Looking back, one of the first signs that my father had Alzheimer's disease came the day he lost his car. For some, not remembering where they parked their car is a common occurrence. For my father, a man with a most precise sense of direction, it was unthinkable.

Other "little" things began to happen, leading eventually to a full checkup. After ruling out everything else, the doctor told us he was sure it was Alzheimer's.

In those days before support groups and mass publicity, I had heard of the disease but knew little about it.



I came to know a great deal.

For four years my father continued to live at home, his life slowly changing. My mother's loving care and concern for him was all that made this possible. As the only one of the children living in town, I shared with her many of the burdens and privileges of those years.

Early on it was apparent that he could no longer drive; I volunteered to be the one to tell him that. My father had once been a traveling salesman; he had traversed the entire northwestern United States by car in the 1920s. He was the best driver I have ever known. After he retired, his car had been his vehicle of freedom from the house; driving meant a great deal to him.

I told him very simply that he could no longer drive. I explained to him that he could get lost and that he was a danger on the road to himself and to others. He looked at me and asked, "Do you think that is the best?" I said "Yes," and he said "OK." It was almost as if he were relieved.

Some months later, when I was driving him someplace, he said to me, "You know, son, I used to drive a car."

"Is that right?"

"Yes, I was quite a driver. But the government won't allow me to drive anymore for national security reasons. Sometimes you have to sacrifice for your country." The subject was never mentioned again.

At one point, my mother and I read "the books"—tomes on what to expect in Alzheimer's patients. We had both resisted reading the books because we wanted to retain our innocence as long as possible.

The books were frightening, yet strangely comforting. After reading them, we sensed we were not alone, that other people had gone through this. Each new piece of aberrant behavior could now fit into a context—knowledge had replaced our fear.

My mother created a new way of treating my father, and she and I used a specific technique. She would daily, hourly, reassure my father that he was going to be safe, cared for, that he was going to be fine. I reinforced all she said.

We told him that he had an illness that made him confused, but that there was nothing to worry about—he would always be cared for. In the early days, when in rational moments

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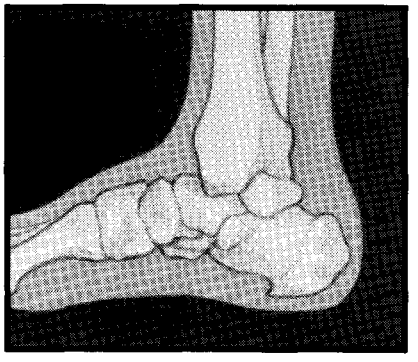

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he asked what was wrong with him, we would tell him simply and clearly. Later he never asked.

My father always loved to walk. Each day since his retirement he had walked the 11 blocks to the church for a visit, then walked home. In healthy times, he would go and return by various routes that gave him many miles of walking each day.

As he became more disoriented, it was obvious that his walking could get him lost. More than once he did get lost. But because he could no longer do much of what he loved to do, Mom did not want him to lose his precious walking time, too.

Her solution was twofold. First of all, we walked with him over and over directly to the church and back, reminding him of the importance of making the one turn. We hoped that if he took only this route, he would be less likely to lose his way.

Secondly, we bought Dad an I.D. bracelet with his name and phone number on it along with the information that he could be disoriented. I showed him how to go to a stranger's home, ring the doorbell, and show people the bracelet. The neighborhood is safe, and many people knew him already. Some neighbors along the route even watched for him.

The critical point was the turn. If he missed that, then he would head the opposite direction. We also had friends along that street, and they watched for him, too. If they saw him, they would walk him back to the corner and set him on the road home.

For almost three years, as he gradually became much more disoriented, he continued his walk. He got lost a few times, but someone would either call or bring him home. He used his bracelet at least five times. I was proud of him.

Inevitably, something happened and he was hospitalized. When he came out of the hospital, he went into a nursing home. Mom could no longer care for him. Although she knew it was right, she tried to fight the decision.

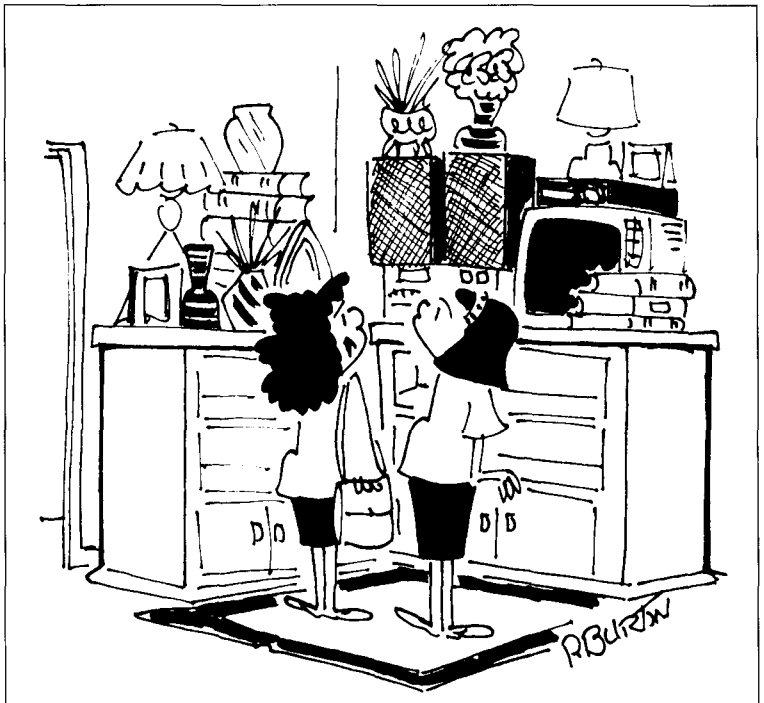
The home had just opened a new special section for Alzheimer's patients. It was clean, bright, healthy, with a kind and caring staff. He accepted his new home instantly and came to enjoy the attentions of all the women patients.

Mom visited almost every day. I went two or three times a week, finding him in the recreation room, and would walk in and sit beside him.

"Hi, Dad."

He would look up, stare expressionlessly at me for a few seconds and then say, "Hello."

"I am your son. I have come to take you for a walk."



"I see you have young children."

"That's very nice." He would slowly get up out of the chair and we would head outdoors.

The conversation ranged from the trees to the flowers to the family and back to the trees. We had decided to always share all the family news with him and use all the names of his brothers and sisters, children, and grandchildren. I would tell him all the things my mother had told him the day before and would tell him again tomorrow.

One day as we rested on a bench, he asked me, "Do I have a wife?"

I told him his wife's name and that she came to see him almost every day.

"Do I have any children?"

I told him about each of his children and explained that I was one of them, that I was his son.

"You are my son?"

"Yes, Dad, I am your son."

For the first time in many months I saw just a hint of a smile and he said, "Well I must have done something right in life to have such a nice young man as you be my son."

Ten minutes later, when I said good-bye to him, he did not know who I was.

During the five years of his illness he was almost always pleasant, never violent, never disagreeable. As difficult as it was for all of the family, we were grateful that we were spared part of the hell that many Alzheimer's families must endure.

He died quite suddenly and peacefully.

I have seen many people in caskets, and I went to see Dad without any special thoughts in mind except the upcoming funeral and concerns about my mother.

But an extraordinary thing happened when I looked at my father. The man lying there was not the person I had visited in the nursing home. It was not the confused gentleman I had helped care for during the past five years. It was my father, my father of before.

The vacant look that had become such a part of him was gone, replaced by the sleeping face of the vibrant, formidable figure I had known all of my life. It was as if my dad had been gone for a long time and had returned just in time for his burial.

All children have unique relationships with their parents, and all sons have unique relationships with their fathers. Ours was no different. There had been triumphs and tragedies between us. But there was a special bonding, a special form of self-knowledge that was mine when I would say to him, "I am your son." It not only told him who I was, but it also reminded me.

As I looked at Dad in the casket, I knew I no longer needed to tell him. He knew on his own who I was. But I was also someone different from the son he had known before—his illness had improved me.

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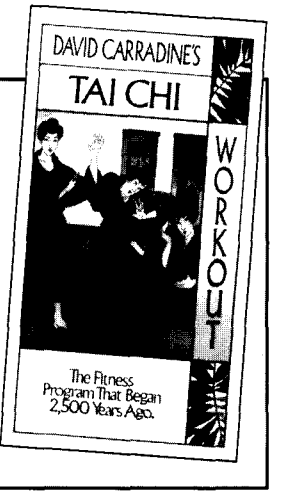

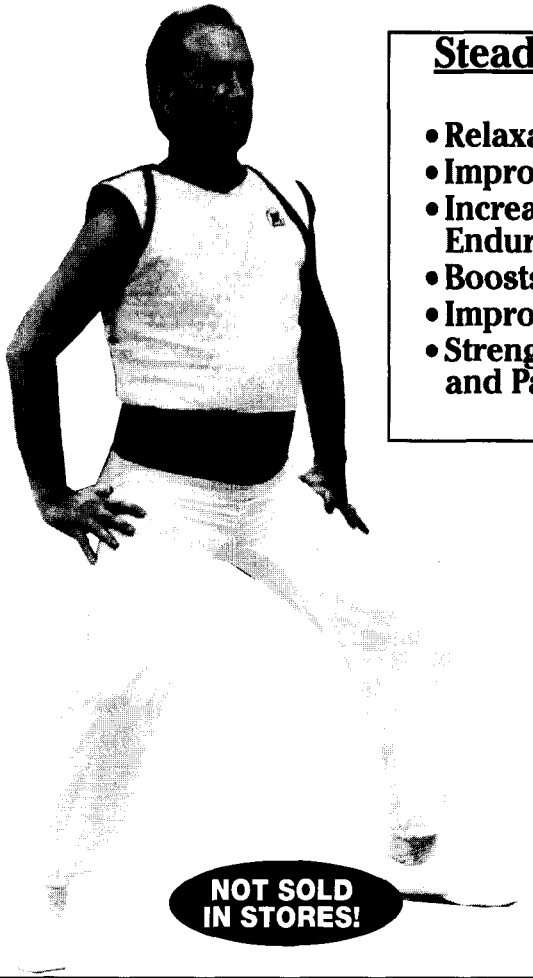

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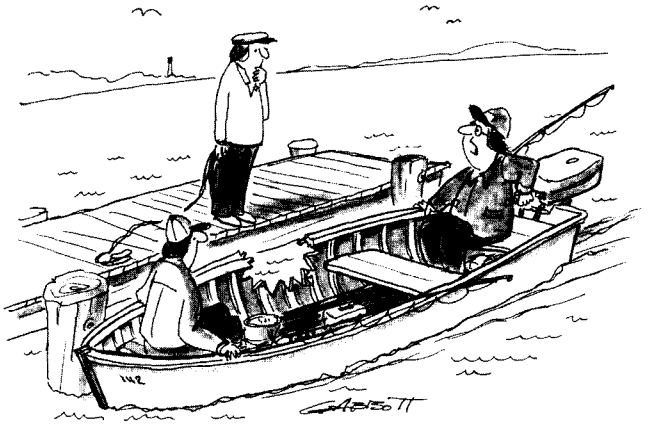
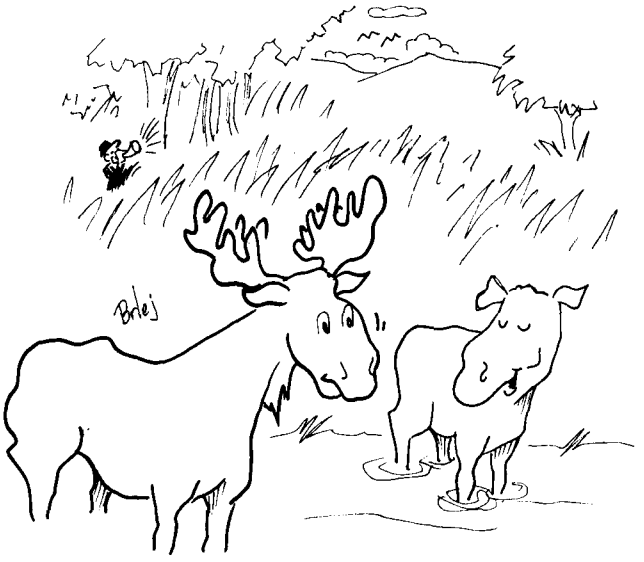
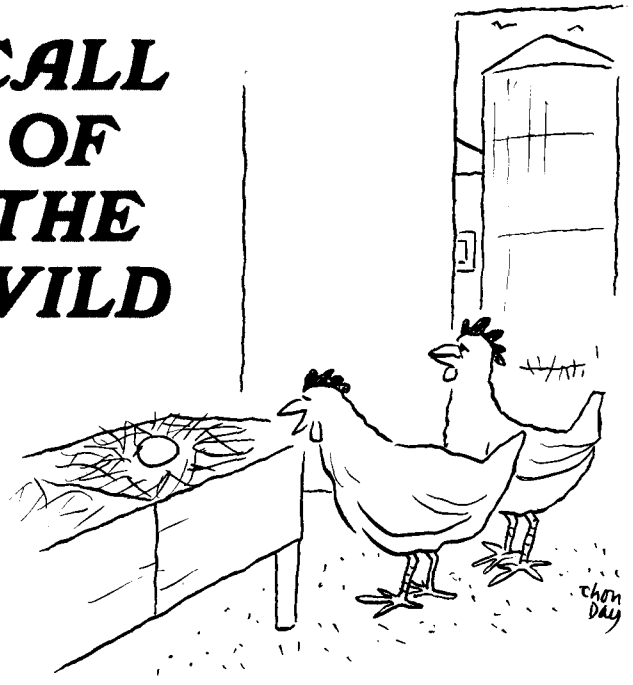


"You should have seen the one we got away from."

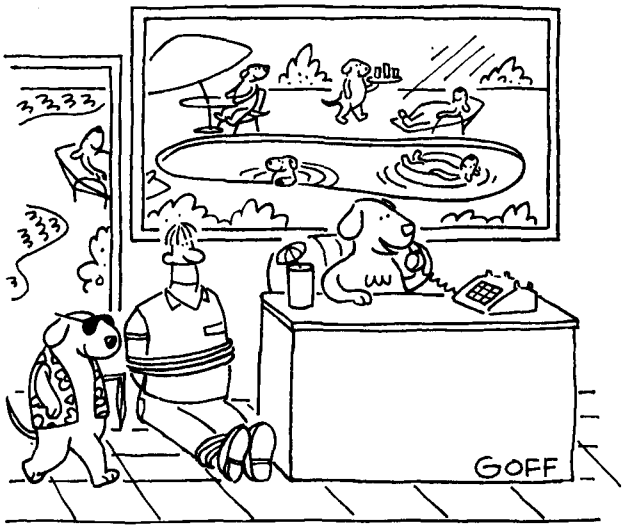


"Listen dear, they're playing our song. . . ."

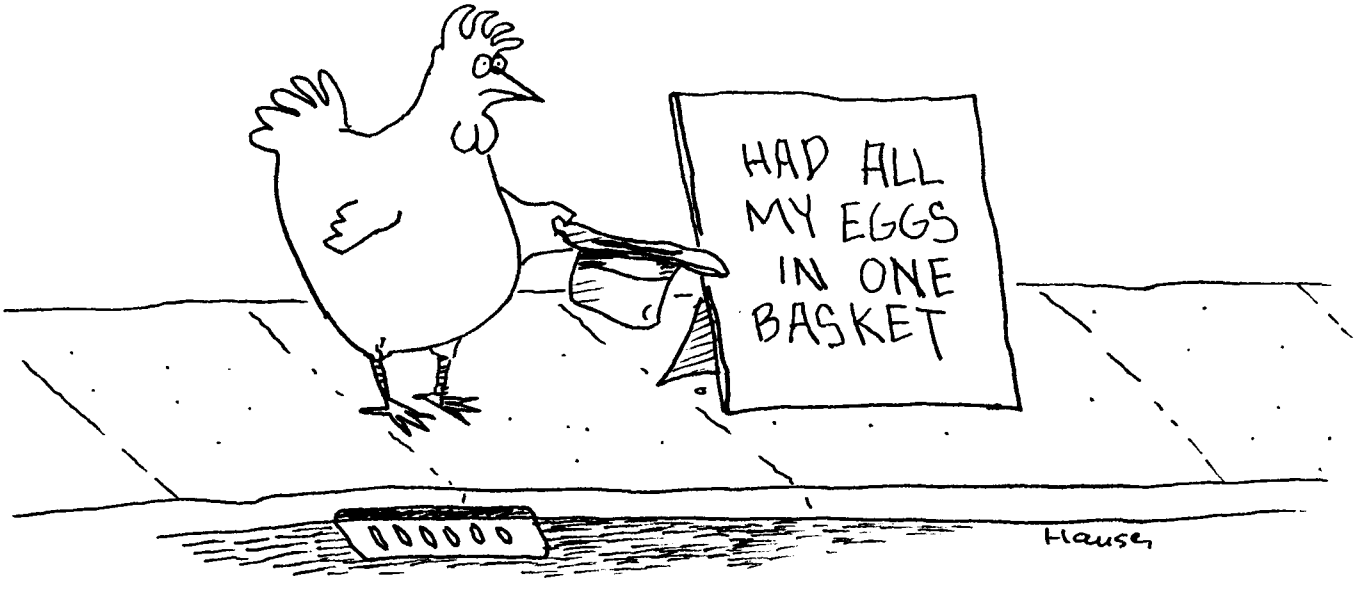
CALL OF THE WILD



"They're so darn cute at that age."



"Hello, Rover's Retreat, formerly known as the Acme Obedience School."



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Perry Como

In The Garden
Loretta Lynn

Take My Hand, Precious Lord
Eddy Arnold

Wings Of A Dove
Dolly Parton

I Love To Tell The Story
Pat Boone

Me and Jesus
Tammy Wynette & George Jones

Abide With Me
Don Hustad Chorale

He Touched Me
Bill Gaither Trio

Nearer My God To Thee
Jack Halloran Male Chorus

Great Speckled Bird
Roy Acuff

I'll Fly Away
Charley Pride

Standing On The Promises
Johnson Family

Church In The Wildwood
Mike Curb Congregation

When They Ring Those Golden Bells
David Houston

Lily Of The Valley
Wayne Newton

Blessed Assurance
George Beverly Shea

In The Sweet By and By
Johnny Cash

Amazing Grace
Willie Nelson

One Day At A Time
Cristy Lane

May The Good Lord Bless And Keep You
Kate Smith

Sweet Hour Of Prayer
Jim Nabors

The Bible Tells Me So
Roy Rogers and Dale Evans

When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Marty Robbins

The Family That Prays
Porter Wagoner

I Need Thee Every Hour
Scott Singers

What A Friend We Have In Jesus
Norma Zimmer & Jim Roberts

Precious Memories
Jimmy Dean

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere
The Three Suns

How Great Thou Art
Jim Roberts

Brighten The Corner
Anita Kerr

Rock Of Ages
B.J. Thomas

Old Rugged Cross
Ray Price

Family Bible
George Jones

Jesus Loves Me
Tennessee Ernie Ford

Peace In The Valley
Floyd Cramer

Will The Circle Be Unbroken
The Carter Family

Beyond The Sunset
Red Foley

Crying In The Chapel
Elvis Presley

I Saw The Light
Hank Williams, Sr.

Jesus Is Coming Soon
Oak Ridge Boys

Softly and Tenderly
Guy & Raina

A Beautiful Life
Statler Brothers

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Doris Ackers

Whispering Hope
The Browns

Someone To Care
Jimmie Davis

Bringing In The Sheaves
Burl Ives

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Larry Gatlin

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MOVIE REVIEW

LAST ACTION HERO

From the real world to the reel world, Arnold Schwarzenegger's latest movie guarantees adventure when characters pop off the screen and into a young fan's life.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

What happens when a "magic ticket" blasts a 12-year-old boy out of his theater seat into the movie—and then the boy loses his ticket? What happens when the movie hero comes off the cinema screen to become involved in real life? The answers are to be found in Arnold Schwarzenegger's latest fast-action thriller, *Last Action Hero.*

Arnold as the relentless and powerful Sgt. Jack Slater has never lost a battle in the war against crime. He dodges bullets effortlessly, survives tremendous explosions, and takes on an array of thugs single-handedly. Racing his '60 Bonneville convertible through the streets of Los Angeles, the invincible Slater is a loner whose best friend is his .44 Magnum.

Then, lest too much of a good thing become monotonous, Slater's film is shaken up when young Austin O'Brien jumps out of the reality of his movie seat and into the movie set as the fictional Danny Madigan.

So now we have two good guys, albeit one a tad young, but where are the guys wearing the black hats? Not to worry. They are waiting for

Eleven-year-old newcomer Austin O'Brien plays Danny Madigan, who dodges bullets and narrowly escapes explosions to rescue action/adventure hero Slater (Arnold Schwarzenegger) from danger. (Left) Bored with Shakespeare, young Danny "imagines" Slater in the role of Hamlet—Schwarzenegger adds an unforgettable twist to the classic tale.

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"It's the ultimate kid's fantasy," Schwarzenegger says of his latest film, "to meet your hero, climb buildings, take on five guys at once, and win major battles." This "cinematic rollercoaster ride" satirizes the action/adventure genre and explores the immense realm of the imagination.

Last Action Hero **reunites Arnold Schwarzenegger with director John McTiernan, who collaborated on the movie *Predator*. The duo chose *Last Action Hero* because it was "an exciting, action-packed movie with an incredible story that we both loved."**

An aging theater projectionist presents unsuspecting Danny Madigan with a "magic ticket"—a magical passport out of his real theater seat into the "reel" world of the invincible Jack Slater, where anything is possible.

Danny's magic ticket to fall into their evil hands, enabling them to escape the "real" world and further complicate Slater's life by coming into the movie.

Okay so far?

Slater and Danny must now leave fictional Los Angeles and rush to real-life New York to nab the villains. Once there, however, our hero must cope with the fact that he is after all the product of a Hollywood screenwriter and his world, a piece of movie fiction. Slater now finds himself in Danny's world, where a punch can mean a broken hand, and a gun can be synonymous with death. Without movie magic to help him, Slater faces his most challenging adventure to date. Now, he must prove that he "truly" is a dyed-in-the-wool hero.

Still following it? Good.

Though the film will be responsible for much nail-biting and popcorn spilling, Schwarzenegger fans, with nails already down to the quick from the two *Terminator* films and *Total Recall*, will have no fear of the Master of Muscle being anything less than heroic. The $80 million production featuring the Big One himself is expected to sweep summer box office ticket sales.

Last Action Hero reunites Schwarzenegger with John McTiernan, director of *Predator*. "Both John and I had been waiting for an ideal project on which to work again," Arnold says. "*Hero* is an exciting, action-packed movie with an incredible story that we both loved. It's the ultimate kids' fantasy—to meet your hero, climb buildings, take on five guys at once, and win major battles."

The lucky kid in this film is Austin O'Brien, 12, a veteran of more than 24 commercials. He debuted in the

continued on page 67

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In his first year of professional competition, 27-year-old Flex Wheeler took the trophy and a purse of $80,000 at the 5th Annual Arnold Schwarzenegger Classic.

GETTING CLASSIC WITH ARNOLD

The new generaton of bodybuilders is as fired up about fitness as physique.

by Jim Bebbington

The "art" of bodybuilding has come a long way since Charles Atlas beckoned 90-pound weaklings in the back of dime magazines. And nowhere is the "building" interest more apparent than at the annual Arnold Schwarzenegger Classic in Columbus, Ohio, one of professional bodybuilding's premier events.

Sellout crowds of 4,000 avid fans paid up to $250 a ticket this spring to size up the best bodybuilders in the world as they competed for record purses. Thousands also flocked next door to preview state-of-the-art muscle building and fitness gear at the 1993 World Gym Fitness Expo.

Young and old, brawny and lean, male and female, dedicated aficionados of the sport converged on Columbus, packing into the spotlighted auditorium to glimpse bodybuildings' superstars—like 27-year-old ex-police officer Flex Wheeler, the 1993 overall winner who pocketed $80,000, and perennial crowd-pleaser 41-year-old Ron Love.

Backstage, the pros pumped up in a roped-off area, doing dips, bench presses, curls, squats, and chin-ups—straining massive muscles to the limit before greeting the critical eyes of the judges and fans. When the competitors hit the stage, the crowd let loose and the champions responded, gliding into well-rehearsed muscular poses. Quads, delts, traps, pecs, bi's and tri's—all body parts must be artfully sculpted into a well-proportioned whole. This takes years of daily workouts, physical and mental discipline, and a strict diet regimen—all part and parcel of the sport of bodybuilding.

The Schwarzenegger Classic brings together the past and future of professional bodybuilding, cashing in on the marquee value of the legend himself, Arnold Schwarzenegger—the man who brought a personable manner, quick one-liners, and gigantic muscles to bodybuilding in the late 1960s, and who almost single-handedly propelled bodybuilding out of obscurity.

Piles of muscles have always at-

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tracted attention. Physique shows were common in turn-of-the-century America. In the 1930 and '40s, bodybuilders such as John Grimek, Frank Leight, and the still-trim Steve Reeves, known to millions of moviegoers as Hercules, ruled the annual competitions for the Mr. America title. In the 1950s, Bill Pearl, now 62 and still pumping iron, dominated a sport that drew thousands to top events but paid only about $1,000 to its victors. "It was just a very small group, almost as if it were a cult, and it wasn't accepted in society as it is today," Pearl remembers.

Schwarzenegger arrived in 1967, and by the time he left for cinema stardom in 1975, bodybuilding had gained unprecendented exposure. Still, when Schwarzenegger won his final competition, Mr. Olympia 1976, he took a top prize of only $1,500. Prize purses jumped to $50,000 in 1986, as Schwarzenegger and his partner, Jim Lorimer, began promoting the show. Lorimer remains his partner for the Arnold Classic production.

Bodybuilding today is the product largely of marketing efforts by two of the sport's godfathers, brothers Joe and Ben Weider. They founded the International Federation of Bodybuilders (IFBB) in 1946, which today sanctions all contests like the Schwarzenegger Classic. Ben Weider remains IFBB president. Joe publishes the largest publications on the sport, *Muscle and Fitness* and *Flex* magazines. Both Weiders attended the Schwarzenegger Classic and took pride in the crowds. "That's what the sport is all about," quips a fit Joe Weider, 71.

During the past decade, a new dimension to the sport has emerged—women. Although present in the sport for years, female bodybuilders sat on the sidelines until the '80s when they gained their own competitive arena. In 1986, Schwarzenegger and Lorimer started the Ms. International. Today, female bodybuilding stars like former Ms. Olympias Cory Everson and Tanya Knight draw crowds of fans and bodybuilding hopefuls intent on pocketing titles and cash.

This year, rookie professionals won both the men's and women's division of the Classic. Kim Chizevsky, 24, a former aerobics instructor from Decatur, Ill., took first place in the Ms. International event, winning $20,000. Not bad for a pro in only her third year of serious training. "I've always been athletic and involved in a lot of sports," she said.

The men's champion, Flex Wheeler, trained off and on for a decade before devoting himself to the sport he hopes

More than 200 exhibitors displayed the latest in fitness equipment. (Above) An exhibitor demonstrates the Slide Reebok, a low-impact, lateral movement trainer. (Below) Arnold makes a hands-on inspection of new fitness technology.

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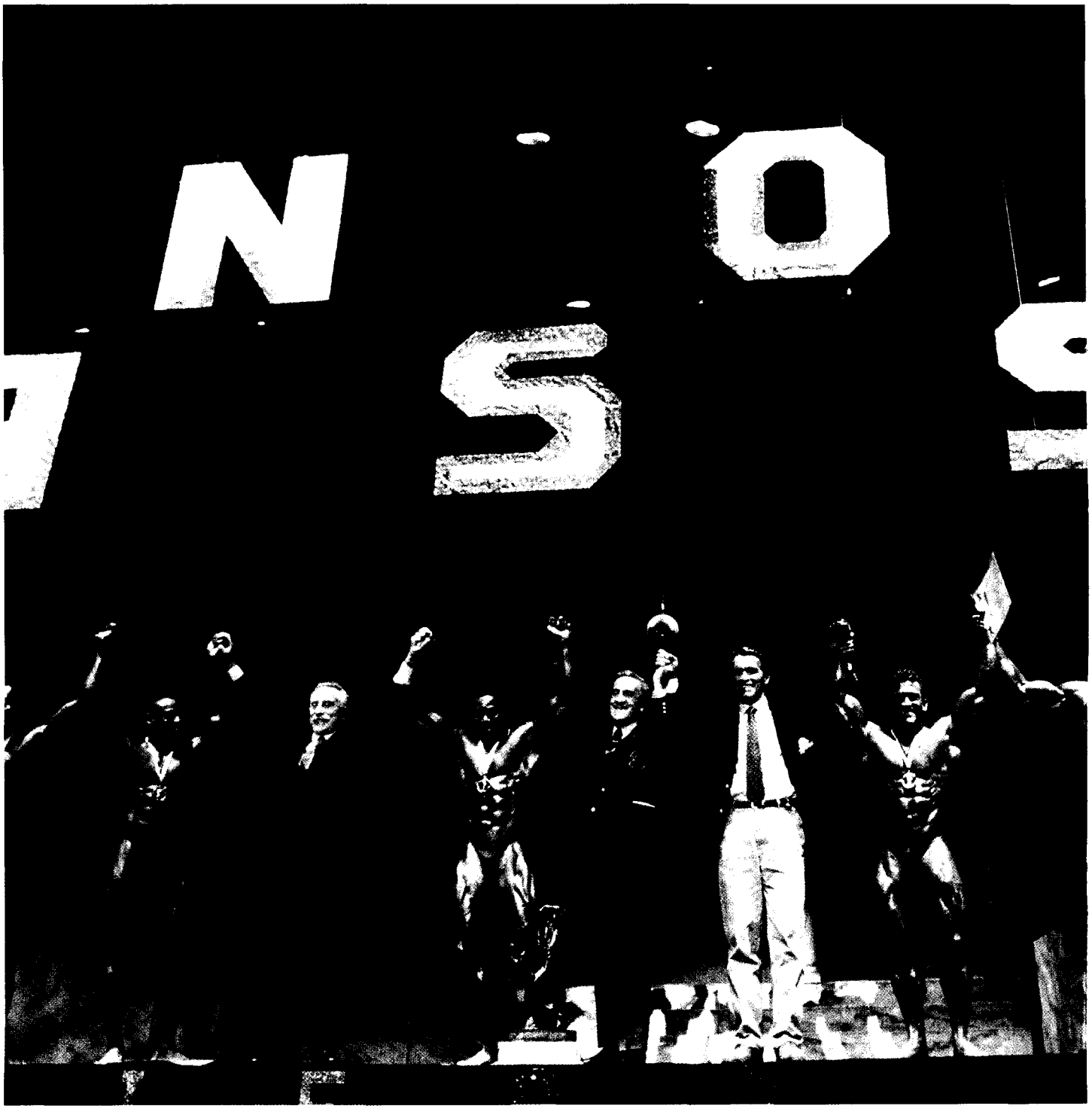
will lead to greater things. "Five more years, then I'll quit and try acting," he says. Wheeler trains six days a week on a diet that highlights plain rice, oatmeal, skinless chicken breasts, protein drinks, raisins, and bananas when preparing for a meet—the typical competition lifestyle for a pro.

The winners are picked during the preliminary rounds as competitors stand side by side on stage. Posing competitions, which bring cheers (and crowds) to the evening events, have little effect on the judges' decisions, although they are the high point for competitors who finally get to parade the results of endless hours of solitary work in gyms. "There's no fun about being in a gym and training," says Wheeler with a grin. "The fun part is being on stage and getting cheers when I hit the post."

Today's mountains of muscles make yesterday's look like molehills. Veteran bodybuilder Bill Pearl watched the Classic in awe. "It's hard for me to believe that the sport has progressed to the degree that it has. The guy who will place last today probably would have won the contest I was winning 20-30 years ago," Pearl says. "If I got on stage, I'd be blown away. I'm smart enough to keep my shirt on."

The Battle for Respectability

Schwarzenegger thinks bodybuilding will continue to thrive if it keeps its roots in chiseled shapes of those



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like winners Kim Chizevsky and Flex Wheeler *and* if it is promoted as a recreational sport just like swimming, basketball, or tennis. "Since they've been doing that," he says, "the sport has been growing, and now you will see in every home in America some form of gym equipment that deals with fitness or weight training or weight resistance or cardiovascular training."

Promoter Joe Weider hopes someday that bodybuilding will be viewed as a legitimate sport and receive Olympic recognition. Steroids, though, have cast a shadow over further respectability. Athletes in the Schwarzenegger Classic were tested for steroids using standards set by the International Olympic Committee. Some athletes, however, are able to avoid detection, so the cloud remains, even among the athletes. Shelly Beattie, one of the 10 finalists in the women's division, doubted she could win after the prejudging because, she says, "It looks like (judges) were working the bigger girls. I'm not going to compromise my body by using drugs."

The Arnold Schwarzenegger Classic, one of the sport's premier events, attracts bodybuilding's best: men and women dedicated to the pursuit of size, shape, and above all symmetry.

Joe Weider is philosophical about the drugs, saying "Steroids are always in competition. It's part of all sports. If a guy wants to win and reach the top, he's going to do whatever he possibly can. We're fighting it, we're educating people, and we're doing the best we can."

Bodybuilding no doubt would benefit from another titleholder like Schwarzenegger, honored at this year's Classic as "The Greatest Bodybuilder of the 20th Century." Lee Haney, 33 and already retired, broke Schwarzenegger's record for wins at the Mr. Olympia contest. He now produces fitness books and videos and is developing a gymnasium franchise. The eight-time Mr. Olympia believes the sport will grow without a marquee athlete, but muscles alone cannot do the whole job.

"Physique is very important," Haney says. "That's what wins the competition. But what draws attention to it is the person who holds the title. Arnold was unique: He had a presence. He's always had that. I'd like to feel that my continued success with Mr. Olympia is because I have been able to maintain a good relationship with the public. I'm not just an athlete. I'm also a family man. I'm a Christian. Those are the things that are very important to society as a whole. Society embraces a champion who shows those concerns."

Past and Future

In the crowd were familiar faces from decades past: legends who dispel the myth that "all that muscle turns to flab."

Fifty-four-year-old Larry Scott, for example, winner of the first two Mr. Olympia contests in 1965 and 1966, is still youthful and trim. His mighty upper arms attest to his current regimen of working out four or five times each week. He and others are working to move the sport beyond simply building massive muscles. They preach to young and old alike that

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Steroids: Getting the Message Out

Steroids in powerlifting, football, bodybuilding, and other team sports have received a great deal of press recently. Professional bodybuilders, wrestlers, and football players have spoken out about the widespread use of anabolic steroids.

Using anabolic steroids can cause significant health hazards. Cardiac irregularities, strokes, hypertension, gynocomastia, acne, acromegaly, liver disorders, cancer, and reproductive dysfunction top the list of dangers. Unfortunately, the short-term benefits of steroids—increased muscle mass and endurance—continue to attract young athletes looking for a shortcut to the winner's circle. The pressure to get better, bigger, and faster often overshadows the risks.

At least today's youth are better informed by celebrities who have experienced the negative effects of steroid use. Lyle Alzado, the former football star who died last year of cancer, attributed his illness to years of hardcore steroid use. "There is no one who has ever gone the long haul relying on drugs," says Arnold Schwarzenegger, who also has gone public about his use of prescribed steroids. "That extra 20 pounds that you may lift from using those steroids is not going to be worth it. But you will know when you get sick and when the side effects come out. I think it is very important that someone like myself who has been there gets that message out."

Sophisticated tests can detect steroids in the system, and the penalties for possession and use are severe. But the epidemic continues to spread. It may be the ultimate irony: In their quest for physical perfection, athletes are willing to risk life itself.

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The Breakable Cup

The most delicate china is not so fragile nor so precious as is a sense of dignity to the young and to the old.

By JANET LEWIS

Maggie was his friend, not his enemy. He knew that well, and yet he stepped outside into the late-summer afternoon with insults ringing in his small head —insults, admonitions, and recriminations. And whether he deserved them or not, he was hurt, and he was alone.

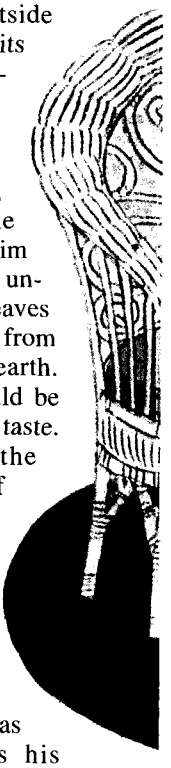
He had been clumsy and destructive. He had not meant to be destructive. As for the clumsiness, he was too young to plead his own case, even to himself. Standing before a table, even with his chin lifted and his neck stretched, he did not have much of a view of what was on it. The same with Maggie's dresser.

"Put this on my dresser," she had said in her sweetest voice, indicating with her bare elbow the satin-padded box, holding her flour-dusted hands before her, wanting to get on with her baking, not wanting to pause to wash and dry her hands before touching her treasure. The box was covered with blue satin, hand-painted with forget-me-nots and violets and small roses. He admired it, too. He did not stop to reason that Maggie, hasty as usual, had not thought to put the box away herself before coming with the mixing bowl to the kitchen table.

"Are your own hands clean now?" she had thought to inquire, and, because they were, he took the precious box, and, in Maggie's bedroom, which was entered from the kitchen, he placed the box on the dresser top, gave it a gentle but determined push away from the edge, and heard a glass topple upon the marble with a swish of falling leaves and flowers. And then he knew that he had knocked over the vase of posies that Maggie kept before the photograph of her young man.

A trickle of water reached the edge of the marble. He could not see whether it reached the box. Maggie was in the doorway before he could either report the disaster or escape. She lifted her apron and wrapped it about the box, and then, with the water still dripping audibly behind her and the box clasped to her middle, her face flushed, her eyes wide with indignation, she had delivered her insults. Like all grown people, she had everything on her side—reason, power, and great resources of language. He had only his sense of good intention and his small, derided dignity.

A middlewestern summer surrounded the town. Even though he was only five, he was well aware of the town as a town, with a center and with defined edges. It was surrounded by fields, terminated at one side by the St. Charles River. Beyond the river, where backyards sloped down to docks and boathouses, there were fields, patches of oak woods, dirt roads lined by burdock and goldenrod. He had often walked with Maggie to the edge of the town and across the bridge to get buttermilk. The town had always been there. The houses were settled into the earth, with cool cellars and with sloping cellar doors over flights of cool steps leading down into the earth. The prairie grass grew close against the foundations. The oak trees overhung the roofs, the elms swung their branches close to the second-story windows, all as if the trees and the houses had been there together forever. And yet he knew that at one time Indians had lived here. There had been bark lodges on the banks of the river, and he himself had in his possession a flint arrowhead which a grown-up had one day placed in his hand. There were also the trail-marking trees, thick trees bent double to the ground, which had been bent when they were young by Indians. As far as he was concerned, they had always been stout trees, bent to the ground. He would have liked to meet an Indian. He did not know that he had already passed a good many Indians on the main street of the town. They had not carried bows and arrows.



He stood, now, just outside the back door, framed in its beds of golden glow, chiefly aware of his solitude and the assault of his dignity. But the afternoon itself was not to be ignored, the haze, the brooding warmth. The kitchen garden lay before him beyond a short stretch of untended lawn. Rhubarb, its leaves higher than his knees, rose from the crumbling sun-faded earth. The thick, juicy stems would be warm to touch and sour to taste. He went on, avoiding the harsh and hairy leaves of the squash plants. By the tomatoes he stopped and crouched. He had given himself an occupation: He was looking for caterpillars. But his problem with Maggie remained uppermost in his mind. She was not his enemy. She was his friend, and for that reason his disgrace rankled the more.

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He had seen the photograph of the young man before whom she had set the flowers. She had lifted it down for him to consider. She was going to be married to him someday; she would go back to Ireland then.

"Sure we could be married the day his old mother would die," she had said. "He has to stay and care for her. She's an old, old woman. Sure she has the right to die. She keeps the young from having any life of their own."

She talked like that, did Maggie, and her voice and words were different from the talk of other people. Her room was different from the other rooms in the house. It had a different smell and different treasures. There was a crucifix hung on the wall by her bed. She talked to him about leprechauns. She had said, even, that she knew an old man who had seen a leprechaun.

He knew that his mother paid her $5 a week and was training her. At the end of a year she would leave them for a place with more

ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET

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money. But a year was forever, and meanwhile she had grown into his life. By and by on this same afternoon she would come in search of him. She would give him a hug, and she would doubtless have baked something good to eat. Gingerbread perhaps. He was clumsy; he admitted it. He dropped things. Cups and glasses had a way of tipping over when he was near them.

His eyes searched the vines, the tangled green stems with their faint fur of white, their ragged leaves. He was aware of the strong odor of the plants and of the small green fruit, the larger green fruit turning red, and the amazing round red forms that shone so splendidly in all this dull tangle and confusion, but his profounder attention was struggling with the question of why Maggie, who was so nice, was wishing for an old woman to die. Maggie was not old, of course. She was grown-up. His mother, who was more grown-up than Maggie, was not old either. There was no old person living in his home. He had seen old women in the distance, in other gardens, walking slowly toward back doors, bent and uncertain of their movements, dressed in dark colors. They were to be avoided. And in the post office with his mother, waiting for the mail to be sorted, he had seen an old man with a cane who sat behind the stove with his head on his hands on the crook of the cane. The face was yellowish, the chin and the cheeks covered with grayish stubble. There was moisture on the wrinkled skin about the corners of the eyes, and sometimes the old man wiped his nose with the back of his hand. He was rather afraid of the old man. Perhaps he merely disliked him. In any case, he wished the old man was not there. Sure he has the right to die, he thought. Why does he sit around in the post office, being unpleasant?

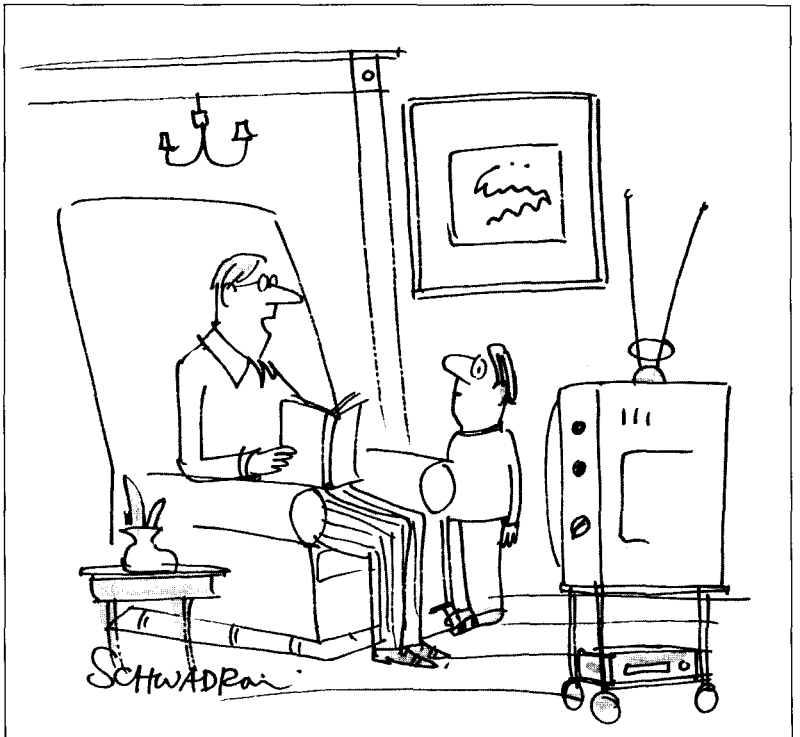
His mother had gone off hours ago to the other end of town to have lunch with friends. She ought to come home soon. She would, perhaps, bring him a flat pink peppermint or some other trifle to show that she had not forgotten him. Well, after Labor Day he would go to school, and then he would be independent of them all and have friends of his own. Meanwhile he searched the tomato vines, lifting a leaf now and then, cautiously, and he found what he was looking for. He did not disturb it; he merely looked at it.

It was enormously fat, bulging in regular segments, smooth, pale green, decorated with yellow dots, and with little diagonal white lines. At its rear end it had a horn something like a rose-thorn, curved and reddish, extremely elegant. At the other end it had a mouth, no doubt about that, but he could not see it had any teeth. It was great. It was both terrifying and beautiful, but more beautiful than fearsome. He gloated over it, and his delight was so great that he did not hear Maggie's approach until she was practically upon him.

"You couldn't answer now could you, you leprechaun," she said, "down on your hunkers hiding from Maggie behind a tomato bush. I called you three times. Your mother telephoned. She's not to be home until late. Dust the clods off your knees. Come into the house now." They proceeded toward the house, Maggie behind him as if he might try to run away. "Your mother, she was to take tea this afternoon with the old woman in the big house with the iron railing. So now she can't do that. But she left a jar of jelly on the hall table, and you're to take that, and you're to explain to the old woman that your mother is very sorry but she is unable to keep the engagement. Though why your mother'd trust you with a thing like that is more than I can understand. But one thing I know, you'll have to be cleaner than you are the now."

When he was cleaner, and Maggie had brushed his hair, which had a way of falling almost into his eyes when it was not slicked back with water, he walked down the street toward the house with the iron railings. It was not far, though it seemed so to him. He walked slowly, carrying the jar in both hands, because neither hand alone could have encompassed it, and he walked slowly, because the sidewalk was uneven, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world to stub a toe and be thrown off balance. Then he would need both hands to save his neck, and what would become of the jelly! His mother had wrapped it in white tissue paper and tied a pink ribbon about it. It looked for all the world like a birthday present. A conviction grew on him that it *was* a birthday present.

The street was nearly empty. Once an automobile passed him, holding to the middle of the road where the dirt had been oiled, and once the bright green delivery wagon of Nisson's the Grocer rolled briskly by, the horse stepping along at a lively rate, very different from the horses that pulled the ice wagon or the milk wagon. There were no children. Children with whom he sometimes played had a way of disappearing from his world without warning or explanation. Sometimes they came back and said they had been on a visit. Their mothers had taken them to see an aunt or a grandmother or even just to look at some scenery. Like himself, they moved without individual volition in the wake of their elders, making what ob-



"I'm reading a book because I want to. I'm not being punished."

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servations and friendships they could, hailing each other in a sand pile one afternoon, then never meeting again; visiting with people who had time for them—like Maggie, in her good moments. Like a youngish woman who had been sitting on the steps of her side porch a few houses away, drying her hair one morning. He had had quite a good talk with this woman. He had been picking dandelions up and down the street, and she had been there, shaking her hair in the June sunlight. He had walked by the house, dawdling hopefully, a number of times since. He had not seen her again.

Presently, to one side of the walk, appeared the stone foundation for the iron fence. The gate, fortunately, was easy to unlatch. He did it with his right hand, holding the jar firmly against his stomach with the other, and he went up one stone step and then another to the smooth stone walk to the house, feeling elated. In spite of Maggie's gibes about the probable fate of the jelly, he was doing very well. He was entrusted with a mission, after all. His mother knew he was dependable. And it was an adventure to pass beyond the iron railing into a yard that he had entered only once before and about which he had many speculations. He had never been inside the house. He had stood at the doorstep once with his mother while she had delivered a bunch of flowers and made some inquiries. Someone must have been sick. Yes, that was it. Someone had been sick, and you did not enter a house where someone was sick unless you were a doctor or a nurse.

The steps to the porch were a shade less high than he had remembered. But the bell was not easy to reach. It was set in the middle of the door, and you turned it as if you were winding up a toy. He heard it ring in a remote distance.

While he waited for the footsteps that followed on the ring, he looked back down the stone walk and across the smooth lawn to the street. There were enormous bushes on either side of the doorstep. They were extraordinarily alike, with little fine dark-green leaves presenting a surface like plush. The lawn looked as if someone had brushed it. It swept around the house, sloping slightly, and away under the trees and past masses of shrubbery, as if it were not in town at all, but in the park and might end only at the river. It would be great if, his errand accomplished, he need not return to the street but could follow the dip of the land into all that space and mystery. He held the jelly firmly in both hands and waited.

"My mother will be disappointed," said the woman to whom he handed the jelly and gave his message, when the door was opened.

He nodded gravely, as if he understood everything, which was far from the truth, and he turned to step down. The thought that he might ask permission to explore the yard occurred to him and was dismissed, very rapidly, as he stood poised. He would prefer to explore, if at all, without permission. To ask permission would be too much like exposing a secret. But as he stood, about to leave, the woman said firmly, "You must just stay and be a guest in place of your mother," and he found himself almost immediately in the entrance hall, the door closing behind him. Instinctively, he lifted his short little nose and sniffed the air. What had he got into? The air was confined—not stuffy, but an indoors air—unmoving and weighted with unfamiliar scents. Wax, spice, dried flowers? He could not unravel it. He took a good look now at his hostess. She was definitely old, according to his ideas, but by no means unpleasant. Gray hair, a shortish figure, a plain dress that might have been blue or gray in the half-light of the hall. Her mother must be very old. He hazarded an inquiry.

"Is it your mother's birthday?"

"No. No one's birthday. Though I may say she has had a great many birthdays, first and last. Would you come to her next birthday party? She will be 90. We should have a party. Thank you for reminding me of it. She's my husband's mother, really, not mine, except by courtesy."

"I see," he said politely, not understanding much except that word 90, which was as good as 100. Was the mother of Maggie's young man 100 years old? he wondered. Then he said with formality, as he had observed people speaking at church, "I suppose she's really your grandmother."

"No," said his hostess. "She's my husband's mother. He has been gone a long time—dear me, a very long time. And, of course, his father died even longer ago. We live here together. Two old women in a big house. So you see, it is a disappointment that your mother could not come. But my mother will be very pleased to see you. She likes young people. Wait here a moment. No, wait in the sun porch."

She guided him down the hallway, past a cabinet of dark wood with mirrors and many ornaments. The wood shone with little glints, the mirrors reflected shadows. He had a sense of a stairway going up into further shadows and of large rooms passed by. Then he found himself in a small,

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HOW TO BUY A COMPUTER WITHOUT TEARING YOUR HAIR OUT

An easy checklist for first-time buyers who don't know a megabyte from a megaphone.

by Armin A. Brott

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Not long ago, my friend Jonathan decided to buy a computer to use in his small business. He spent hours at the library checking ratings and reading the ads in computer magazines and spent even more time fending off hard-sell salespeople in stores and on the phone. Ten days after he started his search, he announced that he wasn't going to buy a computer after all. "I'm going to buy a car instead," he said. "Then I'm going to drive to a friend's house and use *her* computer."

There are two basic types of first-time computer buyers: people like Jonathan who intend to use their computers to automate their small businesses, and people like my mother-in-law Phillis, who would use her computer for writing letters, balancing her checkbook, making household budgets, and keeping statistics for her tennis club.

With literally hundreds of options, buying your first computer can be daunting. But if you're willing to spend a few minutes analyzing your needs, you'll end up with the right system, at a price you can afford. And best of all, you won't go crazy. (If you aren't familiar with any of the specialized computer terms used here, see the box at the end of this article.)

WHAT ARE MY CHOICES?

The majority of computers sold for home or small business use fall into two categories: Macintosh (Mac) or IBM-PC (or compatibles). PCs are made by scores of companies (IBM, Toshiba, and Compaq, just to name a few). The Macintosh is made only by one manufacturer—Apple. The big question, of course, is "Which computer is better?"

Just a few years ago, the rule of thumb was "PCs are less expensive, but Macs are easier to use." Today, while this rule is still generally true, thanks to the introduction of Windows (which allows you to do many computer tasks by simply pointing at on-screen pictures), PCs are almost as easy to use as Macs. Meanwhile, Apple has introduced a wide range of Macintosh models, some of which are fairly price-competitive with the PC. Here are a few things to keep in mind as you begin your search:

Table Top Computer

What do they use at the office (or at the school)? "Get the same kind of computer you're using at the office or that your kids are using at school," says Katherine Murray, the author of more than two dozen computer books. Being able to take work back and forth between the office or school and home will make you—and your whole family—more productive.

What am I going to do with it? William Tom, sales manager of California Computer Options, says, "If you're going to be doing a lot of word-processing, financial, or business tasks, you'll probably be better off with a PC. But if you'll be using a lot of fancy, high-end graphics, multimedia, or music, get a Mac."

Overall, if your kids or your co-workers aren't already using a Macintosh, and if you aren't planning to design fancy brochures or compose music, I suggest you limit your search to IBM-compatible machines.

HOW DO I KNOW WHAT I REALLY NEED?

Phillis (my mother-in-law) can probably get by with some of the older (and cheaper) technology, but small-business users like Jonathan will need more power. Most experts agree that both Phillis and Jonathan (and, of course, *you*) should buy the most advanced computer they feel they can comfortably afford. Here are a few important considerations:

Try to anticipate your future computer needs. You may not need it now, but a CD-ROM (a device that uses a laser to retrieve information from compact disks similar to the ones your stereo plays) will give you and your family instant access to encyclopedias and thousands of volumes of other reference and research materials. For Jonathan, who frequently works at home, a fax/modem card (which lets you send and receive faxes with his computer) will enable him to keep in constant contact with his office (assuming, of course, he really wants that). Buying your system complete with everything you might need will be a lot easier—and, in the long run, cheaper—than getting an incomplete system and trying to add to it later.

Try before you buy. Katherine Murray advises people to spend at least 10 or 15 minutes experimenting with different models before finally settling on

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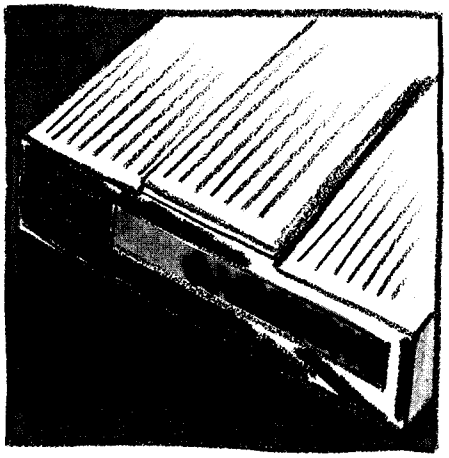

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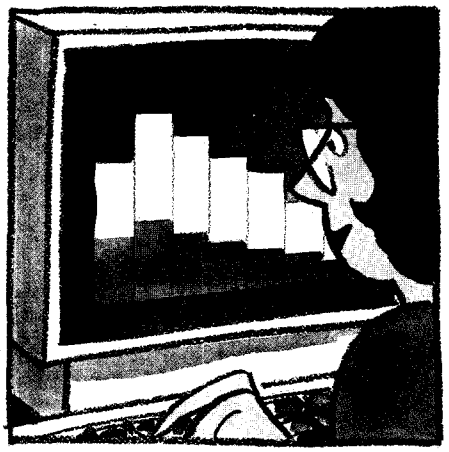

Monitor

one. Make sure you like the speed at which the system runs, the monitor, the noise level, and, of course, the keyboard. Some keyboards have a light touch, while others really make you press hard; some click loudly, while others are nearly silent. If you're not completely comfortable with your entire system, chances are you won't use it.

Don't skimp on your monitor. The part of your computer you'll be interacting with most frequently is the monitor or screen. Most complete systems now come with a color monitor. I've found that while all those colors are nice to look at, they're also a little distracting. A good-quality monochrome (one-color) monitor is less expensive and easier on your eyes. No one can tell you which monitor is best for you, so spend a few minutes testing out a couple of different ones, paying special attention to how your eyes feel. Spending a lot of time in front of a bad monitor can cause headaches or damage your eyes.

Speed. For PCs, speed is indicated by a series of ever-increasing numbers ending in "86." The 286s (now considered "old technology") are still available and are adequate for word processing and basic home-computing needs. The disadvantage of a 286 is that you can't run Windows or any of today's newer, faster programs. On the other hand, 386s, which run faster, are perfectly adequate for almost any task, but prices for the 486, the fastest of the three, are dropping, and the cost difference between the two is only a few hundred dollars. When talking about speed, you'll also see references to "megahertz" (Mhz). The higher the Mhz, the faster the computer is operating. If you plan on using engineering or graphics programs, for example, the faster your computer, the faster your drawings will be generated.

Storage. The amount of information your computer can hold is indicated by the number of "megabytes" (Mb or megs) of hard-drive memory. Again, the bigger the number, the more information you can store (and, of course, the more you'll pay for the privilege). You'll also hear a lot about RAM

CD-ROM

(random-access memory), also measured in megabytes. If you're buying a 286 computer or don't intend to use Windows, get at least one megabyte of RAM. If you intend to use Windows (and most PC users do), you'll need a minimum of four megs.

Jonathan will find that a 486 will give him the power and speed he needs to run his fancy financial management programs, as well as to satisfy any other immediately foreseeable needs. But Phillis, whose requirements are less likely to change during the next few years, will find that a 386 system with a comfortable keyboard and eye-pleasing monitor will take care of almost anything she's likely to run into.

NOTEBOOK VS. DESKTOP

Everything seems to be getting smaller these days, and computers are no exception. The sales manager, Tom, says 30-40 percent of computer buyers purchase a notebook or other portable computer as their *only* computer. And there are plenty of good reasons that's true. Today, with few exceptions, every feature available on a desktop computer is also available on its portable cousin.

A year ago, Matthew, a law student in San Francisco, Calif., started bringing his six-pound notebook computer to lectures with him and taking notes on it instead of by hand. Today, Matthew has been joined by so many others that many classrooms now have a special computer-users section (some of the other students were bothered by the constant clicking of the computers).

The advantages of miniaturization don't come cheap, though. A notebook computer will probably cost at least $500 more than a similarly equipped desktop—money I would advise Phillis to put in the bank. But Jonathan, who often visits clients and makes sales presentations, will find a notebook computer simply indispensable.

MAIL ORDER VS. THE LOCAL DEALER

Buying by mail order offers several significant advantages:

■ **Cost.** Thanks to low overhead, mail-order houses usually offer better prices than your local dealer. If you're buying from an out-of-state company, you'll also save on sales tax.

■ **Selection.** Most mail-order companies

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offer a much wider selection than dealers.

■ **Convenience.** Once you decide what you want, you won't have to leave the house to buy it. And, in many cases, mail-order companies are open 24 hours a day.

On the other hand, buying by mail also involves some risks:

■ **Customer service (or lack of it).** Because of the wide variety of products they offer, many mail-order salespeople are Jacks (or Janes) of all models, masters of none.

■ **Returns.** The money you saved may be more than lost if you have to pay return shipping for a computer that turns out to be defective or less than you wanted.

Desktop Computer

■ **Hooks.** Some companies entice buyers with seemingly low prices but fail to tell you that such basics as printer cables, monitors, batteries, and chargers are not included.

■ **Warranties.** Everyone offers a warranty (usually one-year parts and labor). But if something goes wrong, you may have to ship your computer back to the place you bought it (leaving you without a computer until it's repaired). Many mail-order companies offer on-site warranties at no extra charge—more on this later.

■ **You don't get to try it out.** Unless you've tried the exact model you're buying (in a local store or at a friend's house), you can't be sure what you're getting until you plug it in.

In short, if you know *exactly* what you want, mail order is the way to go. But if you aren't sure and feel you need a little hand-holding (and believe me, that's nothing to be embarrassed about), you'll be better off with a local dealer. One notable exception to this advice is if you're buying mail-order directly from a manufacturer (some of whom, such as Zeos and Gateway sell only this way). Matthew (the law student) found that the customer-service people he's dealt with have been helpful, knowledgeable, patient, and courteous. Best of all, they are open 24 hours a day—a great advantage for people who don't do everything during business hours.

Speaking the Language

If you're a novice and are just about to buy your first computer, here are a few words and phrases you should know:

* **CPU.** The Central Processing Unit (or microprocessor) is really the computer's "brain."

* **HARDWARE.** The CPU, keyboard, monitor (screen), or printer. In short, anything you can actually touch.

* **SOFTWARE.** The programs (contained on disks) that tell the computer what to do (calculate numbers, make a mailing list, etc.).

* **RAM.** Random-access memory is used by the CPU to read and manipulate data and programs. With more RAM, your computer can run more powerful programs faster. The contents of RAM are usually lost when the computer is shut off.

* **ROM.** Read-only memory is used to store the computer's operating system, utility programs, etc. Unlike RAM, when you shut off the computer, ROM is not lost.

* **MOTHERBOARD.** The circuit board on which the CPU, RAM, ROM, and other chips are connected.

* **MOUSE.** A small input device that you roll on your desktop to move a cursor (or pointer) around the computer screen and which sends data to the CPU.

* **EXPANSION CARDS.** Unused slots on the motherboard allow users to upgrade their systems by adding increased speed, memory, or other functions.

* **FLOPPY DISKS (DISKETTES).** The medium on which data and programs are frequently stored. Disks come in two basic sizes: 5.25" and 3.5". If you can, get a computer equipped with one drive of each size. (Laptops and notebooks, though, only come with one 3.5" drive.)

* **WINDOWS.** A type of Graphical User Interface that eliminates the need to type out lengthy and often confusing commands. Instead, you use a mouse to select what you want to do from a variety of on-screen pictures called "icons."

* **HARD DISK.** Unlike floppy disks (which can be removed from your computer) hard disks are normally built in. They can hold significantly more data than floppy disks and work at much higher speeds, meaning they can run programs faster.

* **KILOBYTES/MEGABYTES.** One kilobyte (K or Kb) is about 1,000 individual units of data (letters, numbers, spaces). A megabyte (M or Mb) is about one million units of data.

* **PORTS.** Essentially outlets into which you plug external devices like printers. The most common are serial (also referred to as RS-232) and parallel (sometimes called Centronics). If possible, try to get at least one of each.

WHAT DO I NEED TO ASK BEFORE I BUY?

Whether you're buying mail order or from your local dealer, make sure you've gotten clear, understandable answers to your questions. Here are some particularly important ones:

Are you an authorized dealer? Beware of any answer other than an unqualified "Yes." Buying from an unauthorized dealer may mean you're not getting the full warranty.

Where are repairs done? With an on-site warranty, the company will send a service technician to repair your computer at your home or office. Other warranties, though, allow the company to send you replacement parts (usually by overnight courier) and *you'll* have to replace them. If you don't get an on-site warranty, buying from a dealer who does his own repairs in-house means faster turn-around time for you.

Can I get a loaner? Once in a great while your computer may have to be sent to the manufacturer for repair. If necessary, Phillis will probably be able to get along without her computer for a few days. But for Jona

continued on page 80

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Is your problem. . .

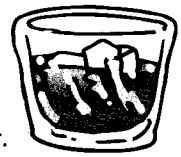
Spots & Stains

When you least expect it, a spot or stain will need attention, but what should you do? This chart should help. We compiled these helpful hints using our products, **BAR KEEPERS FRIEND®** Cleanser and **JUST 'N TIME®** Stain Remover, and many "tried and true" household remedies. Clip out this chart and save it. It may save you from an ugly stain.

We hope you will find these hints helpful, when needed in an emergency, but always remember to test a small hidden area of fabric first with the cleaning product to make sure fabric or material will not be permanently stained or damaged.

ACID STAINS: Rinse with water immediately. Then apply ammonia (to neutralize acid) and rinse again with water. If fabric changes color, apply white vinegar and rinse with water.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE: Sponge with cold water, then glycerine and water. Before laundering, rinse with vinegar water.



BLOOD: soak in cold water for approximately a half hour. If stain remains, use JUST 'N TIME Stain Remover or soak in lukewarm ammonia water (3 tablespoons of household ammonia per gallon of water). On thick fabrics, spread stain with paste of cornstarch and water. Let dry and brush off.

BRASS TARNISH: Clean and polish with BAR KEEPERS FRIEND Cleanser and Polish. Makes your antique brass articles glisten and gleam like new. Do not use on lacquered surfaces.

CERAMIC SMOOTH-TOP RANGES: Use trusted, mild-abrasive BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove pot marks, food spills, coffee and tea stains.

CHOCOLATE (also cocoa and candy): Rub JUST 'N TIME into fabric and wash out with clear water. Then launder.

CHEWING GUM: Put article in plastic bag and place in freezer. Gum will come off with a flick of the finger. On washable fabrics, soften gum with egg white and launder.

CHROME (faucets, bumpers, grills, whistles, musical instructions): Shine and polish better than new by using BAR KEEPERS FRIEND.

COFFEE: Apply and massage into material JUST 'N TIME.

Repeat if necessary. Then work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.

COPPER: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to renew the finish on your copper-bottomed cookware. Works quickly and effectively, without hard scouring.

CRAYONS: Loosen stain with kitchen shortening. Apply detergent, working until outline of stain is removed. Launder. On silk or wool, use JUST 'N TIME Stain Remover.

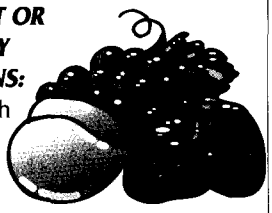
DISHWASHER FILM: Add 3 tablespoons of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular washing cycle.

DINGINESS OF FABRICS: Use 3 tablespoons of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND in your washing machine (BAR KEEPERS FRIEND contains no phosphates and dissolves grease and dirt). Do not use with bleach.

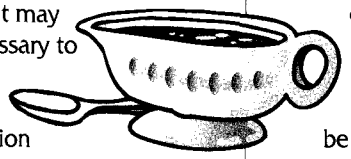
EGG: Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, work in a soap or detergent.

EYEBROW PENCIL OR EYE SHADOW: Rub in JUST 'N TIME. Then if stain remains, repeat if necessary. Then use undiluted detergent or soap and rinse well, if necessary.

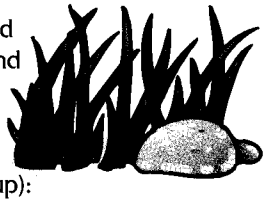
FRUIT OR BERRY STAINS: Stretch cloth over bowl and pour boiling water through it. If stain persists, sponge with lemon solution. Never use soap and water on fresh fruit stains.



GRAVY/MEAT JUICE (greasy stains): Apply JUST 'N TIME Stain Remover. Launder in warm soapy water. On some fabrics, it may be necessary to repeat the application of JUST 'N TIME. Then launder or dry clean as necessary.



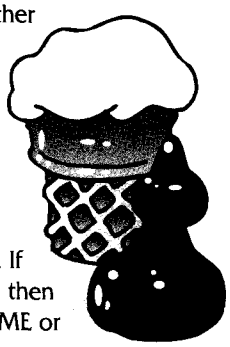
GRASS STAINS: Work JUST 'N TIME into stains. Apply generously and massage with fingers to generate foam. Then lift soiled foam, blot, and allow to dry. Repeat as needed.



HONEY (syrup): Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for 30 minutes. If trace remains, work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.

HARD-WATER STAINS: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove mineral deposits left in tubs, sinks, shower stalls, toilet bowls, etc.

ICE CREAM: Sponge in cold water. Apply either mild detergent solution or vinegar water.



INK: Spray liberally with hairspray or saturate with rubbing alcohol. If washable, rinse, then apply JUST 'N TIME or launder.

KETCHUP: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let sit 30 minutes. Work in JUST 'N TIME and rinse.

LIPSTICK: Loosen stain with cold cream or glycerine. Wash as usual. If necessary, rubbing alcohol may be used, if safe for fabric.

LIQUID MAKEUP: Dampen stain. Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Work in and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

MILDEW: Add 1/2 cup liquid Lysol to wash water in

PLEASE NOTE: The makers of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND cannot be responsible for any damage to any fabric or material from the use of the stain-removal statements in this chart.

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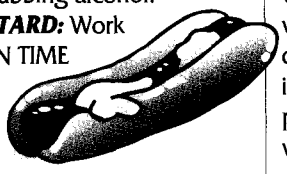
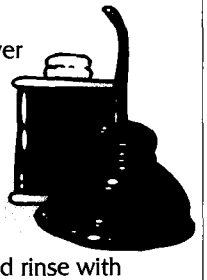
washing machine. On leather, sponge with 50% water and 50% rubbing alcohol.



MUSTARD: Work JUST 'N TIME into stain. Launder. If stain persists, sponge with rubbing alcohol.

MILK: Launder washable fabrics with plenty of soap. Repeat, if necessary. Non-washable fabric sponge with cold water. If grease stain persists, use cleaning fluid.

NAIL POLISH: If fabric is synthetic (acetate or polyester) sponge with amyl acetate. On other fabrics use acetone.



OIL (cod liver oil, linseed oil, machine oil, vegetable oil): Rub soap or detergent into stain and rinse with warm water. Or sponge with cleaning fluid.

OXIDATION (of chrome, copper, stainless steel, etc.): BAR KEEPERS FRIEND effectively cleans and polishes all oxidized metal surfaces without hard scrubbing.

PAINT: Treat immediately. No one method will remove all stains. For fresh stains, massage JUST 'N TIME into materials. If stain remains, sponge with turpentine.

While stain is still wet with turpentine, work soap or detergent into stain, put in hot water and soak overnight. Then wash again.

PET STAINS: Use JUST 'N TIME Stain Remover on stain. Massage to generate foam; then lift soiled foam and blot.

RUST (on almost anything): Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains from fabrics as well as from sinks, bathtubs, tools, toys, hardware, and other household items.

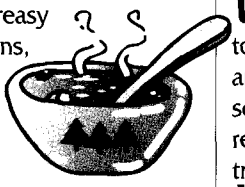
SOFT DRINKS: Sponge immediately with cool water. If persistent, apply JUST 'N TIME.

SCORCH: If light, wash with soap or detergent or wash with a small amount of chlorine bleach added to wash water. For heavier scorching, cover stain with cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide. Cover with dry cloth and press with iron. Rinse.

SHOE POLISH: Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Rinse. If necessary, sponge with diluted rubbing alcohol (30% solution).

SHELLAC: Sponge stain with alcohol, or soak in alcohol. Dilute alcohol with 2 parts water for use on synthetics.

SOUP: Sponge with cool water. If stain remains, work in soap or detergent. Allow to dry. If greasy stain remains, apply JUST 'N TIME. If colored stain remains after the fabric dries, use chlorine bleach. Always test fabrics for color fastness first.



STAINLESS STEEL: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains, pot and pan marks and fruit and vegetable stains from your stainless steel sinks. On brushed stainless steel polish in direction of brush marks.

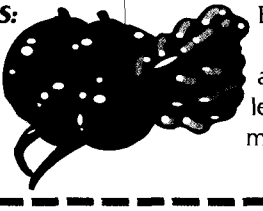
TAR: Scrape off as much as possible. Rub stain with petroleum jelly. Then apply JUST 'N TIME generously. Massage to generate foam. Wash in warm, soapy water. Rinse.

TARNISH: See oxidation.

TOMATO: Sponge with cold water. Work glycerine into stain and let stand half hour. Sponge with soap and water.

VARNISH: Same as "Paint" above.

VEGETABLE STAINS: Use JUST 'N TIME Stain Remover. On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let sit 30 minutes. Then work in detergent and rinse.



VOMIT: Sponge or soak in a solution of two quarts of cold water with half cup of salt. Rinse in clear water and wash with warm soapsuds.

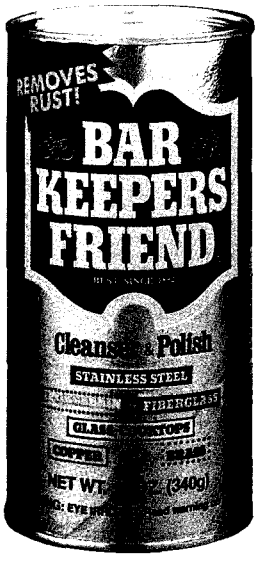
WALNUT STAIN: Very difficult to remove. Boil washable articles in soap or detergent solution for fresh stains. If stain remains, use chlorine bleach treatment.

WAX (candle): Scrape off as much as possible. Place fabric between two paper towels and press with warm iron. Sponge final traces of oily stain with denatured alcohol and water (1 part alcohol, 2 parts water).

WAX (car, floor, furniture): Rub with soap or detergent and rinse with warm water. On some wash/wear fabrics it may be necessary to let stand for several hours before rinsing, then launder as usual. Sometimes you may need to use turpentine.

WINE: Apply JUST 'N TIME generously. Massage with fingers to create foam. Lift off soiled foam, blot.

YELLOWING (fabric): For general overall yellowing, add 3 tablespoons BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular wash. For localized unknown yellow-brown stains, make a paste of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND and water, apply to stain and let stand a few moments. Launder.



If you have additional questions on spots or stains or where you can purchase ***BAR KEEPERS FRIEND*** *and* ***JUST 'N TIME,*** *please call:*

1-800-433-5818.

MANUFACTURER'S COUPON | EXPIRE DATE: 12/31/93

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TOOTH OR CONSEQUENCES

If the tooth was pulled, would the jawbone come with it; if it wasn't pulled would the other front teeth go down like a row of rotten apples?

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Although the issue has yet to be settled, I claim that the woman I took for better is the one responsible for my tooth trouble in the first place.

I had entered the living room on this particular night to find her on her hands and knees peering under the sofa. This being strange behavior even for her, I thoughtfully inquired if she had lost her marbles.

Ignoring the clever innuendo, she replied, "No, it's my thimble."

Servile hubby that I am, I helped her to her feet and said, "I'll get the yardstick and sweep the thing out."

If you have ever tried this at home, you no doubt know the results: popcorn, peanuts, Cracker Jack, the cat's little rubber ball, a long-lost earring, a nickel, and two pennies, not to mention—but I don't mind mentioning it to you—dust balls enough to build a sizable snowman.

For my next stunt I risked popping the rivets out of my hernia operation by moving the sofa away from the wall, after which my sadistic spouse gaily announced, "Never mind, it's right here on the end table."

In biting down on the yardstick, I loosened this tooth.

A fairly front tooth, the poor thing had already suffered the trauma of a root canal. (You may remember "Sailing Down the Root Canal," my educational article on the experience.) And I had been under the impression that after a tooth had been canaled, it would last a lifetime, if not longer. At least simply biting down on a yardstick shouldn't cause it to go antigodlin—or slaunchwise, to be more precise.

Now you know and I know that when your own proficient dentist farms out the job to an oral surgeon, you've got trouble—not the least of which could be that my jawbone might come out with the tooth. I further speculated that postponing the removal of this rotten apple from my dental barrel might cause the other front apples to go down like a row of dominoes.

The anticipation of having a tooth pulled is enough in itself to make a man of my limited fortitude wish he had been born with a full set of dentures. Especially when a man's sadistic spouse prints in bold red letters the date of the execution (extraction, I meant to say) on a POST-IT™ and posts it on the refrigerator door, where a man will see it whenever he hears the butterscotch pie, the cherry cobbler, or the chocolate mousse crying out to be released from their cold prison cell.

On deadline day, the cause of my trouble bravely drove me to the office of the tooth-pulling expert, courageously steered me into the waiting room, where she hid her deep concern behind a copy of *People*. I was left to fill out a form asking how I would pay, did I have someone to drive me home (my next of kin, in other words), and how much did I weigh (a subtle way of determining whether they'd need help in carrying me out).

A nurse then escorted me the 13 steps to the electric (there I go again)—dental chair.

With the possible exception of expectant fathers in a waiting room, nothing compares to the tension of sitting in a dental chair listening to sounds emanating from the room next door. That *rattle* can be nothing less than a brace and bit coming out of the dentist's tool kit. There's the unmistakable sound of an upper tooth being removed through the top of the head. The *thud* has to be a body falling to the floor. And the murmur of conversation leaves no doubt that the dentist and his assistant are discussing disposal of the remains without emptying the waiting room. To say nothing of the chair occupied by the white-knuckled gentleman next door.

"And how are we today?" trills this exuberant young chap who finally comes bouncing into the room waving my X-ray and ending any hope that my appointment had been for *next* year.

"Yef geeb ugharr," I respond, the nurse having already minimized my speaking faculties to a trickle.

"That's good," chirps the chap, who turns out to be the dentist rather than a student observer, as I had placed him. "This being a root canal," he says, "the tooth will be brittle and may break off."

Without further ado, he picks up a pair of pliers and breaks it off.

"Are you all right?"

Just dandy, thank you for asking. How could anyone not feel just dandy with a root canal broken off and the roots still connected to the jawbone and the jawbone connected to the head bone and the head bone connected to the spine bone and the spine bone connected to the seat of his emotions?

Luckily, at this point I remembered the wise saying of—was it Solomon who wisely said, "The best way to counter an irritant is with a counter irritant"? Anyway, I'd give it a try.

Let's see, now. . . . How about the night of my dear wife's Chef's Surprise? That dish delivered all the excitement of a slug race in July. Or her innovative peanut butter pizza? That not only stuck to the ribs, as she had promised, but to everything else on the way down. My rising hackles were countering the dentist's probing and prying already.

Then there's dear wife's association with the automobile . . . BINGO! Go no further, Maynard, you've hit the jackpot. Think about how she insists on sharing the driving "so I can relax." For reasons of health, I have yet to inform her that with her at the wheel I'm about as relaxed as a housefly in a swatter factory.

If the speed limit is 65, she is going to drive 65, come fog, sleet, hail, dark of night, over hill, over dale, over stumps, whatever. Then there's

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her unorthodox way of driving with one foot on the accelerator, the other foot on the brake pedal. Perhaps her ilk, or a sizable herd of her ilk, drive this way. I wouldn't know. I do know that she approaches a traffic signal at 40 miles an hour, slams on the brake, wastes a quart of fuel, and burns up a yard and a half of brake lining per stop.

Another tooth grinder (barring a dentist having his tools in your mouth) is the way she waits at a four-way-stop intersection until every other vehicle within sight has cleared, including a spavined horse pulling a load of hay. As for her keeping to the white line marking the edge of the road, you'd think that every other car had a contagious disease, spark plugitis, or fatal valve-in-head. For trucks, she generously drives off on the shoulder. "WIDE LOAD" alerts have her frantically looking for an open field. It matters not that her ashen-faced passenger all this time is left staring at a guard rail, a bridge abutment, or possibly a stray moose waiting to cross the road.

Although counter-irritated by this time to where forceps entering my inner ear could have gone unnoticed, to be on the safe side I thought about dear wife's reaction when the traffic light turns green. So as not to hold up the driver behind who may be trying to reach home with a half gallon of frozen yogurt before it becomes unfrozen, she puts her foot in the carburetor, as they say at the Indy track, and she's out of there. Unable to ingest this sudden flood of fuel, the poor engine begins to gag, cough, sneeze, belch, and finally throw up the excess, for which I, not she, have self-serviced at $1.15 per.

I thus responded with little concern when the assistant asked me to raise my hunkers so she could slide a metal plate under me. Not until I awaken to the fact that this plate was wired to a gadget of dials, switches, and blinking lights does the message come through that the remainder of my tooth is about to be electronically dynamited.

But before I could get my legs organized and head for the door, the dentist said, "Are you okay?" And it is over.

My unique composure throughout the ordeal did not go unrewarded, however. Though the going rate for extractions had been quoted at 90 to 150 big ones, I got off for a measly $95. I also was given a packet of pain pills and a small quantity of tea bags, which I was to moisten, one at a time, and clamp down on to stop the bleeding.

My much-relieved wife drove home. On the white line. One foot on the accelerator, the other foot on the brake pedal. Stopping and starting at three traffic lights. I clamped down on a tea bag without moistening.

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The Fabulous Fourth

Small towns, small boys, and large fireworks are what this holiday is all about.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

J.C. LEYENDECKER—JULY 6, 1935

Post cover artists of the past had a real romp calling up Fourth of July scenes from the impish days of childhood. Those were the good old days when patriotism belonged to the elders, and America's freedoms extended to a boy and his firecrackers.

Although some celebrants were content to wave flags as they proudly watched the town band march down Main Street, or to ooh and aah at the glorious fireworks display lighting the night sky, others were getting their kicks anticipating the results of a strategically placed cannon cracker that would startle bystanders into jumping out of their shoes.

John Falter illustrated such a scenario on the July 5, 1952, *Post* cover with a family gathering on the front porch. While the unsuspecting elders were remembering Paul Revere's ride, Washington crossing the Delaware, the Boston Tea Party, or some other brave act of the Revolutionary War, little Junior was scheming to blow them out of their chairs by firing the first shot at Bunker Hill, perhaps a cherry bomb or a more deafening torpedo.

Happily, the price of firecrackers was such that a boy could afford a few experimental shots before competing with his peers. Cherry bombs, torpedoes, and cannon crackers sold for a penny each, while tiny terrors known as whiz-bangs retailed in packages of 50 for one cent.

Ammunition finally exhausted, a boy could look forward to the traditional picnic in the park, complete with the first watermelon of the season. And then an exciting evening at home, when the family gathered on the back lawn to watch Dad shoot off the Roman candles and ignite the pinwheels nailed to a clothesline post. After the last shower of sparks died, there was the race barefoot across the dew-damp grass, as the youngsters waved fiery circles with sparklers held high overhead.

Such a day and a night to remember. And *Post* artists obviously took delight in transferring memories etched upon the canvas of their minds to the memorable covers of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

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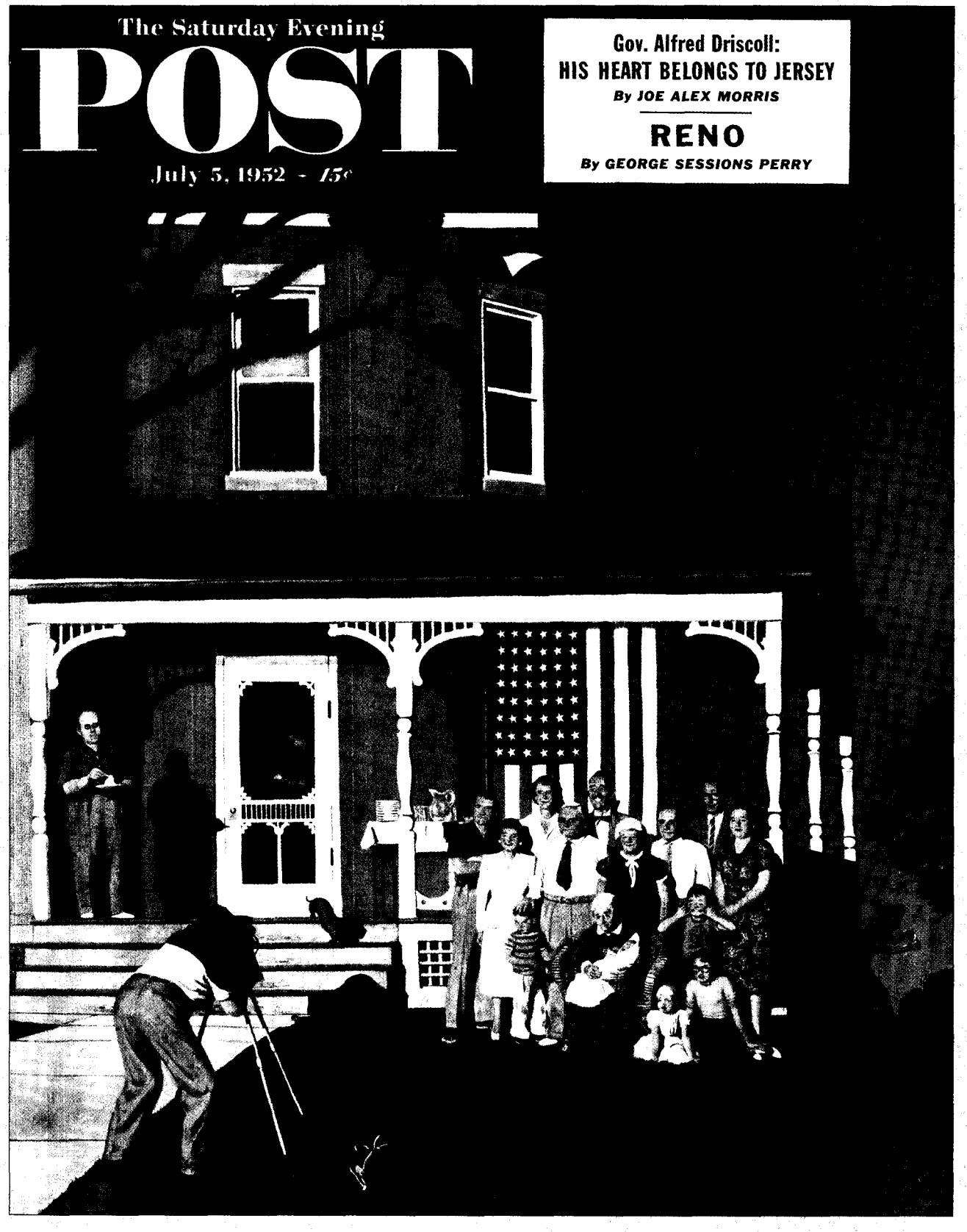

JOHN FALTER—JULY 5, 1952

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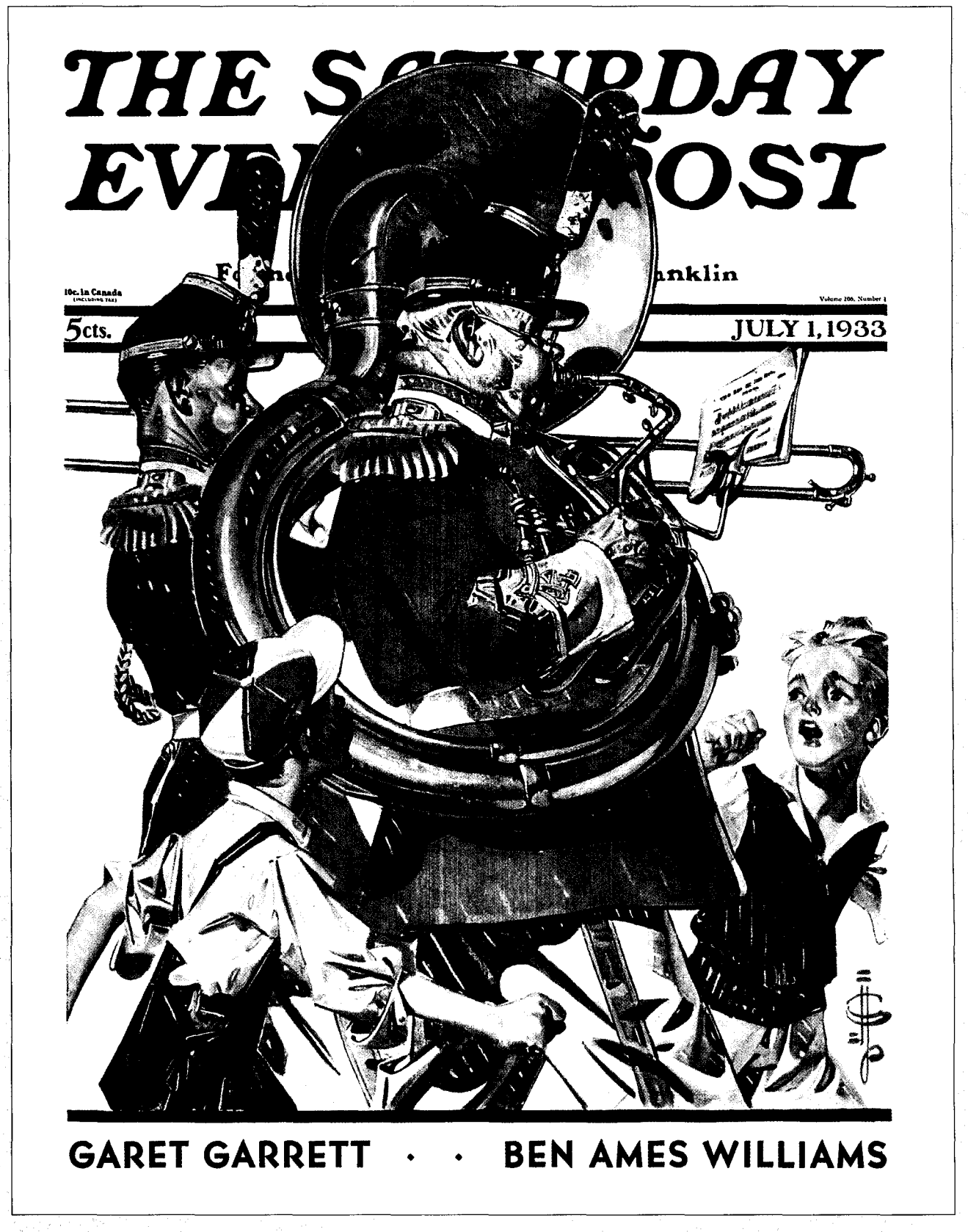

J.C. LEYENDECKER—JULY 1, 1933

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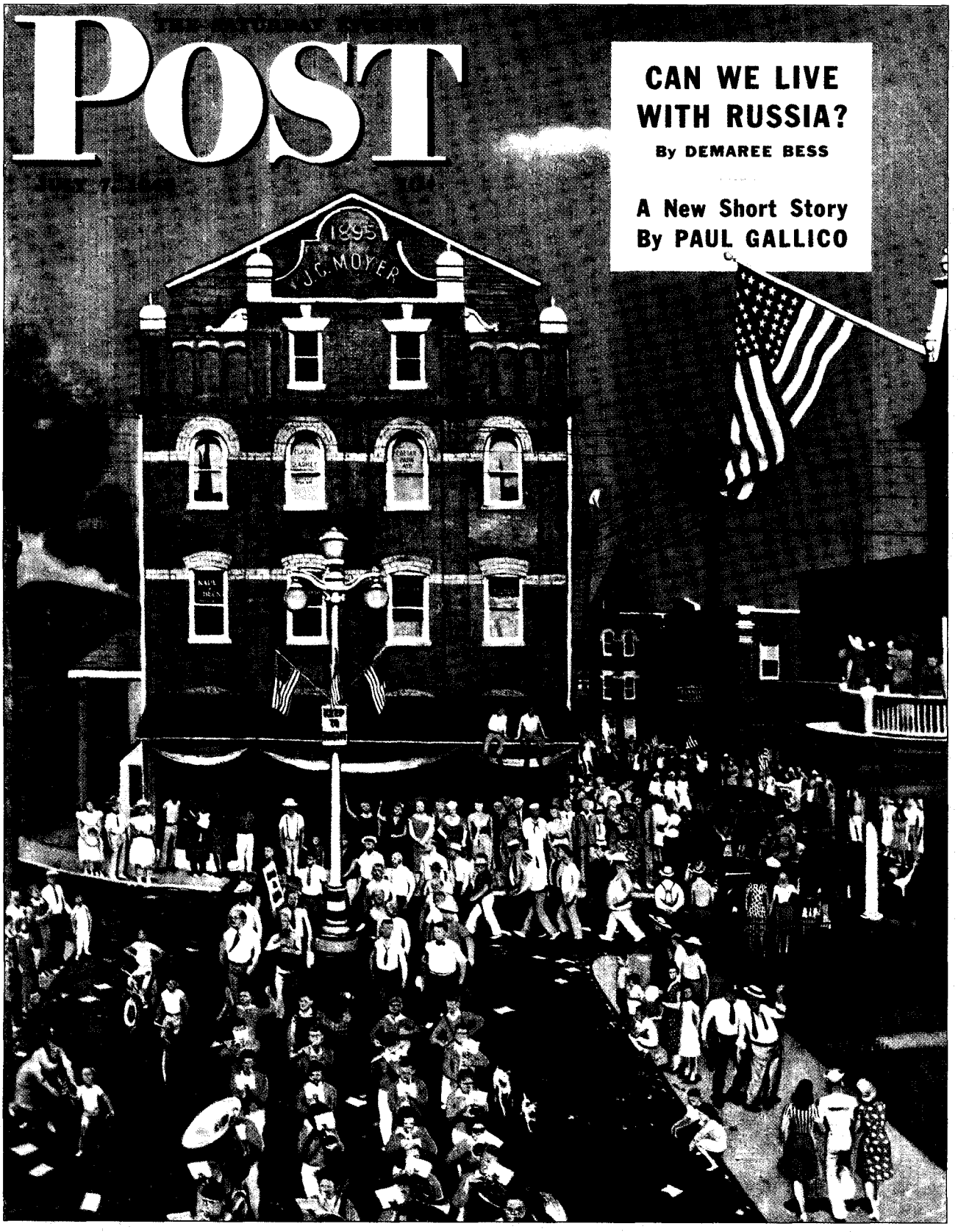

JOHN FALTER—JULY 7, 1945

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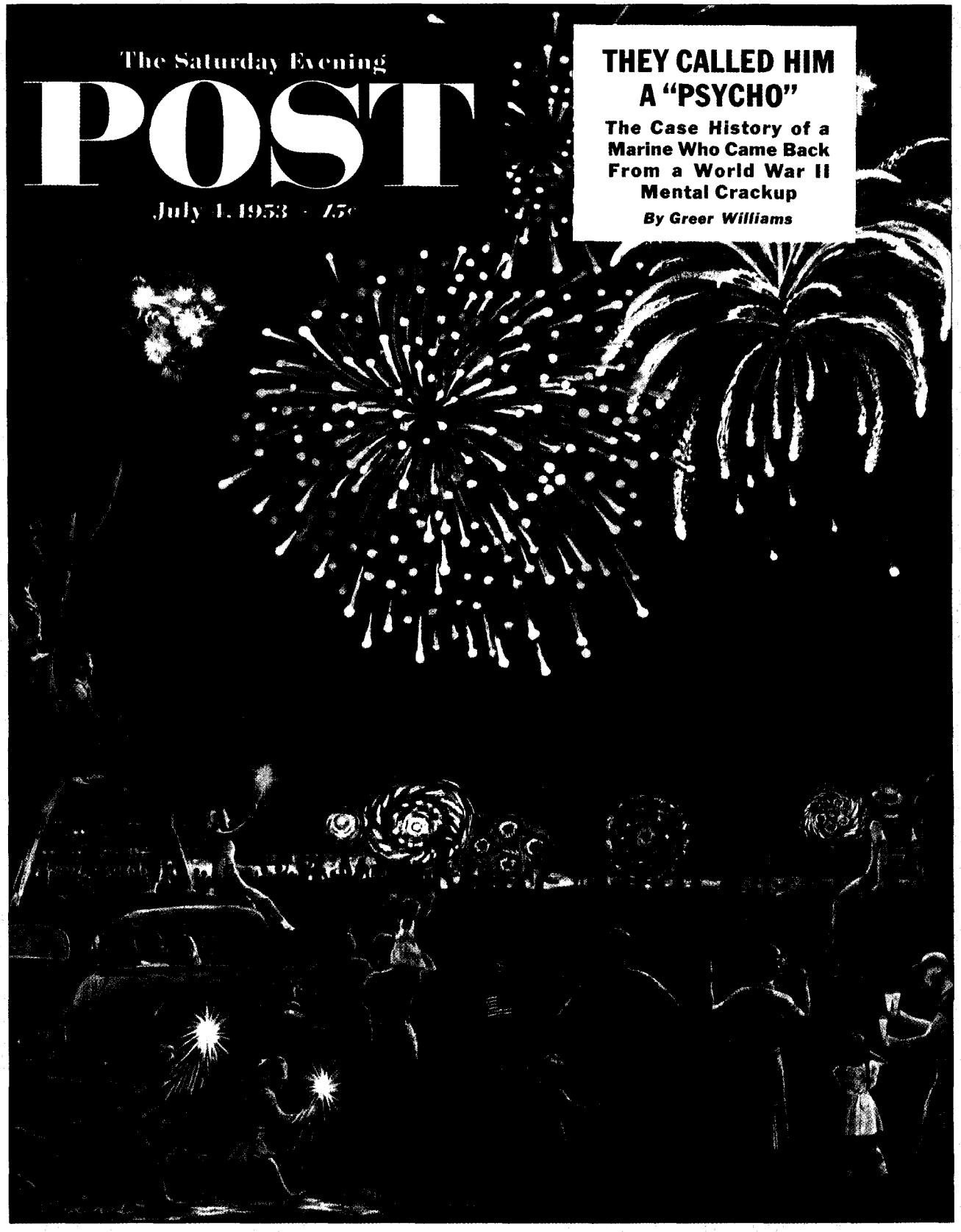
The Saturday Evening
POST
July 4, 1953 · 15¢
THEY CALLED HIM A "PSYCHO"
The Case History of a Marine Who Came Back From a World War II Mental Crackup
By Greer Williams

BEN PRINS—JULY 4, 1953

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
JULY 3, 1915
5cts. THE COPY
THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS—By Mary Roberts Rinehart
Stories and Articles by OWEN WISTER, NORMAN DUNCAN, JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE
WOODS HUTCHINSON, PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE, CORINNE LOWE, EDWIN LEFÈVRE

J.C. LEYENDECKER—JULY 3, 1915

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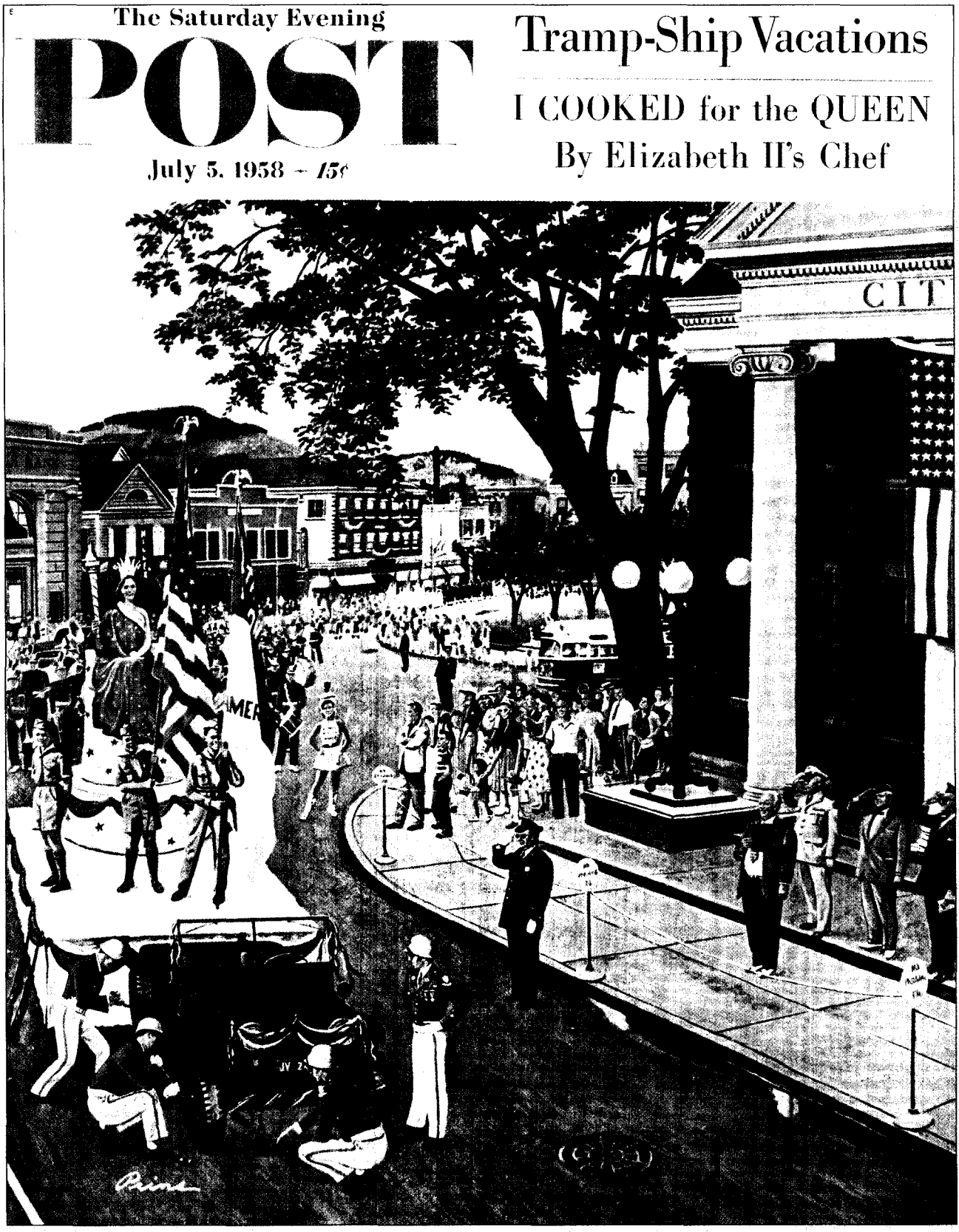

BEN PRINS—JULY 5, 1958

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
JULY 3, 1920
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Irvin S. Cobb — Samuel G. Blythe — Holworthy Hall — Octavus Roy Cohen
Holman Day — Maxwell Smith — Joseph Hergesheimer — Henry C. Rowland

J.C. LEYENDECKER—JULY 3, 1920

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"MOMMY, WHY DON'T YOU HUG ME?"

A slight weakness in her legs rapidly evolved into a life-threatening illness for the attractive young mother of two.

by Lawrence Martin, M.D.

Illustrated by Frederick H. Carlson

Synopsis: *When 35-year-old Naomi Benedict collapsed at her spacious home one afternoon, the heiress's attorney husband, Julian, blamed a recent bout of the flu. But Mrs. Benedict's physician, Dr. Cooper, was taking no chances.*

He admitted her to Memorial Hospital's intensive care unit, despite colleagues' skepticism about the seriousness of her condition. Dr. Cooper's wisdom, however, soon became apparent, for the initial muscle weakness began to spread rapidly.

Naomi Benedict was suffering from Guillain-Barré syndrome (GBS), a rare inflammation of the peripheral nerves, which can lead to total paralysis. The disease spreads slowly or quickly but rarely as fast as it did with Mrs. Benedict, for as the doctors prepared to begin plasmapheresis treatments, an alarm sounded in her room. The doctors rushed in to find their patient gasping, unable to breathe. Only immediate action by Dr. Martin saved Naomi Benedict's life. For the course of the illness, she would have to be sustained on an artificial breathing machine.

Julian went in to visit his wife. I also went in the room, mainly to observe the cardiac monitor in case there was an autonomic surge. Despite modest sedation, Naomi's mind was completely intact. The distress of being fully aware, yet unable to speak or move, could lead to tachycardia.

"Naomi, this is Julian. Can you hear me?"

For the moment she lay there, motionless, eyes closed, a beautiful woman with a tube in her throat, surrounded by machines and monitors and wires.

"Julian, give her a gentle nudge," I said.

He touched her shoulder. "Naomi, this is Julian. Can you hear me?"

She opened her eyes and nodded her head, slowly.

"Hi, honey. The kids send their love. I told them you're doing fine. It's five o'clock now. They're home with Gertrude, eating supper."

A tear came to her eyes.

"We miss you, honey. You'll be home soon. The doctors say this paralysis is a short-term thing, that it's completely reversible. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

More tears. And in Julian's eyes, too. I wiped Naomi's tears away with a towel. It was an awkward moment, and I wanted to leave them alone. Her heart rhythm looked stable on the monitor, so I left the room. Julian emerged about 10 minutes later, his face freshly washed. Neither of us said a word.

Just then Dr. McAllister appeared. The three of us went into a conference room, a small, square space almost completely filled with a round wood table. I hastily moved books and journals off the table. We sat down, and I led off the discussion.

"Obviously her condition has progressed much faster than anyone expected. Unfortunately, one of the worst things has happened. The paralysis has affected her breathing muscles. She is stable but right now can't breathe without the ventilator. We plan to start a treatment called plasmapheresis, to wash out antibod-

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ies from her blood."

"What's that?" he said quickly.

Dr. McAllister answered. "As Dr. Martin said, it's a technique that removes plasma and gets rid of antibodies that might be damaging her nerves. We think antibodies against the nerves are responsible for destroying the myelin sheaths or nerve coverings. We wash out the antibodies with a series of plasma exchanges over two weeks, five or six treatments total. It's fairly safe, and there are relatively few complications."

"Does she have to receive blood transfusions with this?"

"No, not at all. We infuse albumin to replace the plasma that's removed. There's no risk of AIDS or hepatitis, if that's what you're concerned about."

"And you say two weeks?"

"Yes. That's the standard length of time most patients are treated. We probably won't see much improvement before two weeks, either."

Mr. Benedict did not react to this information. Instead he looked at me and asked, "Dr. Martin, you said 'one of the worst' things. What's the worst?"

"Well, people can die from Guillain-Barré syndrome. I think you know that. It usually happens not from the paralysis itself, because we can support her breathing indefinitely, but from what we call autonomic dysfunction. The autonomic part of the nervous system controls things like heart rate and blood pressure. We don't understand why, but sometimes people with this condition can have a sudden surge of adrenalin. This can cause severe blood pressure swings and cardiac arrhythmia. If there is no autonomic crisis, and her nerve coverings regenerate as they usually do, she can fully recover. That's what we're aiming for, of course."

Mr. Benedict addressed Dr. McAllister. "I know her breathing is impaired, but is there any sign of recovery in the rest of her body?"

"No, but that's not surprising. It's usually progressive paralysis and then recovery, rather than some areas getting better while others get worse. Right now I'd say she's nowhere near the recovery phase. We probably won't see any definite improvement for a week or more, even with plasmapheresis."

"I see," he said. "Well, the kids want to see their Mom. I told them they can't see her now because she has a bad infection and they might catch it. I really don't want them to see her like this, but if she improves can they visit her here?"

"Sure," I said, "but I agree now's not the time. It would be much better when she's more awake and can interact with them. In fact, if there is no dramatic improvement in the next two days, I'm going to recommend a tracheostomy. That will allow us to take the endotracheal tube out of her mouth and put it through a small hole in her neck. Then she can eat, smile, and stay on the ventilator as long as necessary."

"She might not be able to eat just yet," interjected Dr. McAllister. "Sometimes this condition can affect the swallowing muscles. I wouldn't be surprised if hers are already involved, the way this thing has progressed."

He was right, of course. I should have thought of swallowing difficulty before saying she could eat with the tracheostomy. "That's true," I corrected. "But I would still recommend a tracheostomy for reasons of comfort."

"Well," replied Mr. Benedict, "let's cross that bridge when we come to it."

Plasmapheresis was started that evening. There was no immediate response (none was expected so soon), and she remained ventilator-dependent. In fact, her paralysis progressed, and by the next morning she could not move even her head. Only her eyes moved. We took advantage of this last vestige of motor function to teach her to answer "yes" (eyes up and down) and "no" (side to side).

Dr. Dover inserted a thin stomach tube through her nose to be used for feedings. Other tubes already inserted included large intravenous lines for the plasmapheresis and a bladder catheter for collecting urine.

There was no change in her condition after 48 hours. I called Mr. Benedict about the need for tracheostomy, and he gave permission. The operation was done on Thursday afternoon by a surgeon. She returned from the operating room with the tracheostomy tube in place and her face free of any encumbrance.

By the end of the third day, we had

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results of several tests, all of which were consistent with GBS. The spinal fluid protein was slightly elevated. Because the protein content reaches a peak value several days into the illness, Dr. McAllister thought the small rise merely reflected an early measurement. An EEG, or electroencephalogram, done the day after she "crashed," was normal except for some mild sedative effect, also consistent with GBS. The EEG tests brain wave activity and not peripheral nerves impulses, as does the electromyogram (EMG). Her EMG showed normal muscles but abnormal nerve conduction within the muscles, an impairment typically seen in GBS.

• • •

On the evening of the third day, about one hour after her second plasmapheresis, the nurses turned her to change the bed sheets. Almost immediately, Mrs. Benedict's heart rate increased from 95 to 160 per minute and blood pressure bottomed out at 65/30. The nurses quickly rolled her back and pushed a button to lower the head of the bed to the Trendelenburg position. (Named after the German surgeon Friedrick Trendelenburg. In this position, the body is angled about 30 degrees with the head down, to facilitate blood flow to the brain.)

The ICU resident reacted swiftly to the autonomic crisis. She ordered a "wide open" saline infusion and intravenous verapamil, a drug that can slow a too-rapidly beating heart. These measures worked, and in five minutes her blood pressure was up to 110/64 and heart rate down to 112 a minute. I was not in the ICU at the time, but it didn't matter; I could not have done a better job. (For the next few days, the nurses were advised to turn Mrs. Benedict slowly and with an eye on the monitor.)

On Saturday, March 11, Dr. McAllister and I again met with Mr. Benedict. "As you can see she's doing about the same," I said. "Since last night's episode of low blood pressure she's been quite stable. She still needs the ventilator and will probably stay on it for some time."

"We're going to continue the plasmapheresis another week to 10 days," added Dr. McAllister. "By then we should see some improvement, although I must tell you I have seen paralysis continue for months before there is significant nerve sheath regeneration."

Julian listened intently, then spoke. This time it was he who had something to tell us. "A member of my firm did some work for one of the New York hospitals. He made some inquiries when I told hm about Naomi's condition and obtained the name of a neurologist there. I hope you two don't mind if this doctor consults on Naomi."

"Not at all, not at all," said Dr. McAllister, mildly surprised.

"It's certainly OK with me," I added.

"Who is it?" asked Dr. McAllister.

"A fellow named X_____."

At this Dr. McAllister raised his eyebrows. "Well, you certainly picked a winner. He's probably the world's top authority on GBS. I've heard him speak several times."

"Good. I didn't know you knew him, but I'm glad you have no objection. I trust you guys implicitly. I wouldn't be on the board if I didn't think this is a darn good hospital. I have to do this for myself. If for some reason Naomi doesn't make it, I want to know I did everything possible."

"I understand perfectly," said Dr. McAllister. "When's he coming in?"

"Tomorrow. He could only come on Sunday. I'm picking him up at the airport tomorrow morning."

• • •

That afternoon I went to the library and read most of Dr. X's recent papers on Gullain-Barré syndrome. Although our specialties were different, I didn't want to seem ignorant of his work. His publications were mostly clinical, dealing with natural history of the disease, effect of various treatments, and long-term followup of patients. In these areas he was an authority on GBS.

There was no change in Mrs. Benedict's condition all day Saturday. On Sunday, Mr. Benedict and his New York consultant showed up in the ICU about 11 a.m. Dr. X, about 50, was wearing a casual sport coat without a tie and comfortable loafers. His personality seemed to match: low key, self-assured, friendly. The only thing he brought with him was a large briefcase full of neurologic testing equip-

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ment. I wondered what he was charging for this out-of-town visit, on what was most likely his day off. Whatever the fee, it probably didn't matter to Mr. Benedict.

I handed him Mrs. Benedict's hospital chart and x-ray folder. "I'll be in the hospital." I said. "If you have any questions, just ask one of the nurses to page me." He thanked me graciously and went to read her file.

Dr. X spent much of Sunday afternoon in the ICU, examining Mrs. Benedict and reviewing the hospital record, then talking with me, Dr. McAllister, and Mr. Benedict. In essence he agreed with our evaluation and plans. As far as he was concerned, she had a confirmed case of Guillain-Barré syndrome.

The consultant recognized his main job was to reassure Mr. Benedict about our diagnosis and medical management. He was not hired to educate him (or us) about GBS. But the lawyer in Mr. Benedict wanted his money's worth. He questioned his consultant like a star witness. It was all very cordial, even if the discussion at times sounded like a legal deposition. Dr. X, for his part, gave the information asked for.

Mr. B: "Of people who get this Guillain-Barré, how many die from it?"

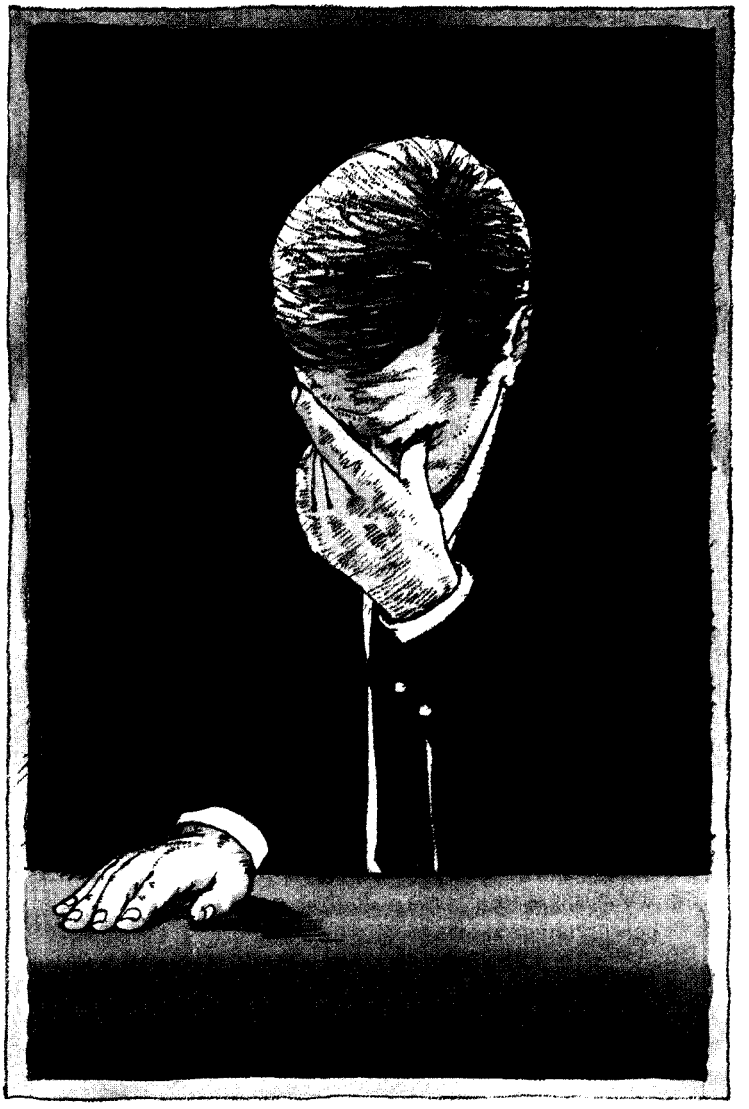
Dr. X: "Overall mortality is about 3 percent. That's in our experience and in other large series as well."

Mr. B: "What do the patients die of?"

Dr. X: This is usually associated with autonomic dysfunction, such as arrhythmia. Another cause of death is pulmonary embolus, which is when a blood clot breaks off from the legs and travels to the lungs. The clot comes from lying in bed so long. To some extent this can be prevented by giving small doses of heparin. I should add that her doctors have given this treatment all along." (At the mention of "her doctors," Mr. Benedict gave a slow and approving nod.)

"The third major cause of death in our patients is infection, such as pneumonia or septicemia. So far there seems to be no evidence for any of these problems in Mrs. Benedict."

Mr. B: "Is there any way to prevent the other two complications, the heart disease and infection?"



Dr. X: "Only by good care and catching the problems when they arise. One area of our research is the autonomic heart problem. So far we haven't found a way to predict who will develop it or why. That's why it's so important to watch GBS patients closely, so you can treat the blood pressure crisis or arrhythmia as soon as it occurs. Mrs. Benedict had one such crisis two days ago, and it looks like she came out of it OK."

Mr. B: "But you agree with the plasmapheresis therapy?"

Dr. X: "Oh, absolutely. Apart from time, it's the only effective treatment we can offer these patients."

Mr. B: "If this was your wife, would you do anything different? Anything at all?"

Dr. X: "Mr. Benedict, if this was my wife I would not change a thing. And if my wife happened to be in this hospital, with this condition, I would not transfer her to New York. I would leave her right where she is."

• • •

That first week in ICU Naomi could only move her eyes, eyelids, and some facial muscles. She managed a weak smile but was unable to open her mouth wide or turn her head. Even so, Mr. Benedict decided the children should see their mother. His story about infection was wearing thin, and the kids—a six-year-old boy and 10-year-old girl—began to wonder out loud whether Mommy was dead.

I was ambivalent about the kids seeing their mother paralyzed. They last saw her the morning of hospitalization. A visit when she was still paralyzed could help or hurt her, and I wasn't sure which. I suggested to Julian that he seek Naomi's opinion, and he agreed. To his question ("Naomi, do you want the kids to come here?") she vigorously moved her eyes up and down. Yes!

Arrangements were made for the afternoon of March 14, her seventh day of hospitalization. The night before the visit, Julian tried to prepare the children by explaining that Mommy was too weak to move and would not be able to talk but that she loved them very much and that she would come home faster if they let her know how much they loved and missed her.

About an hour before the appointed

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time, nurses tied Mrs. Benedict's hair back in a bun and attached a pretty red ribbon. They also applied a small amount of makeup to her lips and cheeks. With the head of her bed raised to 45 degrees, Naomi was sitting almost upright. Her head was buoyed by a pillow and turned to the left, so that she faced the side where her kids would stand. The tracheostomy tube and connecting hoses were covered discreetly with a bed sheet. From a distance Mrs. Benedict looked almost normal, like someone sitting in bed watching television.

Shortly after 4 p.m., Julian and the kids arrived. Both children were smartly dressed in school clothes. By prearrangement Julian took them straight to her room without any introductions to me or the staff. Worried about another autonomic surge, I discreetly stood in one corner of the room where she could not see me. Julian and the kids entered and walked to her bedside.

"Hi, honey," said Julian. "I have Kevin and Cynthia with me."

Naomi managed a weak smile, an idiot-like grin the kids had never seen before. I saw it from across the room and shivered. Kevin and Cynthia just stood there, staring at their mother. For a few seconds—it seemed like a few minutes—no one said anything. I wondered: Did we make a mistake, letting them see her like this?

"Hi, Mom," said Cynthia, the 10-year-old. Thin and pretty, she was destined to be a beauty like her mother. "Hurry up and get well. We sure miss you. Daddy's taking good care of us."

"Mommy, this is for you," Kevin said, and he showed her a picture he had drawn for the occasion. It displayed a red stick figure on a brown stick bed and big green block letters proclaiming GET WELL SOON MOM.

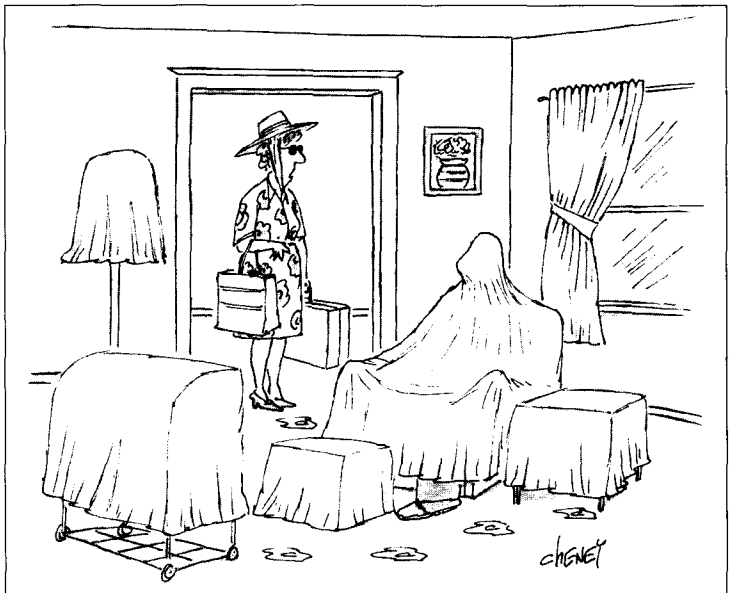
Mrs. Benedict wanted to smile and laugh and say what a wonderful picture it was, but all she could manage was the same feeble grin. Kevin didn't understand.

"Mommy, don't you like my picture? Mommy, why don't you hug me? I miss you, Mommy!" He started to cry.

Cynthia nudged her brother and whispered sternly: "Kevin, Mommy can't hug you. She can't move right now."

The boy jumped away from Cynthia and tried to climb into his mother's bed. Julian pulled him back and he started to scream and cry louder. "*Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!*"

Tears welled up in Naomi's eyes. Suddenly I felt awful. What must she feel? How unfair! Why had we let them come in? I wanted to leave and let Julian handle this visit in his own way, but the cardiac monitor showed an accelerating heart rate. One hundred ten. One hundred twenty. One hundred sixty.



"Are you sure you want to spend the summer here?"

Although we needed to treat her quickly, I spoke up without trying to sound excited or anxious. "Julian, I think we'll have to give her something. You better take them outside." He looked at me, and I pointed to the cardiac monitor.

"Let's go, kids," he said, and ushered them out.

• • •

The next two weeks were dismal for the Benedicts. Lack of any clinical improvement was wearing Julian down. One telephone conversation after a plasmapheresis treatment on March 20:

"Hi, Larry, any change?" (By then we were on a first-name basis).

"Not yet, Julian. How are the kids?"

"Oh, they're fine. No permanent damage. They're just waiting for Mom to come home."

"I know. This is difficult for them. Well, tell them she will be home. And tell yourself that, too. It just takes time for the nerves to regenerate. If she remains stable, she should improve." Fortunately there were no more autonomic crises, no more emotional upheavals. Just the paralysis. Day after day of paralysis.

Then a change. Twenty days and six plasmapheresis treatments after coming to the hospital Mrs. Benedict began to move her *right index finger.* Regeneration!

"You're getting better," I told her. "You really are. We noted another big change: a broad, deep smile, far from the idiot grin displayed when her kids visited. I called Julian to relay the good news.

"How long will it take her to fully recover?" he asked.

"I don't know. Dr. McAllister says it could still take months, but at least nerve regeneration has started."

Without exercise—even the passive variety—paralyzed muscles develop disuse atrophy. Even after the nerve tissue regenerates the muscles can remain severely weak. Since day one we had provided range-of-motion exercises to Naomi's paralyzed limbs. Despite the exercises (and tube feedings), there was some loss of muscle mass, and her weight was down 20 pounds at the end of three weeks. She needed more exercise. From the orthopedics department we arranged to borrow a mechanical exerciser, a machine that continually moves the leg or arm to help maintain muscle tone. The machine is used mainly to exercise limbs after orthopedic surgery, but we have also found it useful for some paralyzed patients.

Naomi had full sensation in her extremities, so we alerted her to possible pain. "This contraption will keep your muscles fit," I explained. "If it causes you any pain or discomfort, blink your eyes rapidly."

We secured her right leg to the exerciser. First the machine extended her leg. Then flexed it. Extended, flexed.

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Extended, flexed. A full range of motion every 12 seconds. Fortunately, she felt no pain.

Naomi continued to improve, and by the end of March she could move her arms and head but could not write or hold a glass. Also, her breathing muscles were still very weak. Normally, we can generate enough muscle strength to suck up a column of water to a height of about 100 centimeters (39 inches). People with respiratory failure from muscle weakness can suck up no more than 20 centimeters (8 inches). The first time we tested her respiratory muscle strength, three days after the tracheostomy, Naomi managed only 10 centimeters of "sucking" pressure. Now it was up to 18 centimeters. Still low but increasing!

"You continue to improve," I said, "but we have to go a few more days before you can get off the machine. You'll make it. As soon as you do, we're going to throw a big party. If it's OK with you, we'll keep it private. No one from the media will be invited." She smiled the equivalent of a hearty laugh.

We kept at it. Range of motion exercises. Tests of breathing strength. Tube feedings. Constant monitoring. She had settled into ICU and was beginning to feel almost "at home." She knew all the nurses and felt comfortable with her surroundings. The trauma of her kids' visit was ancient history.

To keep his wife's mind occupied, Julian brought in cassette selections from Books on Tape, which she listened to through an earplug. In two weeks she went through Mark Twain's Life On the Mississippi, The Cardinal of the Kremlin by Tom Clancy and The Bonfire of the Vanities by Tom Wolfe.

• • •

On April 12 her inspiratory force was 24 centimeters of water. We disconnected the ventilator and gave her supplemental oxygen through the tracheostomy tube. Now, for the first time in more than a month, she was breathing entirely on her own. Because her inspiratory muscle strength was still borderline, I put her back on the ventilator after two hours.

"You did just great," I said, "but I don't want you to tire out. It's best if we do this a little bit each day. Tomorrow you'll go for four hours off the ventilator."

She moved her lips: "Where's my party?"

Naomi improved almost as rapidly as she had crashed. The next day her inspiratory force was 30 centimeters. I took her off the ventilator with the understanding that she would be reconnected after four hours.

For three hours and 45 minutes, there was no sign of fatigue or respiratory distress. Encouraged, I told the nurses to leave her off the machine indefinitely, with the idea that she might go the whole night unassisted.

Fifteen minutes later Naomi asked to see me. She had recently regained some use of her writing hand and was now communicating with paper and pencil. She wrote: "BACK ON THE MACHINE?," meaning the ventilator.

"How do you feel?"

TIRED.

I checked her respiratory rate, inspiratory force, cardiac rhythm, and blood pressure. They all pointed to one fact: Physiologically, she didn't need the ventilator. Psychologically was another matter.

"Do you think you still need the breathing machine?" I asked.

YES.

"Do you want to try and go without it a few more hours?"

NO.

I have seen this response many times. Removing a patient from prolonged artificial ventilation often requires physiologic and psychologic adjustment. It makes sense. What has been critical life support is being discontinued; even though the patient no longer needs it, the "weaning" process takes time.

"OK," I said. "I think one more night. We'll put you back on the

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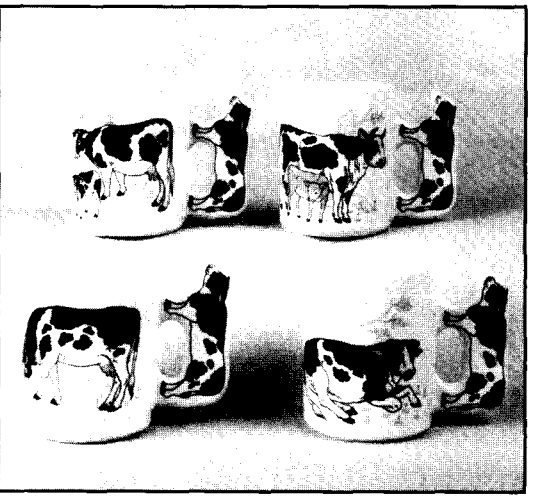

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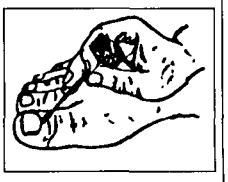

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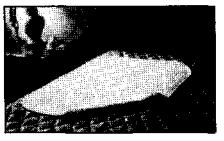

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"Why Don't You Hug Me?"

continued from page 65

ventilator tonight. Tomorrow morning we'll disconnect it and let you go all day. If you do well during the day, you'll be able to go all night without it. I promise." She liked the plan.

On April 14 she went all day without needing or asking for the ventilator. And all night. On April 15 we had our party.

Follow-up

Naomi Benedict continued to recover muscle strength. She began swallowing food on April 18 and regained movement in her legs by April 21. On that date we removed her tracheostomy tube. On April 25 she was transferred out of intensive care to the hospital's rehabilitation unit.

As expected, she required extensive physical rehabilitation. On May 8, with the aid of a lightweight aluminum walker to keep her balance, she took her first unassisted steps in two months. She went home from the hospital May 10.

Naomi continued muscle training exercises as an outpatient. Though progress was slow, recovery was total. She started driving again in the middle of July, and by September was back to a full schedule of meetings, parties, and charitable activities. She reports that Kevin and Cynthia are none the worse for her two-month absence and that life is back to normal.

The only scar from her ordeal is physical and small, where the tracheostomy tube entered her neck. She usually covers it with a high-collar blouse.

Dr. Martin is chief of the pulmonary division at the Mt. Sinai Medical Center, Cleveland, Ohio. This is his third medical story to appear in The Saturday Evening Post.

Last Action Hero

continued from page 35

Stephen King-inspired thriller *The Lawnmower Man* and starred in the comedy *Prehysteria.*

"I always wanted to meet Arnold, and here I am—working with him," says O'Brien, who was picked for the role and now appears to be headed for kid stardom along with the Culkin brothers and Edward Furlong, who co-starred with Schwarzenegger in *Terminator 2: Judgment Day.*

Viewers will be glad O'Brien's parents insisted on keeping their son's lines clean in the Shane Black/David Arnott script. They were adamant that he not swear in the film. O'Brien sees Danny as a role model and didn't want him to set a bad example.

"We absolutely will not take the Lord's name in vain," Austin's mother, Valerie O'Brien, said. "If it came to that, we would walk. They'd have to find someone else. And they were really great about it. They took the swear words all out."

Art Carney fans will be pleased to watch him adding his unique comedic acting talents to the movie. As director McTiernan explains, *Hero* by no means lacks for humor.

"I think the action genre is particularly ripe for this kind of movie," he says. "Some people think they can make action movies by formula and have repeated the same thing time and again . . . Audiences have caught on to the formula, so to make things interesting again we're having some fun with that. We use the audiences' knowledge of the genre as the basis for our jokes.

"After spending a certain number of years shooting machine guns and setting off explosives," he explains, "I jumped at the chance to have some fun with it all . . . . I have this theory that what we're all doing is just trying to re-create the Saturday TV experience as adults. This is what *Last Action Hero* hopefully does."

Arnold, Austin, Art, and the rest of the cast nod in agreement. *Last Action Hero* should draw adults as well as kids to the box office.

Breakable Cup

continued from page 43

bright room full of plants and wicker furniture.

"Sit here," said his hostess, indicating a chair, and left him.

He was painfully obedient, yet buoyed by curiosity and a sense of responsibility. He felt that it would be frightening to meet a person who was 90 years old. On the other hand, he already felt a distinct liking for the old woman who was his hostess, and he must not let his mother down, his own mother, who, from where he sat in this house of old women, appeared most delightfully young.

On a table quite near him, spread with a white cloth, there were things for tea—a teapot, very tall, and a

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teakettle, an enormous sugar bowl with a lid, flowers in a vase, dishes with little cakes, and three cups, each on a saucer. Such cups he had never seen before. His spirits continued to rise. He forgot that he was the most clumsy rascal of them all, although he never forgot that Maggie would not have let him within shouting distance of such a table. Upon this table also stood his mother's jar of jelly.

The old women did not keep him waiting long. This was one more thing in favor of his hostess. Being made to wait was something he was inured to but did not like. It was to be expected from grown-ups, toward a child. But, obviously, the very old woman who came leaning on the arm of her daughter-in-law and carrying a cane in her free hand, had herself been waiting for her guest. She stopped short in front of him and gave him a long, smiling look, without a word, as a contemporary might have done. Then she said, "If he sits with his back to the light, I won't be able to see his face. Put him there."

While she was being seated, with a difficult lowering of the limbs to a thick cushion, he changed his place. She propped her cane against the arm of the chair and turned to consider him again. He, as frankly, looked at her.

She was old, so old that the bones seemed to push through the skin of her face. The skin, wrinkled, bleached and spotted, was colored as a winter leaf, and yet soft. The lips were pale, tending to a tone of purple—nothing so strong as purple, in truth, but his honest eyes reported to him the faint tinge of blue. He knew so little of illness and old age that he did not think it unpleasant. The mouth was a nice mouth, gentle and smiling. And if a strange sour smell had very faintly entered the room with her, it was overlaid by another scent, something associated in his mind with clean sheets and embroidered pillowcases.

Her hair, surprisingly darker than that of her daughter-in-law, was frizzed over her forehead. Stiff little disorderly strands escaped at the back of her neck, above her high, ruche collar. She wore a great many strings of beads, very interesting in their shapes and colors. She wore rings on the fingers of both hands. The sleeves of her white underwear—long underwear in late August!—showed at the wrists of her long sleeves. She kept her mouth closed when she

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smiled at him. When she spoke, he observed that she had all her teeth and that they were very strong and even. Indeed, for teeth, she seemed better off than he was himself at that time, being then in the process of exchanging what his mother called his "milk teeth" for some new, permanent ones. All in all, he found nothing fearsome in her presence, unless there was a something behind her eyes, something to do with the knowledge of being almost 90 years old.

The daughter-in-law moved behind the tea table and placed her hand inquiringly on the bright copper teakettle.

"It's tepid," she said. "Rachel brought it too soon."

"That Rachel!" exclaimed the very old woman.

"We've never been able to convince her," said the daughter-in-law, "that tea ought to be made in the kitchen. She likes to put everything on the table at once. I'll take it all to the kitchen, Mother, and make it myself. But," she said, addressing the little boy, "you'd probably rather have a glass of milk, wouldn't you?"

"I have tea with my mother," he said. "Cambric tea."

"Good," she said. "I used to have muslin tea, when I was a child."

"Is it very different?" he asked.

"I should say that cambric was a cut above muslin," she replied, and went off, carrying the teapot in one hand, the copper kettle in the other.

The very old woman turned to the boy. "That Rachel doesn't understand tea," she said, "but she makes very good cakes. Do you like cakes? So do I, and I like jelly. In fact, I'm very fond of jelly. Your mother knows that. Let's unwrap it."

He brought her the jar and set it on her knees and watched intently while she untied the pink ribbon with her small, bony fingers. She pushed the tissue paper away and admired the gift.

"Quince," she said, with satisfaction. "She knows I'm especially fond of quince. It's very good of her to remember that. Now put it on the table again."

He did as he was told and returned to his chair. The sunlight glowing through the jelly was exactly the color of the sky at bedtime when he looked out through the branches of the elm tree to the west. He leaned back in the settee, beginning to feel at ease with this very old woman, but his back

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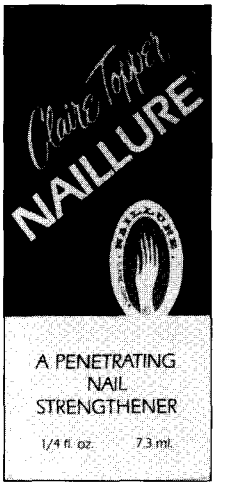

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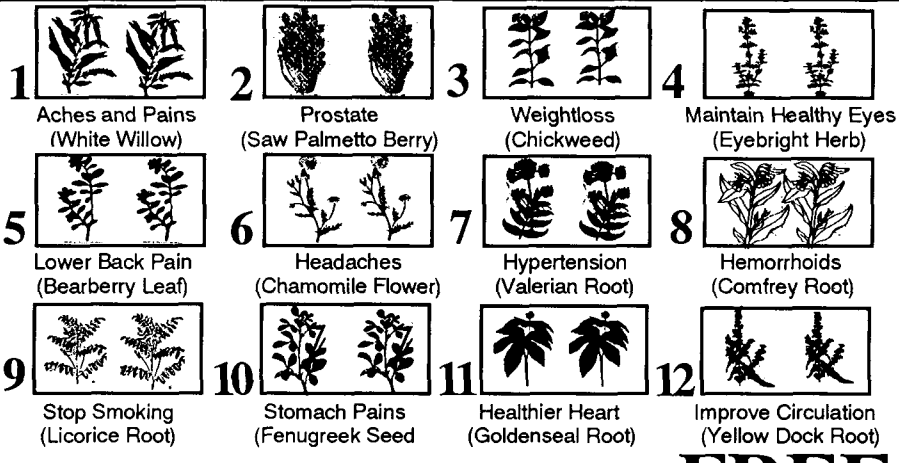
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could not reach the back of the settee while he sat with his knees bent at the edge. He did not feel quite enough at his ease to slide back with his legs straight before him, so he sat up straight again. His feet did not reach the floor.

"You wouldn't know," said the very old woman, "that my husband planted the first quince tree in this town."

"We have a quince tree," he offered.

"My husband planted it. My husband built the house where you live. I am very old, you know. I came to this house as a bride. I can remember when there were only three houses on this street, and this was one of them. Yes, I am very old. And you are very young. We have that in common."

The logic of her remark escaped him, but the smile she gave him united them. They sat without speaking for a few minutes while he considered asking her whether she had ever seen an Indian. Perhaps she would not like to be thought as old as that. He rejected the idea. Then she said, "I'm a great trial to my daughter-in-law, but she's very good to me. Ah, here she comes. Now we shall have our tea."

"The first cup for you, Mother?" asked the daughter-in-law.

"No, the first cup for our guest—the cambric tea. I want mine strong today. Very strong."

"You know what the doctor said."

"A fig for what he said. If I'm not old enough now to have my tea as I like it, when shall I ever be?"

"Goodness only knows," said the other woman. To the boy she said, "There, now. Plenty of cream and plenty of sugar. No, stay where you are—I'll bring it to you. And a napkin on your knee. So. And there's a spoon. And re-member it's hot."

The room was so full of sunlight that it fell upon his lap as well as on the tea table and, caught in the bowl of the spoon, was reflected upward through the thin china. Even through the cloud of cream in the pale amber fluid it shone, and, when he touched the spoon, it danced in the cloud.

He was content merely to hold this beautiful cup and saucer. He knew that the drink would be de-licious. He waited politely while the old woman pre-pared a cup for the very old woman and carried it to her, as she had carried his cup to him. But as she turned back toward the table, the hands of the very old woman somehow lost control of cup and saucer. The cup tipped over in the saucer, the saucer tilted, and a great splash of hot tea fell upon her lap and spread down over her skirt. She gave a little cry of dismay. The daughter-in-law, seeing the accident, also cried out.

"Oh, Mother! On your best peau de soie! What a pity!"

The cry seemed to the child sharper than perhaps it was. There merged with it, in his inward ear, the voice of Maggie, as she had said to him, "There's not a thing you touch that's safe!" And while the daughter-in-law knelt beside the older woman, sopping up the tea with a napkin, the voice went on in his head, relentless. "Sure, she's got the right to die. She's that old; there's not a drink she doesn't spill on herself. There's not a good cup in the house any longer. She couldn't be trusted with a good cup, did one remain."

He dared not move. He could not possibly have gotten out of the settee unassisted without capsizing his own cup of tea. He watched in misery, panic, and sympathy while the mopping up took place. The daughter-in-law got up from her knees with difficulty. The very old woman murmured, over and over, "I'm so ashamed. I'm so ashamed."

Then the child summoned his courage and stood up to Maggie. "I often spill things, too," he said.

The daughter-in-law looked at him in surprise, as if she had forgotten his presence, and then at the soggy linen in her hand. She sighed.

"Well, so do I," she said, and laid the napkin on a corner of the tea tray. "Let me give you some more tea, Mother."

"I break things, too," said the boy, firmly.

"Yes, yes, so do I," said the daughter-in-law.

The terror of Maggie's voice was silenced. Panic ebbed from the air. He took a long draught of warm, sweetened milk, and comfort pervaded his small body, spreading from his stomach outward. He had a cake. The very old woman had a cake, too, and licked her fingers afterward. The daughter presiding over the tea table also ate and drank and appeared happy. A breeze had sprung up outdoors in the stillness of the afternoon, for an elm branch, swaying, made the sunlight flicker throughout the room. He was marvelously contented, and the more so because of the touch of peril earlier. He hooked a forefinger lovingly through the handle of his cup—smooth gold it was and curving out below his finger in a little tail. It reminded him of something—the horn on the rear end of the caterpillar on the tomatoes; that was it—the same curve, exactly.

He thought about the

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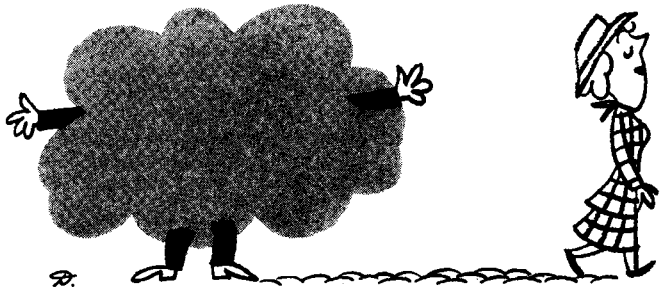

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Joe, a brash young man who talked most when he knew least, was holding forth on his dislike of things English. The fact that his audience of one was an English girl didn't disturb him in the least. While she silently simmered, Joe, who had visited England only briefly, told her exactly what was wrong with her country. He mentioned the lack of central heating, the backwardness of British industry, the dullness of the food, and the horrible climate. Especially the climate.

"It's awful," Joe said. "When it's not raining, it might as well be. And the fog! Why, when I was in London the fog was so thick that if I had let go of my girl's hand I would have lost her immediately."

"For that to happen," the English girl said crisply, "it needn't be foggy."

—Sophia G. Boettcher

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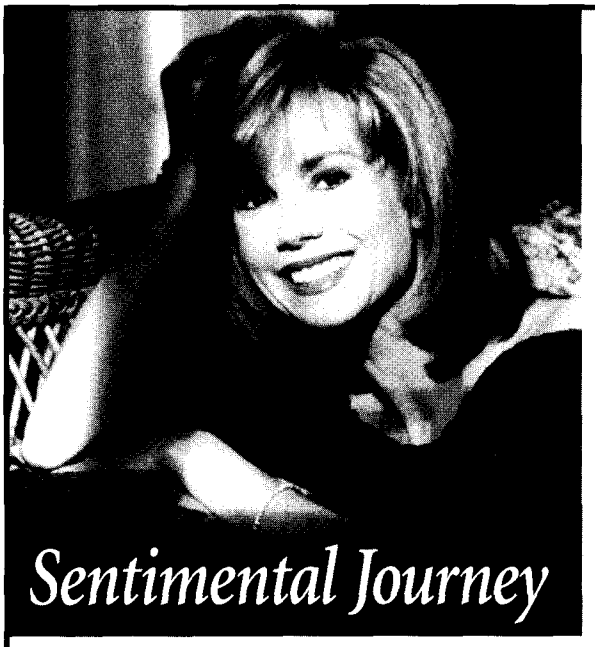

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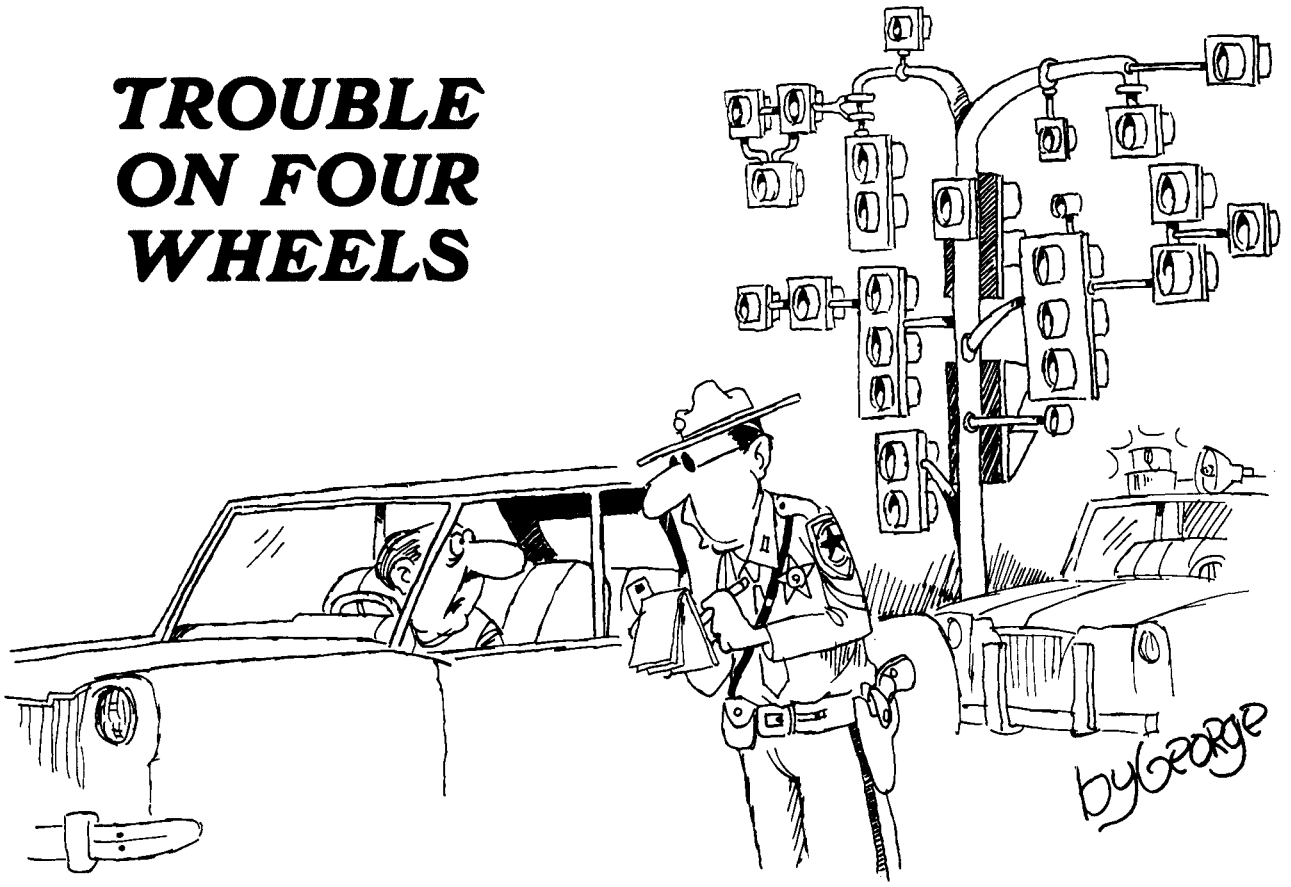
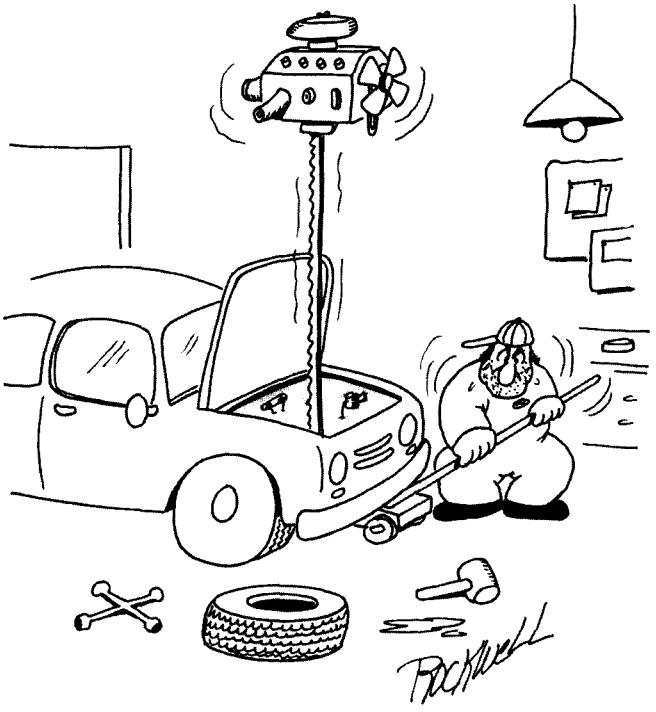
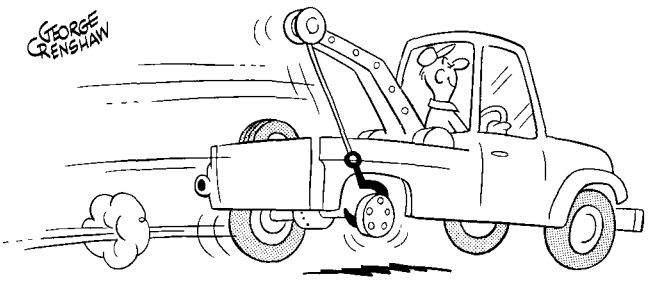
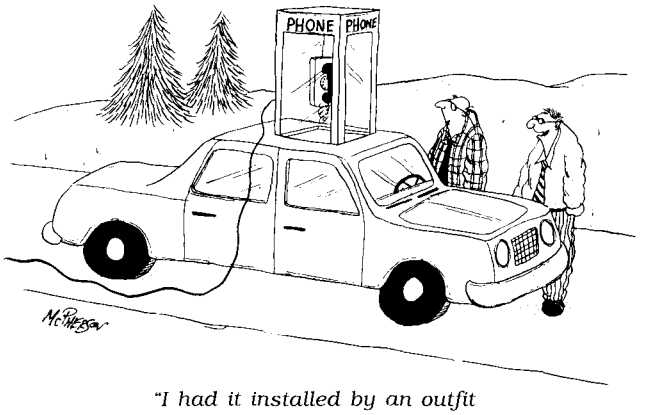


"Are you aware that you just ran a red light?"







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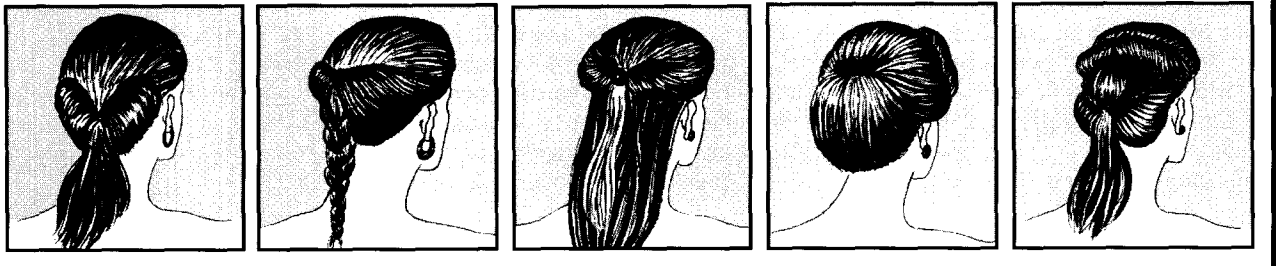

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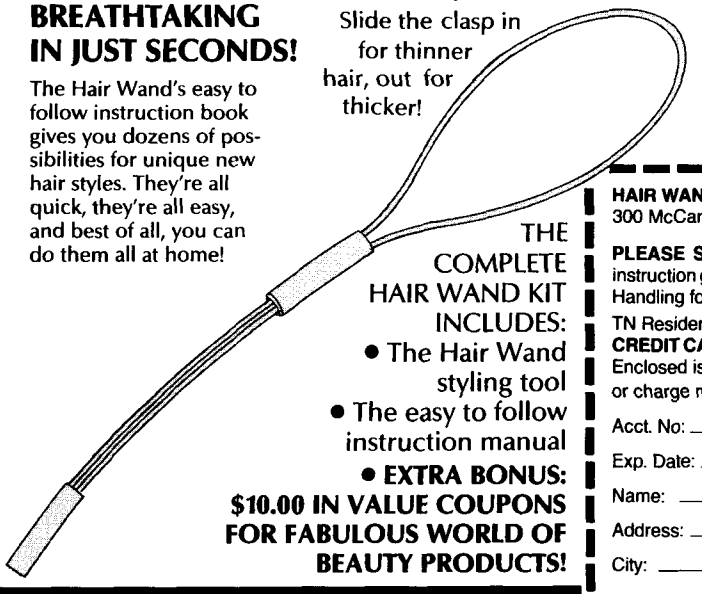

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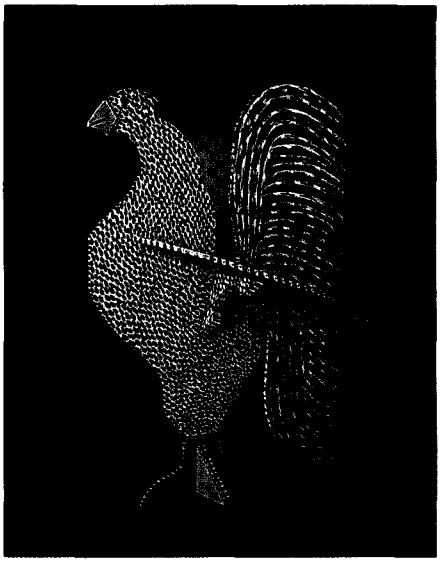


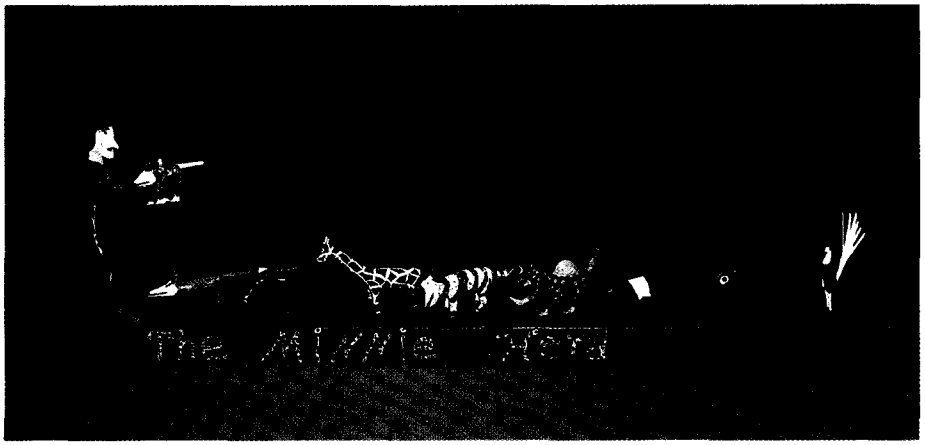
Country crafts are viewed as an uncommon wealth of Kentucky, where folk art flourishes in backwoods studios and public housing workshops.

by Holly G. Miller

No one knows Marvin Finn's age: mid-70s perhaps, but he's not telling. As one of Kentucky's most renowned folk artists, he lives in a Louisville public-housing project and turns out whimsical plywood chickens, roosters, and butterflies from his kitchen workshop. Among his patrons is Phyllis George, former Miss America and former Kentucky first lady, whose personal art collection includes a one-of-a-kind Finn flamingo. The bird—12 feet tall and dressed in a red hula skirt—commands attention even in a collection as large and colorful as George's.

"You don't need a college degree to paint a chicken," Finn responds modestly when asked about his formal art training. He prefers to speak of heaven. He says he's ready but adds that even when the good Lord calls him home, he'll "never quit making toys, because this is heaven to me."

Finn's passion for his craft is typical of the thousands of ingenious artists whose work is being honored in 1993—the Year of the American Craft. It took an act of Congress and a presidential proclamation to launch the na-



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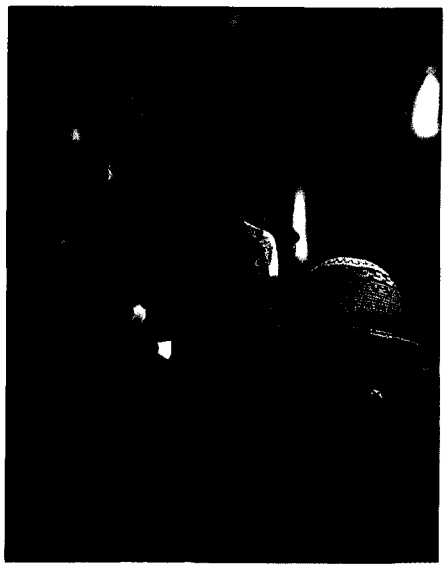
tional salute, but most artisans need no such official encouragement to nudge them to their workshops and studios each day. "I look forward to it all the time," says Finn of the hours spent whittling and painting. "I'm pretty sharp with my imagination, and I just do what my mind tells me to do."

Although the Year of the American Craft is a coast-to-coast celebration, Kentucky has assumed a leading role in the observance. Phyllis George serves as national spokesperson, and the full schedule of festivals, fairs, and exhibits currently unfolding in the Bluegrass State stands as a model for other states. Names of specific events hint at the art form they champion. Among them: Quilt Fest, the Great American Dulcimer Convention, Sheep to Shawl, Homespun Fair, Pieces of the Past, and the Scarecrow Festival. All crafts, primitive and refined, are valued as unique expressions of creativity. The best examples find their way to the trendy Kentucky Art and Craft Gallery in a historic corner of downtown Louisville. Here, collectors find items that are predictable—quilts, baskets, pottery, and jewelry—as well as treasures that are downright curious.

"We once did an exhibit of doghouses and invited folk artists and architects to participate," says Debbie Skaggs, director of operations at the gallery. Among the most unusual single pieces of art shown and sold in



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AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

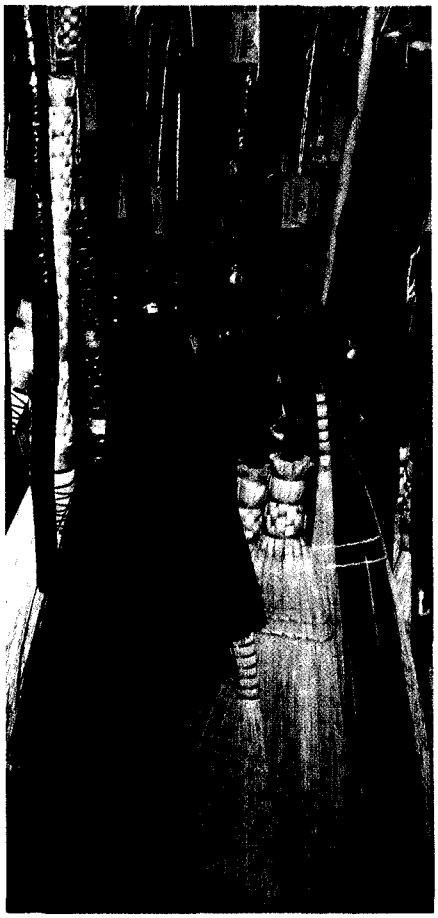
'The air was filled with piercing shrieks, shouts, and confessed acclamations, resembling the wild and maddened tenants of Bedlam. I was told that the Shakers were at worship. . .'—Richmond (Va.) Enquirer, 1825

Seventy years after the death of its last resident, Kentucky's Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill still welcomes visitors through separate doors. About 275,000 guests file into the frame Meeting House annually—men to the east, women to the west—and huddle in seats at opposite sides of the room to learn about the curious sect whose law of celibacy did nothing to boost membership.

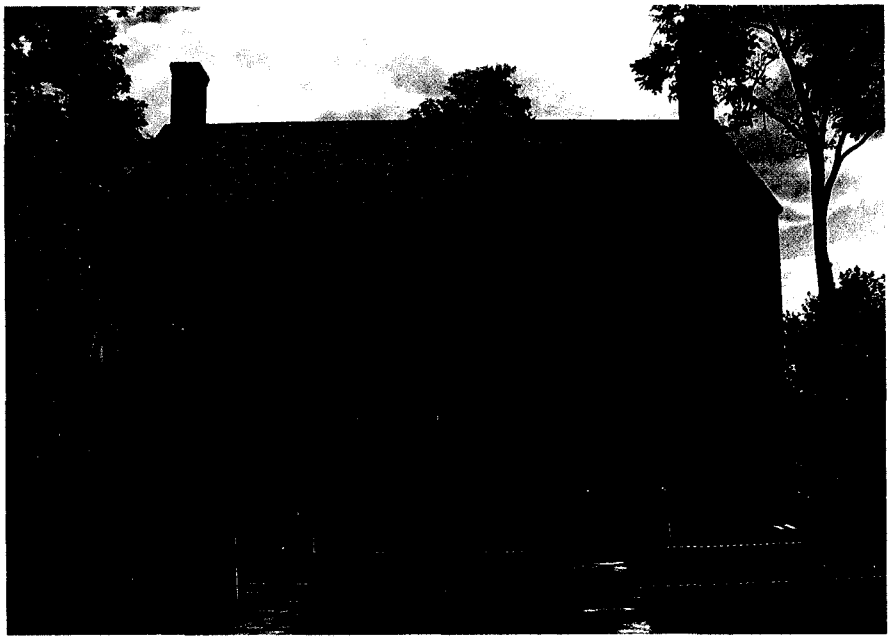
"We make you kindly welcome," says Randy Folger, a music interpreter with a voice so powerful it causes windowpanes to quake during his 15-minute program of Shaker music and lore. He dispels a few myths: the Shakers were *not* overly somber, even though they worked 18 hours a day and ate meals in silence to save time. And, in spite of their wild gyrations when they were moved by the spirit of God, they were serene people with healthy habits that led to a lifespan almost double the national average.

Overnight visitors to Pleasant Hill do more than *hear* about life in a no-frills society; they witness it firsthand. Accommodations are offered in 15 restored buildings where the Shakers once worked and lived. Each room is furnished with handwoven scatter rugs, electrified candles, and surprisingly comfortable, uncluttered wooden furniture. Self-guided tours of the village enable guests to amble through the spacious grounds, wander the 33 original structures, chat with knowledgeable interpreters such as Folger, and witness demonstrations of Shaker crafts. Tightly sewn flat brooms—a Shaker innovation, along with wooden clothespins—are among favorite souvenirs produced within the settlement and available in one of two gift shops.

To showcase Shaker workmanship during the Year of the American Craft, several one- and two-day workshops are set for autumn. Artisans will travel from around the country to join village "residents" in demonstrations and classes in traditional 19th-century crafts such as oval box making, tinware decorating, herbal wreath making, and silhouette cutting.



Practical and innovative people, the Kentucky Shakers were known for their labor-saving inventions. The most famous: the flat broom, still produced at Pleasant Hill.



To accommodate the celibate lifestyle of the Shakers, each residence hall had two entrances, dual stairways, and separate brothers' and sisters' apartments. Men and women ate together but didn't talk during meals.

Visitors for a day or a weekend are quick to adapt to the rural setting and Spartan trappings of the settlement that once was home to 500 believers. Few guests object to the lack of customary tourist amenities: no snack bars, swimming pools, video rooms, or fitness salons can be found on the premises. To the contrary, one "resident" says that some guests are offended by the single concession that Shaker Village makes to modern innkeeping. "We've found our portable televisions pushed inside the closets or hidden under the beds to get them out of sight."

For a calendar of upcoming events, write to Shaker Village of Pleasant Hill, 3500 Lexington Road, Harrodsburg, KY 40330 or call (606) 734-4411.

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the gallery since it opened in 1984: a table-size bowling alley meticulously handcrafted in maple by a blind man. To ensure that the craft collection always includes works by unknown as well as established artists, the curator and marketing director make frequent forays into remote hollows of the state.

"They might be visiting with a weaver in the hills of eastern Kentucky and hear about a neighbor down the road who carves," says Skaggs. Packages of art sometimes arrive at the Main Street gallery carefully wrapped in flour sacks and boxed in Metamucil cartons.

Two Kentucky schools, located miles from each other, encourage the perpetuation of traditional arts and crafts. Berea College, situated south of Lexington, was founded to provide education to mountain students on limited budgets. Concern for the preservation of Appalachian crafts led to the establishment of college-operated student industries such as weaving, broom making, needlecraft, wrought-iron working, and wood turning. Undergraduates are required to work in the Student Labor Program to meet expenses of their education. Spin-off benefits of the program are that young Kentuckians master the arts and crafts of the past, and that the tiny city of Berea has been elevated to mecca status by tourists in search of future heirlooms.

To the east, at Morehead State University, a wildly different kind of art is displayed at the Folk Art Museum. Perhaps because the school's mission statement includes words about "promoting local culture," or perhaps because of the state's enthusiastic support of traditional crafts, the museum has successfully ducked funding cuts that have curbed other educational programs.

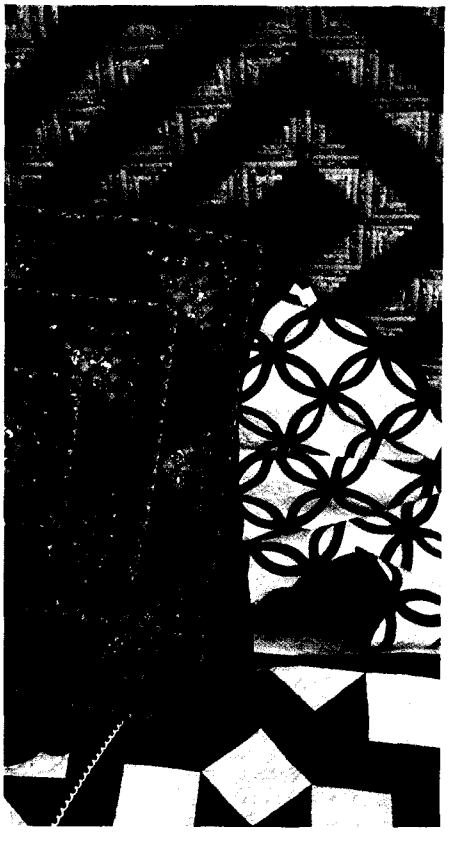
"We decided there was no reason to duplicate what goes on in Berea," explains Adrian Swain, potter and curator. "We opted to channel our interest toward folk art and to take a personal interest in the local artists and what they are producing."

Word quickly spread among area craftsmen that Swain and his museum staff had no rigid standards about what folk art ought to be, but instead appreciated whatever the artists carried in from their rural studios. Walking sticks painted as snakes, fiery red figures of devils, tree branches fashioned as birds and monsters, and whimsical paintings of Noah's ark fill the gallery on the edge of campus. Religious messages, not always spelled right, are scrawled on wooden chests and describe Judgment Day, Hell's Heater, and the Devil's Depoe (depot).

"We try to reflect, not direct, what is going on here," says Swain. "We never suggest to artists what they *should* do. Instead, we give support to people doing creative things."

People such as Marvin Finn: "Maybe the good Lord plants these things in my mind," says Finn of his colorful birds, butterflies, and fish, "because every day I'm making something different."

Dozens of festivals and exhibitions are scheduled to celebrate the Year of the American Craft. For information about Kentucky events, call 1-800-225-TRIP, extension 67, or write: Travel, Dept. M.R., Box 2011, Frankfort, KY 40602. For a state-by-state listing of 1993 craft events, write: Year of the American Craft, American Craft Council, 72 Spring St., New York, NY 10012.



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IN RUSSIA, IT'S ST. PETERSBURG AGAIN

Skies may be gray and the air humid, but the cultural climate is just right in this famous Russian city of Dostoevsky and Tchaikovsky.

by Ted Kreiter

"A stalled train bound for eternity" is what poet Joseph Brodsky called his hometown of St. Petersburg. Today the description is especially apt. The grey landscape of loading cranes and warehouses surrounding this once-bustling port seems all but abandoned since the breakup of the Soviet Union. Out-of-work spy ships, still emblazoned with the hammer and sickle, lie at anchor in the narrow channel that leads to the grim-looking passenger terminal. A brass band on the dock strikes up a hearty welcome for the latest shipload of tourists bringing dollars.

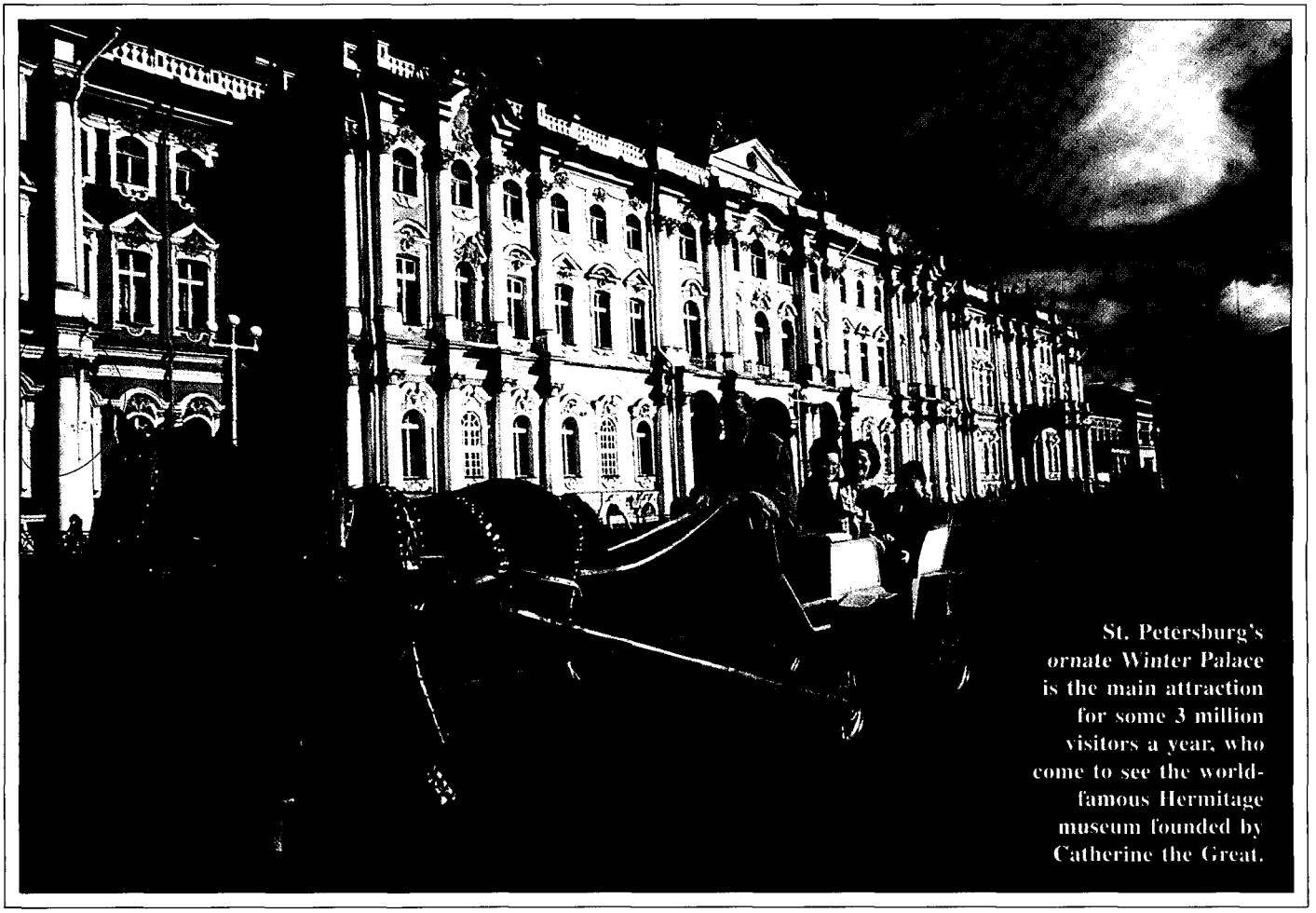
St. Petersburg's customs regulations change at every visit, the captain of *The Song of Norway* complains. "Who knows what they'll want this time?" Nevertheless, he confesses, of all the great cities of the Baltic, this is by far his favorite. He warns, though, that first-time visitors may experience culture shock.

This time there are no problems. Customs officials scrutinize passports and wave passengers through to the burgeoning souvenir market in the parking lot.

Consumer goods may be in short supply in St. Petersburg, but tourist trinkets are plentiful. There's an abundance of amber jewelry; lacquered boxes; caviar; and Matryoshka nest dolls, the kind with Stalin inside Khrushchev, inside Brezhnev, inside Gorbachev, etc., as well as a surplus of military coats and hats, hero medals, army watches, and illustrated guide books that still refer to this city as Leningrad.

The three-hour morning bus tour of St. Petersburg keeps tourists on their toes. The pretty young tour guide, Natasha, a stickler for staying on schedule, thinks nothing of ordering Vladimir, the driver, to drive on, leaving lagging tourists stranded. She makes her toughest stand at the government-run *Beryozka* shop, where, after listening to pleas from friends and relatives of the missing to wait just a few more minutes, she rushes back in a huff to round up the stragglers.

We visit the Cruiser Aurora that



St. Petersburg's ornate Winter Palace is the main attraction for some 3 million visitors a year, who come to see the world-famous Hermitage museum founded by Catherine the Great.

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fired the first shot in the 1917 revolution, the Peter and Paul Fortress where Peter the Great ordered his son tortured to death, the green and white Winter Palace, home of the Czars and now the Hermitage museum. The famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great merits a photo stop, but we breeze by with only a mention of the statues of Lenin at the Finland Station and of Felix Dzerzhinsky, the father of the secret police.

St. Petersburg's streets may be potholed and its buildings and parks shabby, but this city has something other Baltic cities lack—music. Walk all day through Stockholm or Copenhagen and you won't encounter so much as a flute or a fiddle. Here musicians materialize at every turn. Under a light drizzle, outside the Smolney Palace, a trumpet and a trombone serenade us with "She'll be Comin' Around the Mountain." Elsewhere a violinist and flutist render Mozart.

Material things, however, are less plentiful in St. Petersburg. On Nevsky Prospect, the main shopping boulevard, there's precious little shopping to be found. Store shelves are sparsely stocked. People stand along the street with goods for sale, one holding up a purse, another a pair of boots.

An ancient steamroller plugs away at a new strip of asphalt—a drop in the ocean of what needs to be done. Hapless pedestrians are sprayed with asphalt as they try to skirt a puddle. Take a walk through this town and you're due for a visit to the dry cleaners, if there are any to be found.

Yet there is almost a palpable air of pride in this city and a lively regard for the arts. Stands of used books draw flocks of browsers. Makeshift artists' stalls line both sides of Nevsky Prospect for blocks. Here and there a lone restorer is seen dabbing

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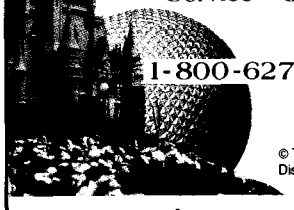

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in vain with a tiny paintbrush at a piece of some aging edifice.

In the afternoon we line up at a ticket window in the Hermitage museum. The entrance fee is 12 rubles, the equivalent of six cents. We offer a dollar bill, which is quickly snatched up. No change is given.

For a while we listen to a tour guide describing a musical crystal chandelier and a Peacock Clock. Then we follow the signs to the 19th Century painting galleries where the crowds are so dense it is impossible to browse. It's also uncomfortably warm. The palace has no air conditioning. There is, however, an effective security system—elderly women seated on stools loudly scold anyone who ventures too close to a painting.

The next day, the sun is shining. Our guide to Pushkin congratulates us on our luck. "We have only about 40 sunny days a year in St. Petersburg," she says.

At Pushkin we tour the famous Catherine Palace, which was destroyed by the Nazis during World War II and has been lovingly restored to its former splendor, which was excessive, to say the least.

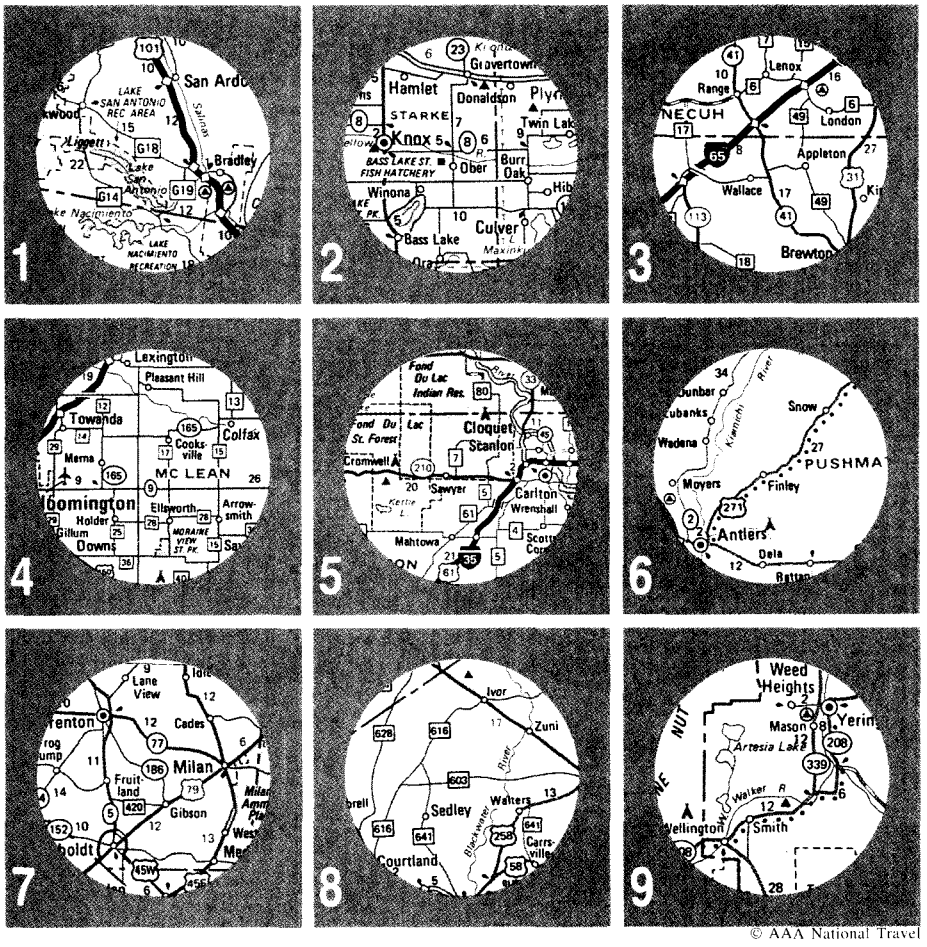
Visitors are required to wear slippers made from carpet squares to protect the intricate parquet floors. They shuffle through the gilded rooms feeling like peasants.

The extravagant Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, commissioned this edifice in 1752. She also converted one of the outbuildings into a playhouse, where guests dined on such delicacies as nightingales' tongues and lips of young elk spread out on fully laid banquet tables that were raised through the floor from the basement. By the end of Elizabeth's reign, the guide says, only six rubles remained in the treasury.

On the return to St. Petersburg, we drive slowly around Victory Square where a 100-foot granite obelisk commemorates the defenders of Leningrad. A million residents died during the 900-day siege in World War II. "The defenders were determined not to let the city fall to the Germans," the guide says. "And they didn't."

In the afternoon, a Russian pilot comes aboard to navigate us out through the treacherous channel. He calls out new readings every few meters. Children wave from the shore as we pass by. The captain and crew wave back. Our last view is of golden domes and spires gleaming against a sullen sky. From this distance at least, St. Petersburg looks like the city Peter the Great had once envisioned, a mighty Paris of the north, which someday it may become.

The Song of Norway makes six tours of the Baltic this summer from June 23 to August 22. The 12-night cruise begins in Harwich, England, stopping at six Scandinavian cities, including a two-day visit to St. Petersburg, Russia. Prices range from $2,795 to $5,895. For information, call Royal Caribbean Cruises Ltd., (305) 539-6000.



© AAA National Travel

Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state, or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains, and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you find the game too easy (but you won't), try to guess the theme of this month's map game.

(Answers on page 87)

How to Buy a Computer

continued from page 47

than, losing his computer means losing money. I've found that computers have an uncanny knack for breaking down in the middle of the most important project you've ever done. So, being able to get a loaner is a great advantage.

References. If you're buying from a well-known dealer (mail order or local), references may not be necessary. But in most cities, there are dozens of smaller, lesser-known dealers, most of whom sell quality merchandise. Just to make sure, though, it's a good idea to talk to a satisfied customer or two.

With technology changing so rapidly, chances are that within a few years you'll be buying another computer or at least upgrading the one you have. So, try to establish rapport with an informed salesperson who has

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your best interests at heart and who will keep you up to date on the latest technology.

What About Software?

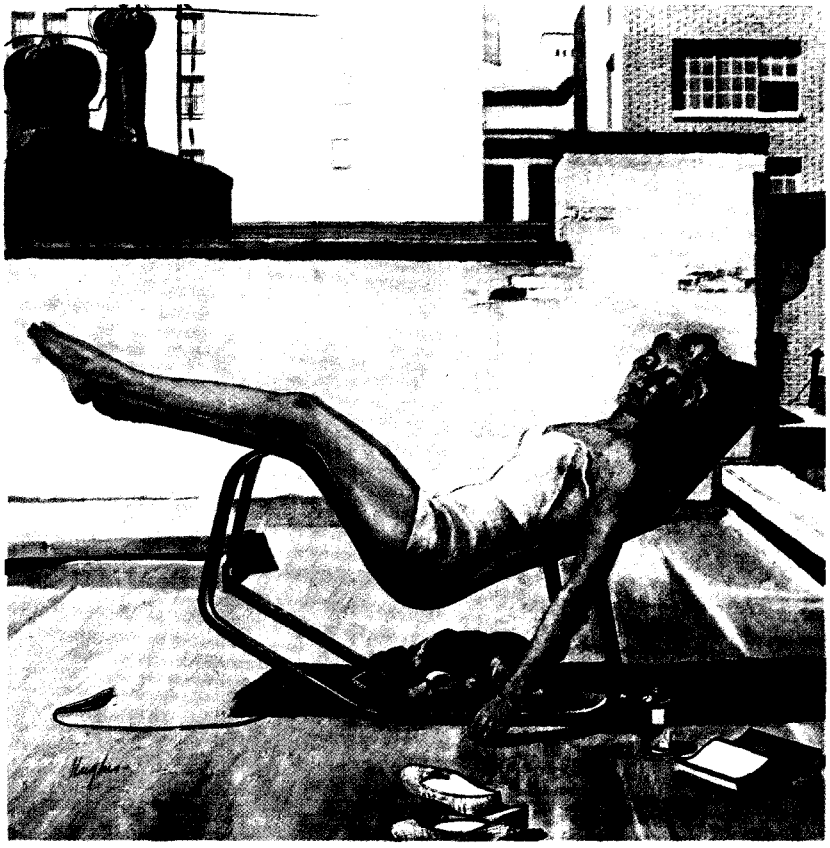
Getting your dream computer at a price you're happy with is only half the battle. Because computer prices are so competitive, almost any one you buy will include some software (often already installed). But what your salesperson wants to give you might not be exactly what you need.

For home users like Phillis, the solution is simple; all you need are two programs: the most current version of Windows and Microsoft Works. Works is a great program that includes a basic word processing program (for almost all your writing needs), a spreadsheet (for basic financial management), and a database (ideal for mailing lists, statistics, etc.). In addition, Works includes specialized programs for such needs as balancing your checkbook and updating your personal telephone book. Meanwhile, Windows will enable you to be up and running within a few minutes after you take your computer out of the box.

For business users, the choices are more complex. There are programs available (unfortunately, too many to discuss here) for every conceivable business application from tax planning and inventory control to brochure publishing and dental office management. Because this dazzling array of choices can be overwhelming, you need a salesperson you can trust. When checking out software, make sure the manufacturer offers unlimited customer service *and* a toll-free telephone number.

What About Cost?

Phillis's desktop 386 system should cost about $1,000, including software, while Jonathan's 486 notebook will run closer to $2,000. Other things they'll either need now or may want later include: a printer (about $200 for dot-matrix, which is okay for letters and first drafts; $500 for ink jet; and $1,000 for laser, which is essential for producing professional-quality documents). You also may need a modem for telephone communications (under $100) and a CD-ROM ($500, including software).



Can you name this picture?

. . . contest: *The Saturday Evening Post* will award $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry must be a limerick of exactly five lines.

Send your entry on a postcard. Entries will not be returned. Enter as many times as you wish.

Send entries to: Limerick Contest, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

All eligible caption entries must be postmarked by Aug. 10, 1993.

The winner of the July/August 1993 contest will be announced in the Nov./Dec. 1993 issue.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Jean Dorrell of Vidor, Tex., for the winning entry in our March/April 1993 caption contest.

They dream of the day when they're grown
And take to the road on their own.
They'll be envied by guys,
Win the girls that they prize,
And old Tex will be left all alone.

Bug Off, But Beware

continued from page 25

Because of alarming reports in the medical literature, New York state recently banned all products with more than 30 percent DEET. However, the ban was later overturned because of legal technicalities.

That's the bad news.

The good news: The marketplace has recently responded to consumer concerns by producing nontoxic insect repellents.

The new products, which appear to be quite effective, contain such herbal oils as citronella, cedarwood, eucalyptus, and lemongrass. These oils smell pleasant to humans, but insects hate them.

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Citronella is the most widely used repellent oil. Grown primarily in China, its pungent extract is especially powerful against mosquitoes and flies. Cedarwood has been used for many years to keep moths away from fabrics. Eucalyptus and lemongrass are broad-spectrum repellents with sharp, distinct odors that insects find objectionable.

"These oils have been used for centuries," says Mark Blumenthal, director of the American Botanical Council. "For example, the Latin word for pennyroyal is *mentha pulegium,* or 'flea mint.' The Romans used pennyroyal collars on dogs to repel fleas."

Why do certain plants repel bugs? "One theory," says Blumenthal, "is that these plants survived through natural selection because they were able to ward off insect predators."

There have been no adverse reactions to the natural repellents, according to the NCPC. Ironically, though, natural formulations can make no claims of safety and effectiveness because technically they're not classified as repellents. Government guidelines allow only DEET products to be called repellents.

"In spite of governmental claim restrictions," says Janette Grainger, coauthor of *National Insect Repellents for Pets, People, & Plants*, "I find the natural products to be very effective—no question about it. I just wish more people knew about them."

From a strictly personal standpoint, I'm delighted I discovered this category of natural formulations. My wife and I still have to spray our child with a repellent before we play outdoors with him.

But we no longer have to worry about it.

Strokes of Genius

continued from page 22

works of his heroes Norman Rockwell, N.C. Wyeth, J.C. Leyendecker, and other standouts from the golden age of illustration.

"They had a timeless quality," he explains. "All of them were commercial artists—illustrators—but their work is represented today as fine art. Why? Because it is so appealing; it bridges the gap between fine art and commercial art. I want my work to do that. I want my work to have that same quality, so no matter what the time frame—10 or 20 years from now—somebody will look at it and say, 'That's so beautiful, I'd like to buy a print of that and hang it in my home.' That's the kind of painting I want to do."

The Breakable Cup

continued from page 70

caterpillar, remembering it minutely, the porcelain glossiness, its bulging seg-ments, the yellow dots be-coming gold in his recol-lection. It had more than a little in common with the cup, for it was beautiful; but it was also ugly. The cup was truly beautiful, and it was more. It was a thing of civilization. It be-stowed dignity upon him. To drink from it was an honor as well as a pleas-ure. The caterpillar was a funny little animal, with its own life to lead, eating leaves, and crawling up and down in the dusk of the tomato vines. To the woman at the table, he said gravely, "This is a breakable cup, isn't it?"

"It could hardly be more so," she replied.

"Maggie wouldn't let me touch it," he said. "But my mother says tea always tastes better from a breakable cup."

"Your mother is a woman after my own heart," said the daughter-in-law.

"Yes," said the very old woman, happily. "My daughter would never serve me tea in anything but a breakable cup."

You Be the Judge

by José Schorr

When school let out, husky 16-year-old Zeke was ordered by his father to work on the family farm "or else." That wasn't Zeke's idea of a vacation, so he lit out and spent a leisurely summer with an uncle. Later the uncle sued Zeke's father for the boy's board, spending money, and new clothes.

"I didn't ask you to take care of Zeke," the father said. "The law doesn't require me to reimburse every soft-hearted person who heaps handouts on a child of mine."

"You practically refused to support Zeke if he didn't work on the farm," the uncle repied. "When a parent won't support a child, he is liable to whoever does. You let me keep him all summer without paying me a cent."

If you were the judge, would you make dad pay?

Dad did not have to pay. The court said he would have had to pay if he had "cast his son out helpless upon the world," but to make him responsible under the circumstances might incite unruly children "to set at naught all reasonable parental control" by threatening to walk out if not given their way.

Based upon a 1937 Indiana decision.

Getting Classic with Arnold

continued from page 39

good nutrition and regular exercise—with weight training as only one of many possible activities—are crucial for a long and healthy life. "Most people say, 'I just want a balance in life,' " Scott says. " 'I realize I'm living inside this house called my body and that I want to keep my house in shape. I have other interests in life.' "

Scott, Frank Zane, Bill Pearl, and eight-time Mr. Olympia Lee Haney mingled with and inspired the crowd. In a separate room, hundreds of autograph hunters mobbed the legend himself, Arnold Schwarzenegger, who patiently posed for photos with fans and bodybuilding hopefuls.

In the exposition hall next door to the Schwarzenegger Classic, a dizzying display of fitness gear for every conceivable body part was assembled. One manufacturer pitched a Butt Blaster. A competitor hawked a Bun Burner. Seven machines alone simulated running up stairs, price tags ranging upwards of $3,500.

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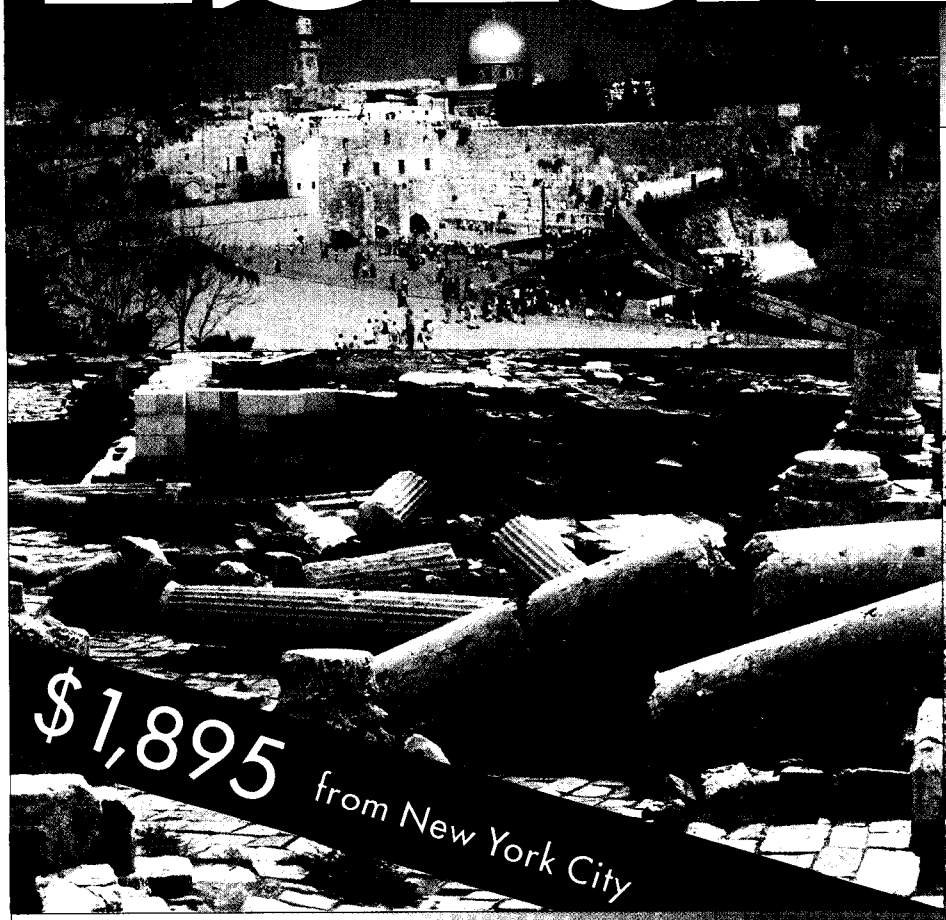

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looking machinery and the highly toned professional bodies, however, many gym owners came with the health of average folks in mind. Schwarzenegger urged them in seminars to open their facilities to seniors, children, inner-city youth, and Native Americans, the primary targets during his three-year tenure as chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness & Sports.

"We have made tremendous progress," he said. "The American people are getting fitter, more people are working out, more people are going to health clubs. But the older adults have been left behind." He encouraged gym owners to start classes where groups of seniors could exercise together, be guided through stretching and exercises, and learn nutrition information.

Forty-eight-year-old Mike Katz, a former Mr. Universe and football player for the New York Jets during the Joe Namath era, owns two gymnasiums where seniors can get advice on specific exercises. "I have people in our World Gyms in Connecticut in their 70s and 80s who are weight training and conditioning. They look like they're in their 50s and act like they're in their 20s," he says. "One of the things I like so much is exercise relieves a lot of stress."

Some of Scott's older clients have started very out of shape, become healthier over time, then, often to their own surprise, competed at master bodybuilding competitions. "If you told them when they first came in that they were going to end up being in a master's competition," Scott says, "they'd laugh you to scorn."

Fitness always foremost on his mind, Schwarzenegger also pushed for people at the other end of life's calendar. Young or old, male or female, bodybuilding is a sport that athletes of all ages can enjoy. "There's something really strange in the way children and adults are separated in this country," he has noticed. "When I was a child in Germany, when my father went out to play soccer, we went with him. If he went swimming, we went swimming. If he went biking, we went biking. Parents in this country may exercise, but most leave their children at home. So you see these guys in great shape talking about working out two hours a day and their kids are sitting at home in front of the TV becoming dumplings."

That's a situation that will change if Arnold has anything to say about it—and he does. ★

Lighten Up

continued from page 20

Cook beets if fresh or drain if canned, saving ⅓ cup juice. To beet juice, add olive oil, vinegar, lemon juice, garlic, and chopped onions. Mix well and pour over the beets. Refrigerate two hours before serving.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 74 Carbohydrate: 8.8 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.3 gm
Sodium: 52 mg Fat: 3.6 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1½ vegetable + 1 fat

♥ ♥ ♥

Green Beans and Red Onion Salad
(Makes 3 servings)

½ pound fresh green beans, trimmed
1 small red onion, cut into thin slices
1 tablespoon fresh dill or 1 teaspoon dried dill

Dressing:
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon olive oil
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
½ teaspoon black pepper

In large saucepan cook beans until crisp but tender. Drain. Cool and combine with onion and dill.

Make dressing by whisking together ingredients in small bowl. Pour dressing over salad. Chill before serving.

Per Serving (about ½ cup):
Calories: 93 Carbohydrate: 9.1 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 2.4 gm
Sodium: 89 mg Fat: 5.2 gm
Diabetic exchange: 2 vegetables + 1 fat

♥ ♥ ♥

Garlic Green Bean Salad
(Makes 6 servings)

1 pound fresh green beans, cut diagonally
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 red onions, finely sliced
1 teaspoon garlic powder or 1 clove garlic minced
½ teaspoon black pepper

Cook green beans over medium heat until tender. Drain and chill by running cold water over them.

Heat olive oil in small frying pan, add onions, garlic, and black pepper.

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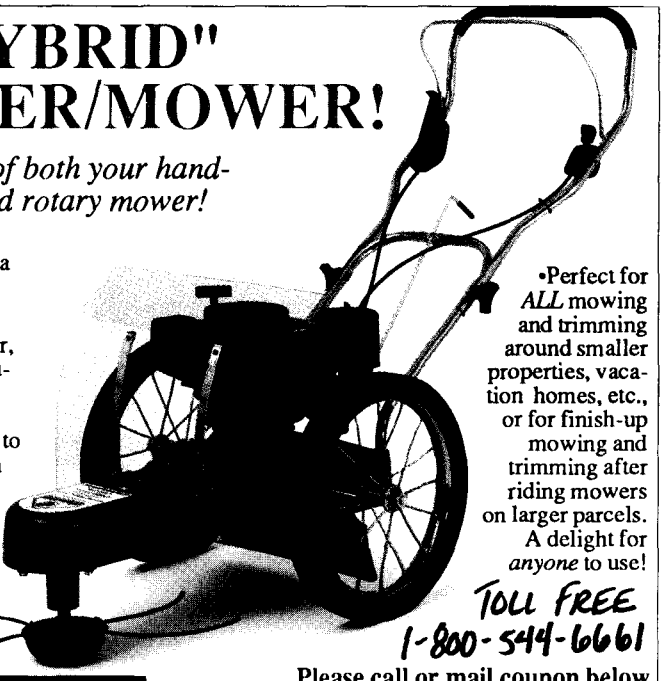

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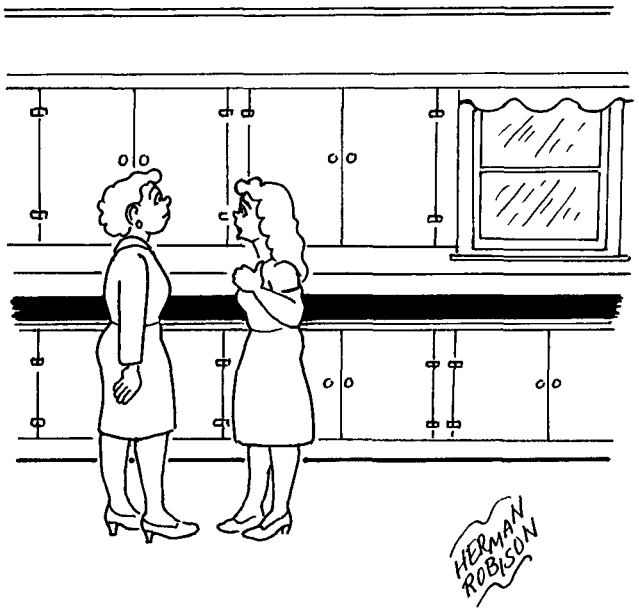
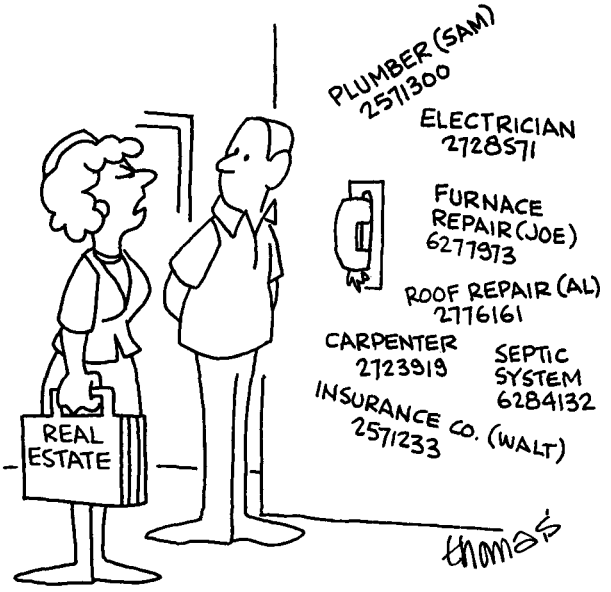


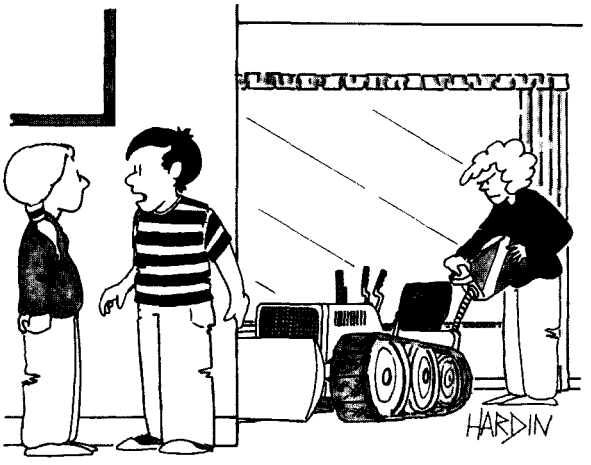
"Charlie saved a bundle by building our cabinets himself . . . . that is, if you don't count what the hospital charged for sewing his thumb back on."

HOME IMPROVEMENTS

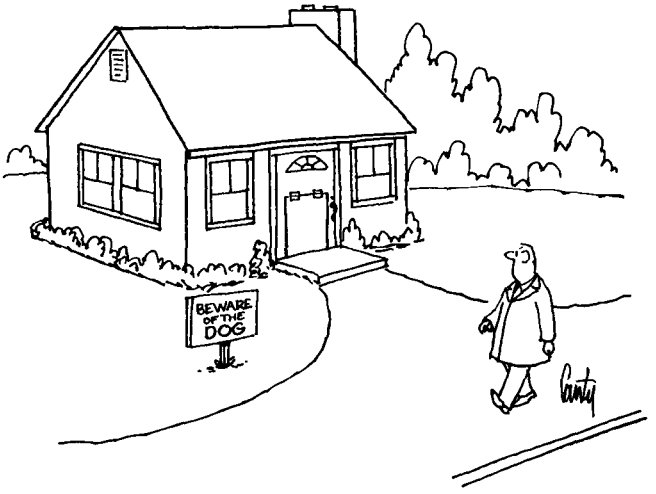
"Things are going too smoothly . . . let's remodel the house!"



"May I suggest that you do a little painting before we show the house?"



"I think we'd better go clean our rooms—Mom's getting serious."



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Toss together until onions are transparent and crunchy. Cool.

Combine onion mixture with cooked green beans and toss lightly until combined.

Refrigerate at least one hour or overnight if desired.

Per Serving (½ cup):
Calories: 84 Carbohydrate: 8.0 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 1.9 gm
Sodium: 8 mg Fat: 4.9 gm
Diabetic exchange: 1 vegetable + 1 fat

♥ ♥ ♥

Eggplant Spread

(Makes about 3 cups)

3 eggplants, about 1 pound each
⅓ cup fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon herbed vinegar
1 tablespoon minced onion
Garnish with tomato wedges, black olives, and fresh parsley

Prick eggplants with fork or score with knife and bake at 350° F until tender. Cool and peel. Take out seeds and coarsely chop the pulp.

In blender, combine eggplant, lemon juice, olive oil, herbed vinegar, and onion. Process until smooth. Garnish and serve as dip.

Per Serving: (1 tablespoon)
Calories: 12 Carbohydrate: 1.3 gm
Cholesterol: 0 mg Protein: 0.3 gm
Sodium: trace Fat: 0.6 gm
Diabetic exchange: 4 tablespoons = 1 vegetable + ½ fat

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Where Do You Think You Are?

(answers from page 80)
(Theme: Television network news personalities)

1. Bradley, CA
2. Donaldson, IN
3. Wallace, AL
4. Downs, IL
5. Sawyer, MN
6. Moyers, OK
7. Gibson, TN
8. Walters, VA
9. Smith, NV

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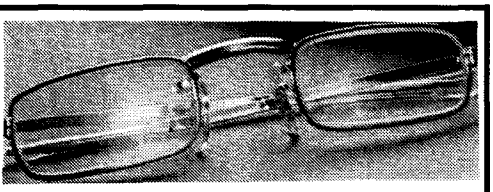

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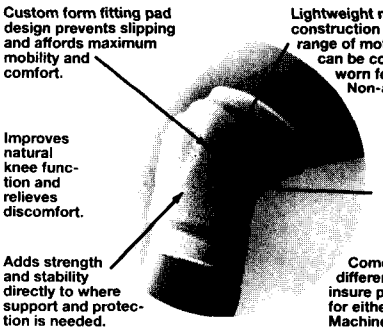
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MEDICAL MAILBOX
by Cory SerVaas M.D.

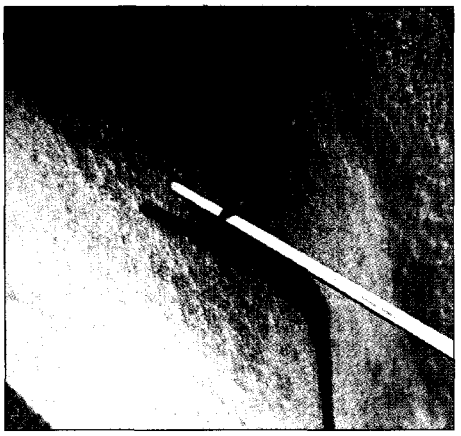
"Your only insurance against tomorrow is what you do today."—*Sir William Osler*

Skin Tag Connection

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing to request your assistance in locating information I recall reading in your column some years ago on the possible relation of skin tags to colon cancer. I have been unsuccessful in finding this article but am hoping that you can help point me in the right direction.

In the past month or so I have noticed about 40 little skin tags beginning to grow mostly on my neck and chest, but also on my arms and trunk. I am a 41-year-old woman who has had several bouts of irritable bowel syndrome in the past and have a family history of cancer. I've thought about going to my doctor, but I'd like to be able to take the article with me if at all possible.



Skin tags, which usually appear on the neck and chest, can best be described as little outgrowths of skin. We draw attention to them because the presence of skin tags has been associated with the formation of polyps in the colon, a precancerous condition.

I would deeply appreciate any information you can give me. Thank you in advance for the attention given to my request. Although I enjoy all the features in *The Saturday Evening Post*, your column is my favorite, and it is usually the first thing I read.

A New Jersey reader

You're quite right. We reported on the relationship between skin tags and polyps in the colon in the July/August 1987 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. A photocopy is being sent to you.

According to the National Cancer Institute, the appearance of skin tags may indicate the development of polyps in the colon. A study done at the Veterans Hospital in Miami showed that out of 46 patients found to have colonic polyps, 37 of those also had skin tags. Skin tags were more than 75 percent accurate in pinpointing the presence of polyps in the colon.

Most of the tags were found on the upper trunk or neck area. Having skin tags does not mean that a person has a colon problem, but skin tags may indicate one is at risk. Skin tags are not considered precancerous, but polyps in the colon usually are. A gastroenterologist will no doubt recommend a colonoscopy, flexible sigmoidoscopy, or possibly an air-contrast barium enema. This is especially important when there have been bouts with irritable bowel syndrome and a family history of cancer. One is three to four times as likely to get cancer if a first-degree relative, such as a parent, had it.

With such a family history, one should have a sigmoidoscopy or a colonoscopy regularly. It also would be good to increase dietary fiber gradually because this seems to help prevent certain types of colon cancer. Eating foods high in beta carotene, also known as vitamin A, plus vitamins E and C would be beneficial. These antioxidant vitamins also show promise in helping prevent cancer. It would be best not to ignore polyps, which can be viewed as a possible warning sign of cancer.

Help for Burning Feet

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My mother suffers from what is called "burning feet." Her feet are cool to the touch, but inside they are burning hot. The doctors told her there was no cure for her affliction, and they ascribed her problem to "weakness of the nerves." Is there any means to alleviate her intolerable pain?

Any suggestion will be greatly appreciated. Thanks in advance.

Moses Abajian
Glendale, California

We forwarded your letter to Dr. H.J. Roberts, West Palm Beach, Fla. His response follows:

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"Physicians and their consultants are frequently confronted with the problem of unexplained "burning feet" of prolonged duration. In approaching such a person's suffering, certain causes must be specifically sought out when conventional tests fail to reveal a primary or aggravating cause. The following have been frequently encountered in my consultation practice:

- Diabetes mellitus ("sugar diabetes")
- Severe reactive hypoglycemia ("low blood sugar attacks")
- Thrombophlebitis (irritation of the deep veins in the lower extremities)
- Habitual leg crossing, with compression of nerves in the legs and feet
- The wearing of tight girdles, garters, and shoelaces with compression of nerves
- Unrecognized poisoning (toxic neuritis) due to certain heavy metals—including lead (coming from drinking water, cans, hair dye), mercury and arsenic (for example, as contaminants of dolomite and bone meal)
- Vitamin B_{12} and folate deficiency (pernicious anemia, previous removal of the right colon and cecum)
- Hypothyroidism (underactive thyroid)
- Chronic alcoholism
- Certain infections involving the nerves

"Doctors may wish to perform tests for these disorders in appropriate clinical situations. They include a glucose-tolerance test for abnormalities of the blood sugar, TSH for an underactive thyroid, hair analysis and blood or urine tests for toxic metal concentrations, and blood analysis for vitamin B_{12} and folate concentrations.

"In an attempt to afford relief, it is important to recognize that multiple causes, such as those listed, may exist. Frequent feedings, including during the night, may be helpful for persons with low blood sugar attacks. One should avoid leg crossing, tight garments, improper shoes (especially with flat feet), and any drugs or chemicals that might cause a toxic neuritis. Proper treatment of an underactive thyroid or diabetes is obvious. Additional treatments that seem to have helped many persons include modest doses of vitamin B_1 or thiamine (such as 100 mg), vitamin B_6 or pyridoxine (generally no more than 100 mg), chromium (100-200 mcg) to reduce the wasting of insulin, folic acid, and vitamin B_{12}.

"I must emphasize that the treatment of burning feet should not be worse than the condition itself. For example, *many* patients cannot tolerate the so-called nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory drugs, such as ibuprofen, because they frequently result in severe irritation of the stomach and intestine."

Kudos for Folic Acid

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In the "Medical Mailbox" of your March/April issue, you had an article on folic acid. I had a miscarriage due to a neural tube defect and am now taking folic acid. My question is about the amount—your article said Beverly Hudnut took 4 mg, but my doctor gave me a prescription for 1 mg. If you have any information regarding dosage, would you please send me the name of the article so I could look it up and give it to my doctor? By the way, keep publishing all that helpful medical information! Doctors are not forthcoming with it—I had to request the folic acid from my doctor, and when my nurse confided that she had just had her second miscarriage, I urged her to demand it from her doctor also. This is such a simple yet important practice—why are doctors ignorant of it? It is frustrating and frightening to feel that *we* are the ones responsible for being up to date on medical care instead of our highly paid doctors. I will appreciate any information you can send. Please do not use my name in your column. Thank you.

Name withheld
Minneapolis, Minnesota

On July 20, 1991, the medical journal, *Lancet*, published a study, "Prevention of Neural Tube Defects: Results of the Medical Research Council Vitamin Study." The dosage of folic acid given to women in the study who had previously conceived a child with a neural tube defect (NTD) was 4.0 mg. The study concluded that 72 percent of neural tube defects were prevented by taking 4.0 mg of folic acid before and during pregnancy. In August 1991, the Centers for Disease Control issued a guideline for women who have had a previous pregnancy affected by NTD, and who are planning to start a new pregnancy, that calls for a prescription of 4.0 mg daily dose from at least one month before conception through the first three months of pregnancy.

All studies agree that the timing of the folic acid is crucial. The baby's neural tube closes during the first few weeks of pregnancy, a time when most women do not yet realize they are pregnant. This is why it is important for all women of childbearing age to obtain adequate folic acid. For the purpose of reducing their risk of having a pregnancy affected with spina bifida or other NTDs, the U.S. Public Health Service recommends all women of childbearing age in the United States who are capable of becoming pregnant should take daily folate supplements.

In the United States, vitamin products containing 1.0mg or more of folic acid are restricted to prescription. The reasoning given for the restriction is that high doses of folic acid can mask B_{12} deficiency tests for pernicious anemia. Our favorite B_{12} researcher, Dr. Christian Jansen insists, however, that no one would ever get pernicious anemia if

"Don't tell me I'm healthy after spending two hours in your waiting room!"

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they simply supplemented their diet with one half to one milligram of B_{12}. This seems simple enough for any woman to do, but women of childbearing age aren't prime candidates for pernicious anemia anyway.

It is well and good to increase the folate to 4.0 mg in women *who have had a NTD baby*, but what about the women who have NTD babies with no such history? Most women who give birth to these infants show *no history of risk*. Consequently, we believe folate supplementation should be taken by all sexually active women as a pre-conception precaution.

Rollercoaster Swings

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Could anyone help me? Does anyone have a similar problem to mine? My problem is that I am happy one day and down in the dumps the next. Every other day I go from near euphoria to near depression the following day.

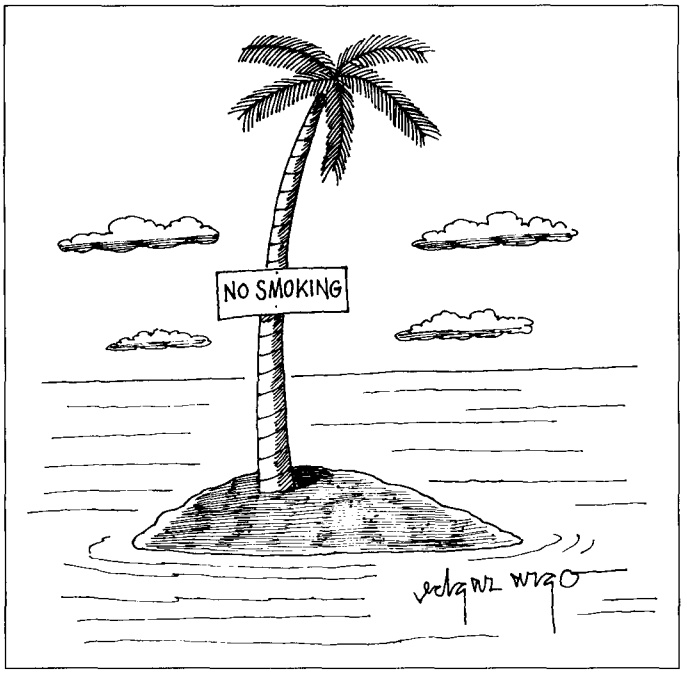
I have asked different doctors about my problem because I feel sure it is something physiological. Do you know of any biological feedback or hormone "on-and-off switch" that could be causing my problem?

I am not at all interested in seeing a psychiatrist or psychologist as I am totally convinced that this is physiological. Have you ever heard of such a problem? What kind of medical specialist might know about the hormones or enzymes in the body that could be causing these daily ups followed by daily downs. The higher the UP one day, the lower the DOWN is likely to be the following day.

I would appreciate advice from anyone who suffers from such a problem.

Dolores Simpson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

For starters, we would suggest you see an endocrinologist or an internist who is in a research department of a large medical center. A diabetologist also might have some insights into mood swings, as diabetologists deal with rising and falling blood sugar levels.



Although you rule out psychiatrists, they deal with mood swings more exaggerated than yours probably are. It is conceivable that a psychiatrist might have some theories about the medical cause of your diurnal ups and downs.

We wish we could discover the cause of your swings. We're printing your letter in the hopes that a reader may shed some light on this unusual problem. It may be less rare than you think. But what you need is the cause and a remedy.

Countering Hurt Feelings

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My name is Csilla. It is a Hungarian name. I'm eight years old, and I was born missing my left forearm. Other kids make fun of me or stare at me like I'm from outer space. I need some advice to know what to say to them. I try to ignore them, but I can't. My feelings get hurt. I'm really just like anybody else. Please help me.

Csilla
California

Have you heard about an arm prosthesis? It is a man-made body part that looks like the real thing. A prosthesis is something that would make all the difference in the world for you. There is a place that provides prostheses for children who need it but can't afford it. If your parents' insurance doesn't pay for it, they could probably get it from a company in Detroit called Brenner Orthotics and Prosthetics Lab (313-838-0400). Actors and actresses pay the lab to help children like you. They raise money for the lab to make the parts so children feel less self-conscious. Isn't that wonderful?

Kevin Saunders, center, world champion wheelchair athlete, serves as a role model and inspiration to children worldwide.

Kevin Saunders, world champion wheelchair athlete, is paralyzed from the waist down after surviving an accident. Saunders is physically challenged and is having a marvelous time teaching handicapped kids and others how great it is to be physically fit. He has muscles like Arnold Schwarzenegger's. "The mind and body working together can accomplish great things," Saunders says.

Entex Helped Her Nosebleeds

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In your March/April '93 issue, Carolyn Adams of Memphis, Tenn., wrote for information on nosebleeds. I'd like to tell you about something that has helped me.

I have hereditary hemorrhagic telangiectasis. Nosebleed

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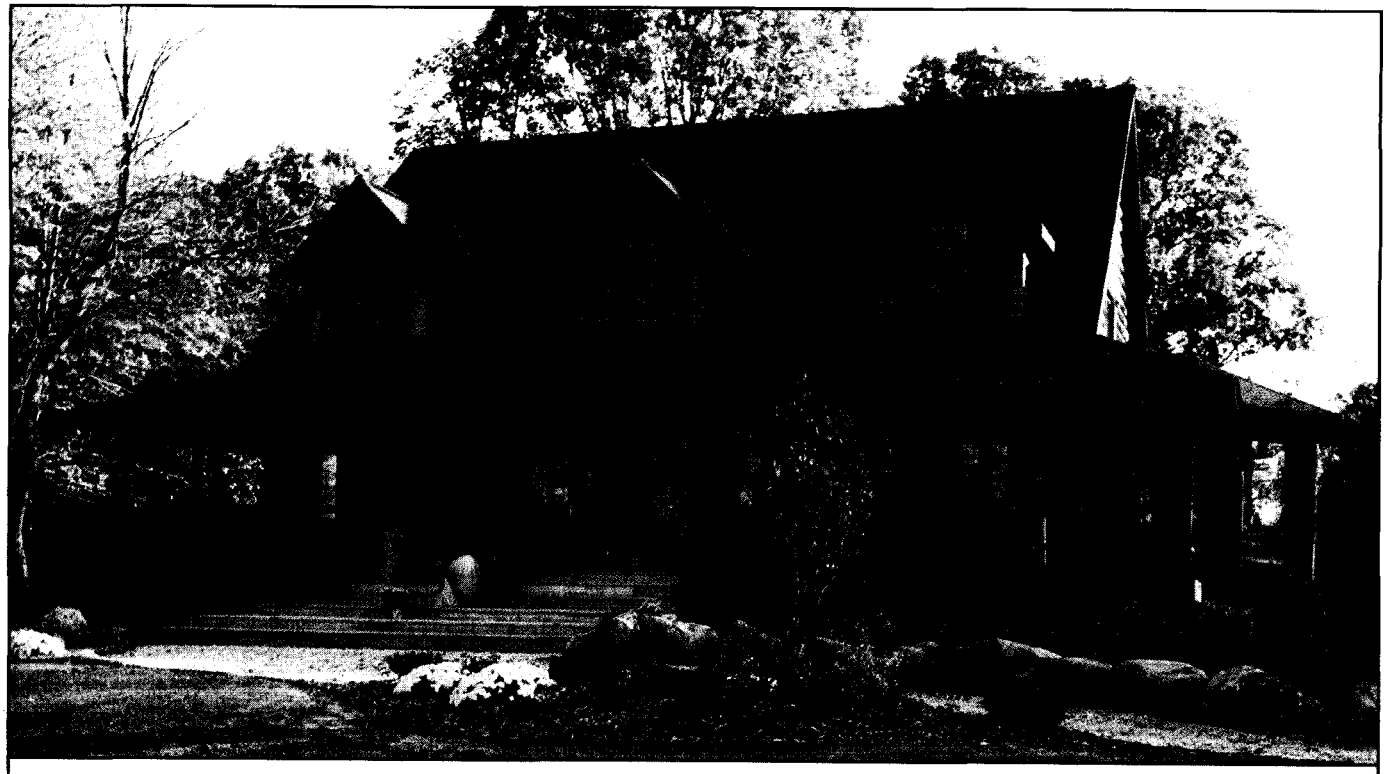

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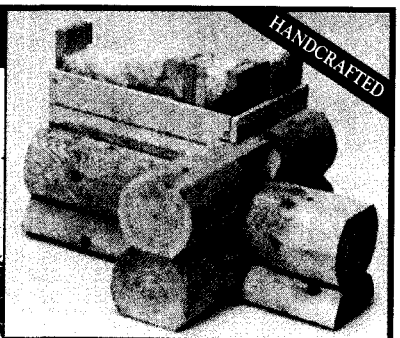

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is part of it. For years I have had severe nosebleeding, and so have several members of my family who have this disease. My brother's doctor gave him Entex for his nosebleed, which helped so much. He told me about it, and I asked my doctor about it. He gave a prescription, and I've taken it several months now. Before, my nose bled at least once a day (and I do mean bled). Now it seldom bleeds more than once a week. You can get Entex in generic brand, which is about half the cost of the name-brand drug. My brother and I started off taking one in the morning and one at night. Then after about a month we just take one a day. It really works. A doctor will have to prescribe it for them. I have had absolutely no side effects. I'm 81 years old, and I have had nosebleeds regularly during the past 50 years.

Maybelle S. Duke
Athens, Louisiana

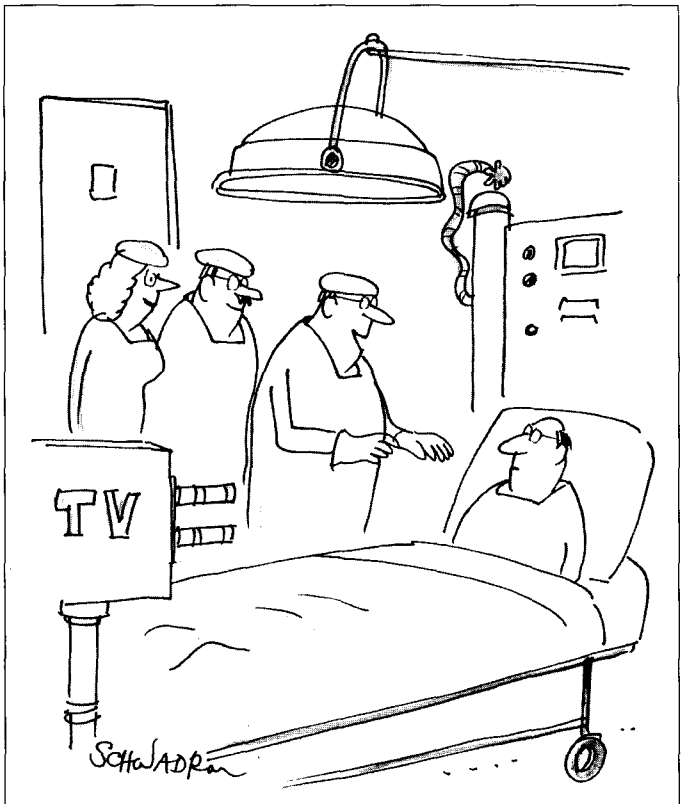
Thanks for your helpful letter. Entex contains 45 mg phenylpropanolamine, 5 mg phenylephrine, and 200 mg guiafenesin. Phenylpropanolamine and phenylephrine are both vasoconstrictors. They cause the blood vessels in the nose (or wherever) to constrict. This is beneficial in stopping or preventing bleeding. Because the blood vessels are constricted, it also may cause high blood pressure in those vulnerable to it, so doctors check a patient before prescribing it.

More on Donations

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I heard you discuss on a talk show the subject of donating body parts, and how even elderly people have useful parts after death for transplanting. Do medical schools need cadavers for students? Can one have a traditional funeral with viewing and have the remains contributed to the medical school? Whom do I ask about this? If one has colon cancer, can they still use part of the body?

Margaret Keller
South Bend, Indiana



"I'm Dr. Hastings, the surgeon. Dr. Mundsy will call the play-by-play, and nurse Wilkerson will do the color commentary."

If someone dies suddenly, there's almost zero time to make inquiries about whom to call to deliver the body from the mortuary. Notifying relatives and friends and making funeral arrangements all takes precedence over any thoughts of lives that could be saved before the body is buried and its treasures go to waste.

Admiral Joe Synhorst (left) died because there were no lungs available for him. Congressman Floyd Spence (right) had more advanced lung disease than Admiral Synhorst, but he was fortunate in getting a pair of new lungs at the University of Mississippi Medical Center. He's back in Congress.

All medical schools use cadavers, and one can call any medical school to find out information about cadaver use in a particular area. I believe elderly people can donate their skin for burn patients and other parts, too.

Yes, one can have a traditional funeral. If one wishes to donate body parts, the organs would be removed as quickly as possible and the body would then be made suitable for viewing. In some instances, anatomical associations have adopted a policy that would allow viewing of the body, embalmed by their procedures, then donated after the funeral to the medical institution for studies.

You asked about cancer. Yes, they can use some body parts from people who have had cancer.

Most states have their own rules. You should contact the Indiana Organ Procurement Organization. The telephone number is 1-800-356-7757. The American Red Cross headquarters in Washington, D.C., has a tissue-donation department.

You also might ask the funeral director when making plans in advance. You can state that you would like your body parts contributed.

Thousands of people die each year because there aren't enough donated organs.

Think Zinc

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In answer to the letter in the May/June *SatEvePost*,

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about body odor, that her daughter was bothered with: Some years ago I read of a young man who had this problem. He was advised to take zinc. How much, I do not know, but gathered that it took care of the problem. She might try it. Of course, a professional should advise about the proper daily amount.

S. Bullock
Elizabethton, Tennessee

Zinc is a component of dozens of enzymes including some that metabolize protein, carbohydrates, and alcohol. It plays a role in the body's synthesis of protein. It helps to build bones, affects the sense of taste and smell, works to rid the blood of carbon dioxide, is involved in the making of DNA and RNA, and helps in wound healing.

Doctors and dentists frequently prescribe zinc for their patients who have had surgery. The faster tissue heals, the less chance there is of infection.

Exploding Heads

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have a banging noise in my head at night, and most of the time it happens right before I fall off to sleep. Then, throughout the night, I wake up and it happens all over again. The doctors I talked to said they've never heard of it. But I saw an article in a magazine that said doctors call it "Exploding Head Syndrome." Can you tell me what I could do for it? I really lose a lot of sleep because of the noise. I always have headaches the next day.

Arleen Mescke
Las Vagas, Nevada

Perhaps you refer to an article that appeared in the September 17, 1991, edition of *The Washington Post*. This article reported on a study that was being done in Stockholm, Sweden, by a group of sleep specialists at Karolinska Hospital. Their study involved five women and four men who complained of loud banging noises and lighting sensations when waking up. The patients were followed for one to six years. The pain experienced by these patients was so intense the term "Exploding Head Syndrome" was coined.

Typically, the scientists wrote, "the explosions occurred once or several times every night for a period lasting for weeks or even months." Sometimes the symptoms would disappear, only to return later.

The patients were monitored by sleep equipment and found to have attacks only while they were awake. The strong head pains did not occur when the patients were asleep. In some cases, the pain came in that foggy state between sleep and wakefulness. As a result many of the episodes of pain were not remembered by the patients. Their sleep was temporarily interrupted several times, leading to fatigue.

In all cases, the symptoms lessened on their own when the patients were reassured that this is a harmless condition. It is, of course, very disconcerting to have the sensation that one's head is exploding, but no apparent harm is being done. The doctors did feel that the exploding head syndrome may be related to emotional tenseness.

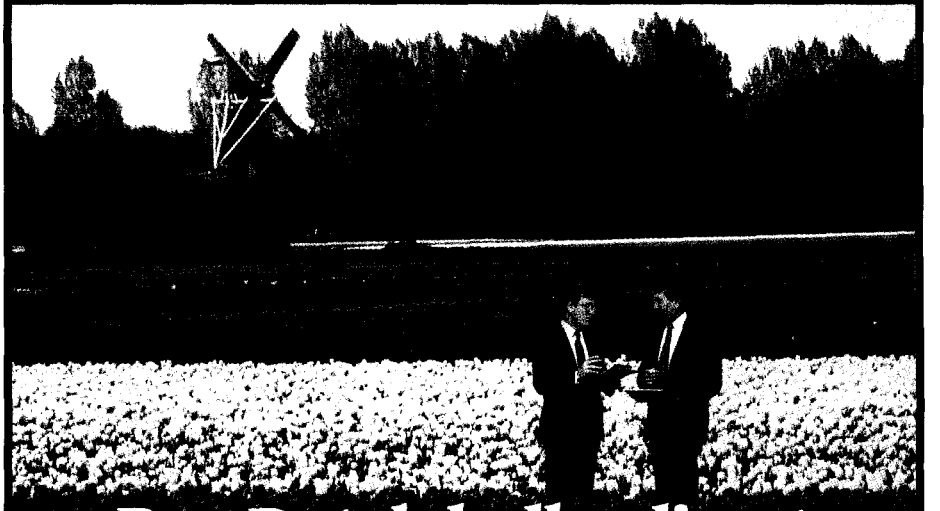
All about Asthma

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Could you please tell me where I can write to receive more information about asthma?

My six-year-old nephew has had several attacks during the last 18 months. The doctor gave his parents medication to use—a breathing machine and cough

HOME GARDENERS: WHY PAY RETAIL?



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medicine. So far he has not restricted his activities. Any information you have will be greatly appreciated.

Mary Yielding
Consicana, Texas

The Asthma and Allergies Foundation of America can provide information. The address is: 1125 15th Street NW, Suite 502, Washington, DC 20051. Another organization that can help is the National Jewish Center for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine, 1400 Jackson St., Denver, CO 80206.

Hidden Cornstarch

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Please tell the person allergic to cornstarch to watch her prescription drugs. Often the filler is cornstarch or lactose (milk sugar), my downfall. Read through ingredients to inert ingredients.

Mrs. Glen Grove
Naples, Idaho

Self-Test For Eye Disease

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have just been diagnosed as having macular degeneration. Have you ever written an article about it?

I have not been able to find much information—why? If everyone over 50 asked ophthalmologists to test their retina, many cases could be diagnosed and treated with a laser before too much damage is done.

The simple self-test uses the "grid" each morning. I see so much written about heart disease, cancer, etc., but not about eye disease. Maybe I have missed it.

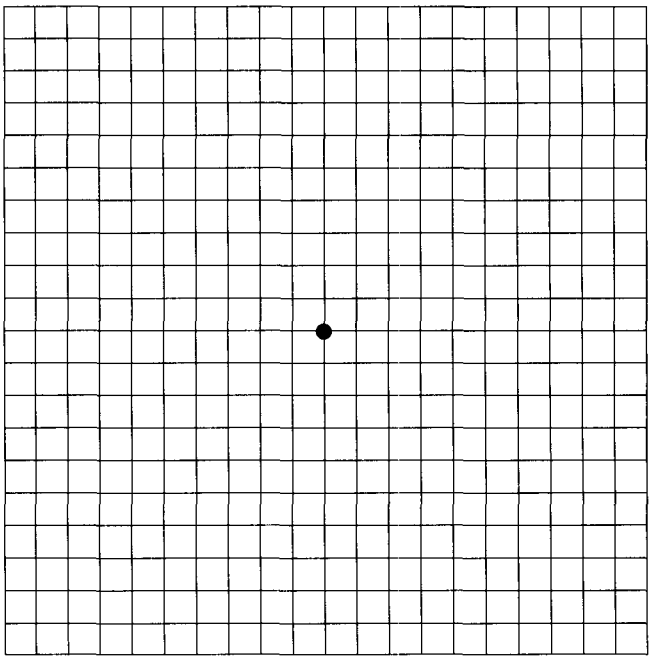
Please consider eye disease for a future article.

Mrs. D. A. Jackson
Twin Falls, Idaho

We're glad you reminded us that senior citizens should have an Amsler Grid in the home to test for sudden loss of sharpness of central vision. In age-related macular degeneration, there may be a slow or sudden loss. Sometimes the first symptom of macular degeneration comes with visual distortion in one eye.

Poor vision is such a common problem of the aging, that we try to write often about eye care.

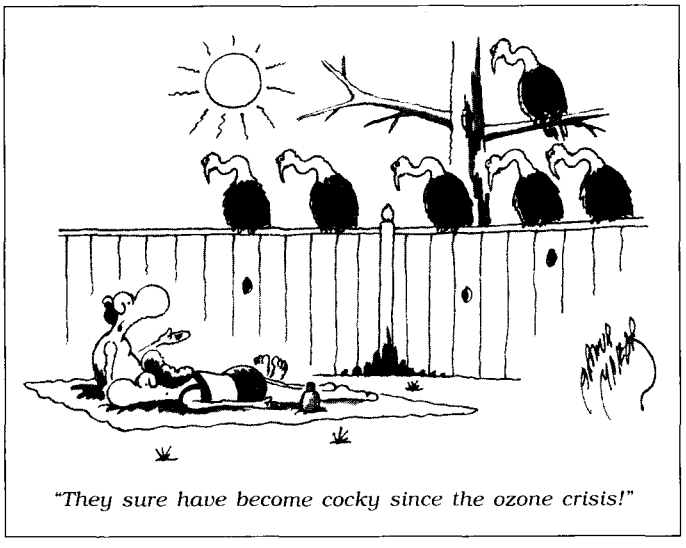
A study, in 1986, evaluated the role of zinc in varying degrees of macular degeneration. A control group of patients with macular degeneration was given no zinc. A second group took zinc supplements. Researchers found that sharpness of vision declined less in the zinc-treated group. The macular region appearance of the zinc-treated group remained more stable with less accumulation of fluids than the control group.



Hold the Amsler Grid 16 inches from your eyes. Focus in on the center dot. If any of the lines on the grid appear distorted, blurred, or absent, contact your physician immediately.

A 1988 study of solar radiation and age-related macular degeneration examined the evidence linking sunlight and other bright light to molecular damage. Over time this damage contributes to deterioration that may become macular degeneration. This study suggested optimizing the body's natural defenses against light effects with antioxidants such as vitamin E, vitamin C, and beta carotene. Many ophthalmologists now recommend Ocuvite for prevention of macular degeneration and cataracts. Ocuvite is a Lederle formulation containing zinc, copper, vitamins C, E, and A (as beta carotene), and selenium. The study also recommended the use of sunglasses to absorb blue, violet, and harmful ultraviolet rays.

A study in 1985 suggests that macular degeneration occurs more frequently in people with light irises—blue, green, and gray.



"They sure have become cocky since the ozone crisis!"

Slo-Mag

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Regarding letter in Nov./Dec. '91 *SatEvePost* (page 100, magnesium chloride for hypertension), is the Searle Slo-Mag over the counter or prescription? If it is over the counter, where can it be purchased?

At one time, I used magnesium oratate but cannot find it anywhere. Thank you for your kind attention.

Alue Blumenson
Suffolk, Virginia

The G.D. Searle product Slo-Mag is available without a prescription. If your local pharmacy does not stock it, ask your pharmacist to order it.

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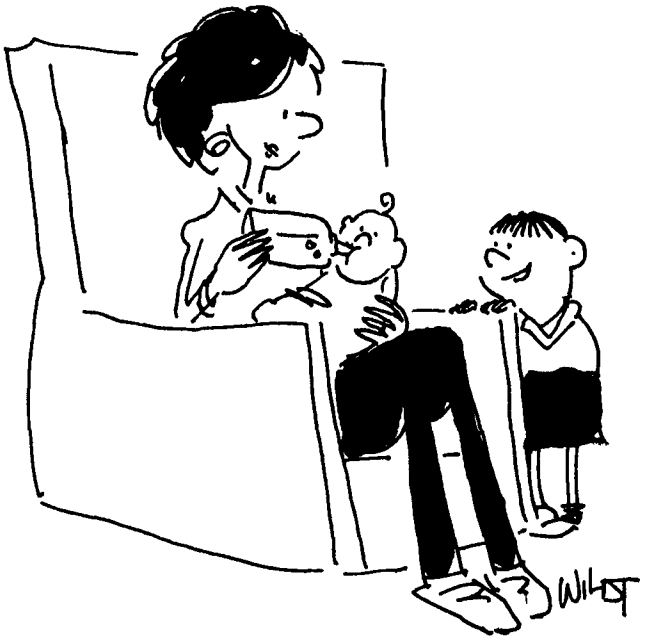
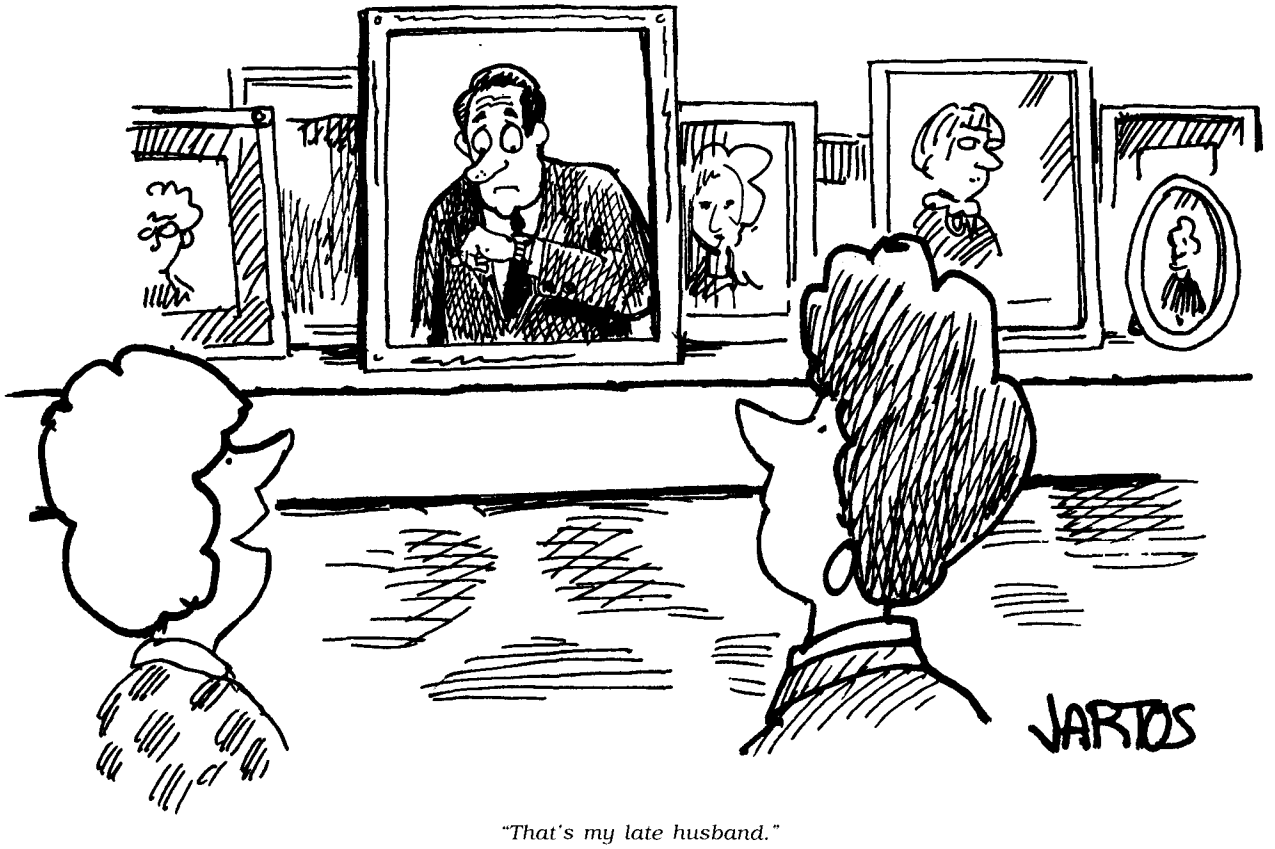
MARK MY WORDS

"No, that can't be right. Hold the cup of curry powder."



"Mom, is this what they mean by 'a sucker born every minute'?"



"That's my late husband."

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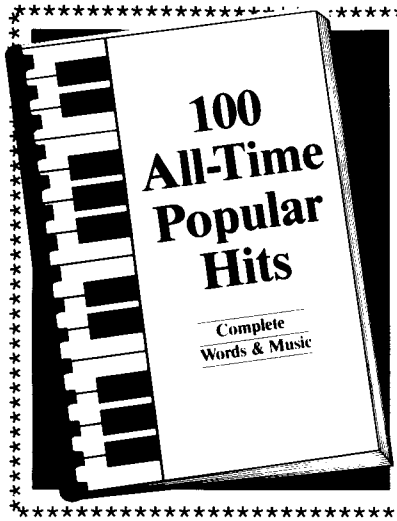

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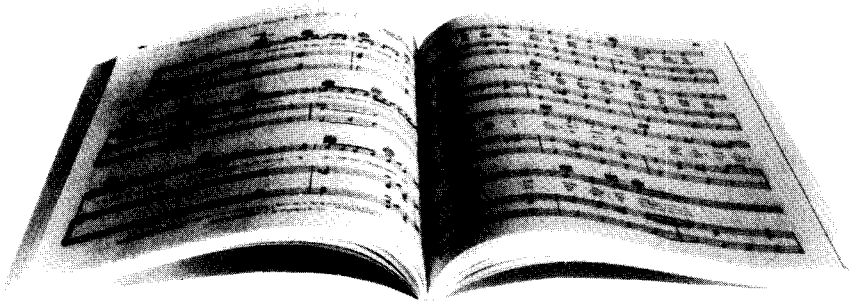

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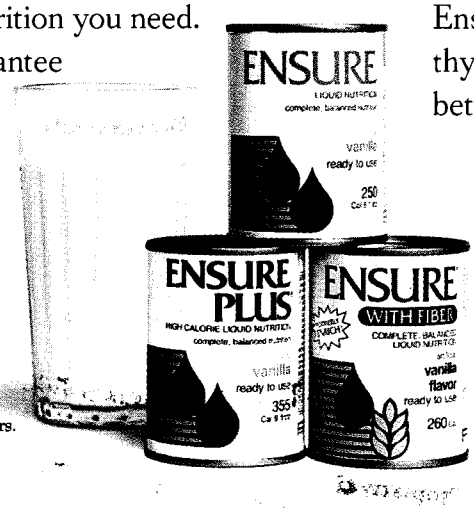

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